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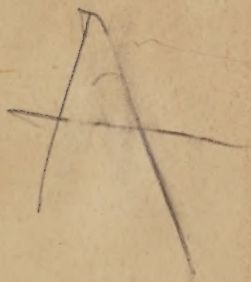

CONSTANTINOPLE. (See page 133.)

FONTHILL
RECREATIONS.
By M. C. SLEEPER.
MEDITERRANEAN ISLANDS.
BOSTON
GOULD & LINCOLN

FONTHILL RECREATIONS.

THE

MEDITERRANEAN ISLANDS;

Sketches and Stories

OF THEIR

SCENERY, CUSTOMS, HISTORY, PAINTERS, ETC.

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BY

M. G. SLEEPER,

AUTHOR OF "PICTURES FROM THE HISTORY OF THE SWISS," "PICTURES FROM THE HISTORY OF SPAIN," ETC.

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To

MARY GRACE DIX,

This Volume

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE present volume is the first of a series which will describe some of those kingdoms, provinces, and countries least known to young American readers, and will present *facts* in such a manner as to interest and amuse, while they instruct the mind and improve the heart. Upon its pages, the author delineates the scenery of the MEDITERRANEAN ISLANDS, with the character, customs, costumes, and occupations of their people, offers a portion of their history, and gives familiar sketches of some of their poets and painters.

The information is conveyed in the form of easy conversations between a travelled uncle, who lives at FONTHILL, his pleasant country-seat, and a group of lively nephews and nieces. These conversations are written out and furnished for our use by the oldest auditor, a school-girl of sixteen, who intersperses them with descriptions of the family recreations, the walks, drives, visits, guests, and plays, and also with the spicy stories, told at various periods, for the enter-

tainment of the home-circle, either by its own members or by the visitors at the house. These stories, as they appear in this volume, and as they are prepared or planned for the succeeding ones, although they form a subordinate feature, take a wide range, and will, it is believed, be found both instructive and entertaining.

As at present arranged, the series will embrace the Mediterranean Islands, the Two Sicilies, Holland and Belgium, Normandy, Brittany and La Vendée, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, Germany, Poland, the old republics of Northern Italy, Hungary, and the islands scattered through the various oceans.

Each volume will contain from three hundred to three hundred and thirty 16mo pages, and each will be complete in itself, although the principal characters in the leading story which connects them will appear in all.

The entire series will be embellished with illustrative engravings, and some of the volumes now in progress will contain valuable representations of foreign architecture, scenery, costumes, etc.

M. G. S.

December 1, 1865.

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MEDITERRANEAN ISLANDS.

CHAPTER I.

MY RIDE IN THE CARS — THE SCARECROWS — THE BEAR THAT FRIGHTENED FARMER FRUMP — FARMER CLINKER'S MUSKRATS AND FARMER GRIMBLE'S DOG — FONTHILL AND ITS INHABITANTS — THE WAR OF THE STATUES — THE LOST HOME.

LONG time ago, — six months at the very least, — mother told me that if I would study hard until my next long vacation, I might spend it with Uncle Paul Heywood, at Fonthill. Mother never swerves a hair's breadth from her word, — so I knew just what to expect; and there was no danger of forgetting the condition of her promise, for Miss Simpson, my governess, kept reminding me of it. Now it was, "Miss Clifton, be careful of your grammar; your uncle always speaks correctly;" and next it was, "Miss Clifton, I hope you will do justice to your compositions; your

uncle is a charming writer." I declare, I wished a hundred times that the visit had never been proposed, and was almost ready to give it up in disgust. I am glad that I was not so foolish, for now that I am fairly settled at Fonthill, I am as happy as the day is long.

My cousins, Claude and Gerald Lynwood, came here with me. Claude is fifteen years old, and Gerald is fourteen. Gerald goes to a famous school, but Claude has a governess. We were in high spirits the day that we left the city. We had never rode in the cars before without our parents. There was not a cloud in the sky, and the country was beautifully fresh and green. Quite early there were thousands of pretty cobwebs sparkling with dew-drops. We tried to count them, but soon stopped in despair. Then we watched for the fat, glossy cows, and the little lambs that frolicked in the new grass. We were immensely amused by the scarecrows which had been put up to keep the thievish birds from the corn. One of them was a suit of clothes stuffed to look like a man. The figure wore a tall hat, and held a stick instead of a gun. Its rags were flying in the wind, and he must have been, indeed, a fearless crow who should venture into the field which it guarded. There was a great tin horse, mounted on a wooden pillar, which kept pawing the air with his forefeet. He looked as if he meant to run over everything before him, and I suppose the birds didn't stop to see that all his prancing amounted to nothing. There were countless flags, many little windmills, and various make-believe nets of white twine stretched near the ground.

Claude said that it was a shame to frighten the crows away, for if they were not hungry they would not pull up the corn. Gerald and I took the other side of the question, and replied, that there were many things for the crows to eat; that they took the corn merely because it was a dainty morsel; and that the farmers ought to keep them off land which they had spent so much labor to plough and plant.

The dispute ran high; and I don't know but we should have quarrelled in downright earnest, but that, just as we were getting too spicy, a good-natured, nice-looking man introduced himself as Mr. Graham, and asked if he might take the vacant seat beside Gerald and join in the conversation. Of course, we said "Yes," and all three of us began to talk at once; each one telling his views on the crow-question, and asking Mr. Graham to help us decide it.

Instead of doing this, however, he inquired if we knew about the bear that frightened Farmer Frump.

"No, sir; no, sir!" we exclaimed. "Where was he? How large was he? Was he a black or a brown one?"

"Dear me," answered Mr. Graham, with a laugh, "you will drive the story quite out of my head. I must begin regularly, as thus: —

"THE BEAR THAT FRIGHTENED FARMER FRUMP.

"Farmer Frump lived in a little red house at the foot of a high hill, which was called Bear Mountain, because a bear and two cubs were once found in a cavern near the top. That event, however, occurred early

in the history of the town; and no animal larger than a fox had, for many years, been seen on or near it. Even the little children went thither, without fear, to gather the great, juicy blueberries, which, in their season, loaded whole acres of bushes.

"Farmer Frump was really a coward, but he talked bravely, and reproved Mrs. Frump whenever she expressed the smallest uneasiness respecting possible dangers. 'My dear,' he would say, very grandly, 'why cannot you be as cool as I am? Did you ever see *me* afraid?' His poor little wife would then bring out a feeble 'No,' and shut her terror in her own bosom; though she couldn't help wishing that he would be a little more gentle and tender.

"The farmer had some land, which he cultivated with the help of his two sons, Enoch and Jeremiah. He was a diligent person, and was seldom away in the busy seasons; but one spring, just as the corn was all in the ground, he was called, by business, to the house of a lawyer, who lived two or three miles distant. The cornfield lay between the highway and Bear Mountain, and was so infested by crows that the boys resolved to make a scarecrow, during their father's absence. So they put up three stakes in a row near together. To the top of the first one they fastened a small stick, with arms extended in all directions, from each of which bits of tin were hung by stout twine, so that they might be blown about by the wind. The second stake had no ornament, but the third was furnished with a long strip of tin like a curling tail. To add to the terrors of this monster, white lines were fastened to

what might be called its head, and were carried into a wild cherry-tree which stood conveniently near.

"The boys were impatient to show it to their father, and they sat down on a rock, and alternately admired their scarecrow, and peered through the bushes, expecting every minute to catch sight of his stout figure. They looked in vain. The crimson and gold faded from the west; the twilight passed also; and at last, nothing could be clearly seen in the deepening gloom. The clouds gathered thickly; the wind sighed in the maples; a few drops of rain fell; and Mrs. Frump called the boys, closed the door, and sat down to the long-delayed supper.

"Meantime farmer Frump transacted his business, and then stepped into the village store to buy a quart of molasses which his wife had sent for. There he found an old hunter, describing his adventures, and he joined the little group of listeners. The speaker was especially strong in bear stories; and, according to his own account, he had had no less than a hundred wonderful escapes from their clutches. Amused by these narrations, the farmer lingered longer than he was aware, and when, upon opening the store-door, he looked out into the night, he felt a trifle disturbed at the prospect of his long and lonely walk. Still, nobody was going his way, so he took up his jug and started. He tried to put the stories he had heard out of his mind, but they continued to haunt him; and the more tired he grew, the more he yielded to their dispiriting effect. He breathed more freely as he approached the cottage; but suddenly he caught sight of

the new scarecrow. Its outlines were not distinguishable in the uncertain light, but he could think of only one thing, — 'It was a bear, certainly it was a bear. He had come down from the mountain in search of food. Hunger had made him fearless, and it had also made him savage.'

"Just as the farmer had arrived at that conclusion, the clouds slightly parted, and a faint light played over two bits of the tin. 'He has heard me! he is watching me!' said the farmer to himself. 'If I stir ever so little, I am a dead man!'

"The perspiration stood in great drops on the farmer's forehead; but he did not dare to wipe it off, and all the hair on his head uplifted itself in his mortal terror. He had crouched behind some stones, and his bones ached with the cramped position; but he was afraid to stir, and every moment he grew more and more frightened, and more and more certain that he was about to be eaten up. At last, the bright little points which he had mistaken for eyes began to sway in the wind, and the farmer fancied that the animal had seen him, and was ready to rush upon him. He jumped up, dropped the molasses-jug, and shrieked with all his might.

"'What on earth is that?' exclaimed Mrs. Frump; and she sprang to the door, followed by Enoch and Jeremiah. There was nothing to be seen, and the shriek was not repeated; so, after a minute's pause, the boys called, 'Halloo! Who's there? What's the matter?'

"Still there was no answer. Enoch ran into the

road, and called again. This time, the farmer cried, 'The bear! the bear! he's after me! Oh! Oh!'

"'What bear?' asked Enoch. 'You haven't — certainly, you haven't — been — drinking, father?'

"'Drinking! no, indeed; nothing but water,' answered the farmer, his indignation getting the better of his terror. 'There's a bear, I tell you, over the fence. Can't you see him?'

"'Ha! ha!' roared Enoch, 'that's our scarecrow! Mother, father thought our scarecrow was a bear — ha! ha! ha!'

"The farmer was with difficulty convinced of his mistake; and it was only after he had fully explored that corner of the field by the light of a lantern, that he would yield the point. He was very much mortified when he found that he had been deceived; and still more so when, upon entering the kitchen, he saw his best suit half covered with a thick paste of molasses and sand, and his Sunday hat sadly jammed by its roll among the stones.

"This affair showed farmer Frump for the coward that he was; and afterward, whenever he began to boast of his superior courage, Mrs. Frump would reply, laughingly, 'Yes, Samuel, except when there are bears about; and they *are* frightful animals, as we all know.'"

"Good enough for the farmer!" exclaimed Gerald. "Father says, 'Never trust a boaster;' and I am sure he is right."

"It must have been a relief to Mrs. Frump," said Claude, "when her husband's mouth was stopped by

such an absurd fright. I dare say that the boys were not sorry, either."

"Your story is a right merry one, Mr. Graham," said I; "and we thank you very much for it; but it doesn't help us to settle our dispute."

"Doesn't it?" asked Mr. Graham. "Well, I don't know that I can speak to the point, now that we have passed the scarecrows. Ah! there is just such a little sheet of water as the muskrats like."

"I never saw a muskrat," said Claude.

"Nor I," said Gerald. "Please, how does a muskrat look?"

"The body is much like that of a rat, only larger," answered Mr. Graham. "Its eyes and ears are very small; and it has six rows of whiskers, besides some scattering ones over the eyes and under the chin. Its back is a handsome brown. It burrows in banks, and makes the door of its house under water; but it has its chambers high above the highest freshets. These houses are much smaller than those of the beaver; but they are almost as curious. Would you like to hear about some of these little animals that lived in Mr. Clinker's pond?"

"Yes, indeed, sir," replied Gerald. "We like country stories."

"Then," said Mr. Graham, "I will tell you about

"FARMER CLINKER'S MUSKRATS, AND FARMER GRIMBLE'S DOG BUNK.

"Farmer Clinker owned a piece of land on the border of a little pond. This he prepared carefully, and

planted with a choice kind of early potatoes. The plants looked very finely; and he kept them in beautiful order, hoeing them frequently, and boasting about them even more than he hoed. But, alas! no

MUSKRAT POND.

sooner had the potatoes begun to ripen than they slowly disappeared. The farmer scolded and fretted, threatened to take the law of the robber, and then examined the field, hoping to find his tracks, and so discover whom he should take the law of. He found no tracks; but he didn't give up the search; and the more he hunted and talked, the more angry he grew. At last, as he was one day looking into the pond, he exclaimed: 'I do declare, I believe 'tis a muskrat that digs my potatoes, after all!' Then, seeing me

pass along the road near by, he called: 'Halloo, Martin! if you'll catch the old rascal, I'll give you a quarter of a dollar.'

"'What rascal, Mr. Clinker?' asked I.

"'Why, the muskrat that steals my potatoes, to be sure. Then you can sell the skin and make a nice little affair of it.'

"I was pleased with the offer; for father thought that if he clothed me neatly and sent me to school, I ought to earn my spending money. So I said: 'I have no trap, Mr. Clinker; but I have a gun, and I will shoot the muskrat with pleasure. If the moon shines to-night, I will come and watch for him.'

"The moon shone, as I thought it would; and I took my gun to the pond, sat down near the bank, and kept almost as still as the potatoes themselves, until the town-clock struck ten. Then the clouds gathered little by little over the moon, so that it was useless to remain longer; and I rose to leave. As I did so, I heard a rustling on the bank, and, thinking it was made by a muskrat, I fired in the direction of the noise. I was very, very careless. I knew that as soon as I pulled the trigger; and when something fell to the ground with a howl and a cry, I was so frightened that my knees knocked together, and my teeth fairly chattered. For a time — I don't know how long; it appeared to me an hour, although it may have been only two or three minutes — I stood fixed to the spot. Then the moon came out; and I dragged myself forward, and forced myself to look at the mischief I had done. It was neither a man nor

a child who lay dead under the wild grape-vines; it was only a dog.

"At first I felt so much relieved, that I was ready to shout for joy. But this feeling soon passed away; and I again took up my load of anxiety. Not as heavy a load as the first, but by no means pleasant to carry; for I had killed Bunk, and he belonged to farmer Grimble, a man whom I both disliked and feared. He was tall and stout, with red hair, hard, cold-looking eyes, and a voice which was harsh as a crow's. How could I tell him I had killed Bunk? Then the tempter whispered: 'He was a wretched little cur, as homely as possible, and as snappish and snarly as a dog could be. Everybody but his owner will be glad that he is dead. Throw him into the pond, and say nothing about him.' I tremble now to think how nearly I yielded. I even went a few steps toward the dog, a small, ill-shaped fellow, who lay stretched out on the bank with a long vine-branch partly wound around his paws. Then the whole wickedness and meanness of the thought became apparent to me, and I threw my gun across my shoulder, and ran home as fast as I could.

"The next morning, I rose very early and went to farmer Grimble's. He was alone in his woodshed; and I walked straight up to him and told him the whole story. He listened patiently till I was fairly through, and then he said slowly and thoughtfully: 'Wal, I'm glad Bunk's dead. Me and my wife have had more fallin's out about him within the last two years, than about everything else put together. Mrs.

Grimble liked him so much that I wouldn't kill him, and I couldn't help quarrellin' with him. He was forever under foot in the house, and out of doors he was allus a snappin' and barkin' at the neighbors, and chasin' the turkeys, and puttin' arter the hens. Yes, I'm glad he's dead. But you mustn't tell of that; for Mrs. Grimble might — I don't believe she would, but she might, you know — think I put you up to it. I wouldn't have her think so for my eyes. I never did an underhand thing, and I shan't begin now.'

"'O Mr. Grimble!' I cried, 'you are very, very kind. You cannot think how I dreaded to come and tell you. You will not believe it, but I was strongly tempted to put Bunk in the pond and say nothing about him.'

"'Wal,' replied farmer Grimble, 'I s'pose I am rough. It's my natur', you see; and I never had much schoolin'. But there's a good heart under the coarse jacket, Martin. You're a good boy, an honest boy, a brave boy; and I like you. Now, how much was farmer Clinker goin' to pay you for killin' the muskrat?'

"'Twenty-five cents, sir.'

"'Wal, there's fifty for killin' my dog; and there's twenty-five more to pay you for buryin' him.' So saying, Mr. Grimble offered the money.

"'No, no, Mr. Grimble!' I exclaimed. 'I really can't take a cent. Please don't say anything about it. I will bury Bunk in a nice place under a tree, where Mrs. Grimble can visit the grave; but please do not offer me money.'

"'Wal,' said Mr. Grimble, 'I didn't expect that. But how came you to take your gun down to the pond?'

"'I have no trap, sir,' I answered; 'and I didn't like to borrow one, for fear it might get broken or lost.'

"'Pooh! pooh!' replied Mr. Grimble. 'I've two. Now, do you take 'em, and bait one with sweet apples off the tree in the south-west corner of my orchard. They're considerable large now. And bait t'other with parsnips; and if there's any of the thieves there, you'll be sure to catch 'em.'

"I was pleased with this offer, and gladly accompanied Mr. Grimble to the barn, where we found the traps in good order. Then I gathered a few sweet apples and dug some parsnips in father's garden. The muskrats usually come out of their holes a little after sunset, so I set my trap in good season; and then I buried Bunk under a beautiful fir-tree in the wood close by. A fortnight afterward, I accompanied Mrs. Grimble to the grave, when she sat down in the soft shadows and fanned herself with her gingham sun-bonnet. 'Wal,' she said after a time, — she had caught Mr. Grimble's style of conversation, — 'wal,' I'm willin' to part with Bunk; me and Mr. Grimble had a great many little tiffs about him, and it's more peaceful at home. Yes, I'm glad on the whole, Martin, that he's asleep here under the fir-tree.'"

"How nicely it all came out!" exclaimed Gerald, "and how glad you must have been that you confessed so handsomely. But did you catch the muskrats?"

"Yes, I caught two the first night, one the third, and one the fourth."

"And did the farmer pay you for all of them?"

"Yes; he paid me twenty-five cents for the first one, and ten cents for each of the others."

"That wasn't much, after all,—was it, Mr. Graham?"

"I had the skins beside, and as they were large and fine, I sold them for two shillings apiece."

"That paid you, did it not, Mr. Graham?"

"Paid me in one way, certainly; but my clothes were so scented with musk, that my mother said she could scarcely endure to sit near me for a week. So I gave up trapping muskrats, and looked about for another way of earning the cane fishing-rod of which I was then in pursuit."

"Did you get the rod, Mr. Graham?"

"Yes, in good time; but I must leave you now and take a branch road. Here is my card, and, should you chance to visit Glendale, I shall be delighted to see you at my house."

We had no cards of our own, but Gerald gave him his father's business card, when he exclaimed, "What, children of my old friend Lynwood!" and he shook Gerald and Claude heartily by the hand. "And this is Miss Kate Clifton, I fancy," he added, turning to me. "Then I suppose you are on your way to Fonthill, and I shall have the pleasure of seeing you there very soon."

"And of finishing the story of the fishing-rod," said Gerald, with a laugh.

Mr. Graham nodded and jumped off the cars.

The hours passed slowly after Mr. Graham left us. We took out our books and then declared they were bores; we found a string and played at cat's-cradle; we made machine poetry; and asked as often as we dared how far it was to Fonthill. I am ashamed now when I think how impatient we were. We were twice delayed to wait for trains which were behind time; but we did finally reach Belmont, a lovely village lying on both sides of the Aylmere river. Mt. Acrona rises at a distance; and nearer, there are several hills crowned by fine houses, which peep out from among the oaks and maples and elms which grow around them.

The most attractive of these establishments is Fonthill. Not that the house is as elegant as some others, but it is just as bright and sunny as a house can be. It isn't a square, stiff-looking thing, like most houses, but it has all manner of twists and turnings, curious gable ends, and oddly shaped windows. The grounds, too, are charming; and, better than all, there is upon one side a little bit of a lake, which is named the Dimple, a boat called the Lady Mary, and a pretty boat-house with folding-doors. On the following page is an engraving of the house as seen from the water-side, but the larger part of it is hidden by the trees at the left. Along the hidden part there is a veranda with woodbines, honeysuckles, and prairie-roses climbing thickly round the pillars and twining their streamers across the open space. In warm days, this veranda is littered with cane chairs, crickets, and lounges, and whichever happens to be the shady side, there are news-

papers, and magazines, and a work-basket or two. Then, there are nice, easy seats under half a dozen of the great trees on the lawn; there is a swing enclosed by a tight roof and latticed sides, so that we can use it in wet weather; and there are gravelled walks about

FONTHILL FROM THE LAKE.

the garden everywhere we care to run. There are cows in the stalls and horses in the stables, a yard full of poultry, a parrot, and two dogs,—Prince, a splendid Newfoundlander, and Spot, a droll little spaniel.

The house is as cheerful within as without. The furniture is pretty, but not too good for use, and aunt is not fussing all the time, as some ladies are. The library is the pleasantest of the rooms. One window of it can be seen in the picture just beyond the roof

of the boat-house, and the side to the right is lined from the top to the bottom with books. On the other three sides there are maps and pictures and curiosities which Uncle Paul collected in his travels.

I doubt if I can describe Uncle Paul, because the beauty of his face depends so entirely upon its expression. It is so frank and tender that nobody, not even a stranger, could hesitate to trust him, I think; and his voice is full of sweet tones which draw one to him as much as his face. As for the rest, he has dark hair, with a little gray here and there; he is neither very tall nor very short, and his manner is gentle and kind. Aunt Mary is much like him in her appearance, and is very tender and loving. There are five servants, Mrs. Sharp the housekeeper, Clementine the maid of all work, Sarah the waiter, Ben the gardener, and Joseph the colored coachman. They are as good as servants can be, and they are always doing pleasant things for us, the young guests.

Uncle and aunt have no children. They have buried two darling babies; and the time and love which they would bestow upon them, if they were now living, they give to their nephews and nieces. There is not one of the tribe who does not think it the height of good fortune to visit them, and the longer they are permitted to stay, the better they like it. I am sure that Claude and Gerald and I never were as happy as we are now.

The first morning after our arrival at Fonthill we staid out of doors until it was time to dress for dinner. We swung, we played with the chickens, we chased

each other up and down the garden walks, we rolled over and over with Prince on the green turf, we shouted and laughed, until aunt really began to be afraid we should disturb the Fosters, whose grounds join our own. She would have checked us, I fancy; but uncle said, kindly, "Our neighbors will excuse the children, I think. Let them enjoy their freedom for an hour or two. They will soon tire of being so wild." Uncle was right. We used our lungs and stretched our limbs thoroughly, and the next day we behaved like civilized people.

The first thing that we did after breakfast was to go to the library. There we made ourselves very busy in looking over the various curiosities. Among other things, we examined a heavy gold brooch, consisting of a pin and hook and a narrow curve of gold, in shape not unlike a horseshoe. This curve was beautifully cut with small leaves and blossoms.

"I bought that brooch at Epirus," said uncle. "It professes to be many hundreds of years old, and to have once been used to fasten a Dorian tunic. The Dorian tunic was of woollen, very scanty and very short, sometimes scarcely reaching to the knee. It had no sleeves, and was fastened on the shoulders by brooches, instead of straps. I can tell you a story about this brooch, or, if not about this particular one, about some similar to this, if you like."

"We do, uncle. We are always ready for a story," replied Claude.

"You shall have it then," returned uncle, "and I will call it —

"THE WAR OF THE STATUES.

"The city of Epidaurus, with the land which it owned, once formed a little, independent state. It lay on the Saronic Gulf, an arm of the Mediterranean Sea, and having more people than it knew what to do with, it sent a part of them to the neighboring island of Egina, and then there was room enough for all.

"One year, however, it so happened that nothing would grow in Epidaurus. The wheat had no kernels in its bearded ears; the grapes dried upon their stems; the figs withered entirely; and the bees made no honey, because the plants refused to blossom. In this affliction, the Epidaurians sent messengers to Delphi to consult the oracle of Apollo. The messengers approached with awe the city which their religion taught them to consider sacred, and feeling as if the steep mountain-side on which it stood, and the very rocks and cliffs which shut it in, were made holy by its presence. The following morning, after a good breakfast, such as they had not eaten for many days, they went to the temple, driving before them twenty bulls and as many goats, which they had purchased for sacrifices. Upon arriving at the temple, they bathed in consecrated water, and offered the animals which they had brought. They looked anxiously to see if the bulls would eat the flour that was given them before the sacrifice, and if the limbs of the goats would tremble when cold water was thrown upon them; and were delighted to find that they did so, which appeared to them proof that the god regarded

them with favor. The messengers were then crowned with laurel, and each one was furnished with a branch, bound about with a little band of white wool. Thus decorated, they passed into a deep cavern, which was so full of smoke from burning incense that for some minutes they could not see the marble seat which stood over the opening whence rose the prophetic vapor. When their eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and the sense of suffocation was partly removed, they saw the priestess, who had just drunk of the water of futurity, enter, and sit down upon the marble seat, which was half covered with chaplets and branches of laurel, to prevent the poisonous vapor from spreading through the cavern.

"The Epidaurians had proposed their questions in writing, and the priests stood with their tablets, ready to take down the answers which should be returned. As soon as the unfortunate priestess sat down, her face grew red and white by turns, her eyes sparkled, her mouth foamed, her hair stood up stiff and bristly, and she groaned and shrieked in agony. Amidst her cries, she pronounced some words, which the priests declared to mean that the Epidaurians must set up the images of Demeter (pronounced De-mē′ter) and Persephone (pronounced Per-sĕph′o-nē), and that these images must be made of the garden olive."

"Uncle Paul, may I interrupt you a minute?" asked Claude.

"Certainly," answered uncle.

"Please what was the water of futurity?"

"It was water which the priests pretended would

enable him who should drink of it aright to foretell future events."

"What made the priestess rave so?" asked Gerald.

"The vapor which rose through the opening under her seat made her suffer terribly; but this furious excitement awed the people, and inclined them to believe that she was really inspired by Apollo."

"Who were Demeter and Persephone, uncle?" asked Claude.

"Demeter, or Ceres, was goddess of the harvest. It was fabled that she made the ears of rye and wheat grow plump with sweet kernels of healthful grain, and that she turned the pomegranates to the sun, and sent the rich juices up the vines to the purple grapes. Persephone, or Proserpine, was her daughter; and, although she probably did no more than open a few rose-buds, or hurry forward the white clover for the bees to feast on, she often shared with her mother the honors of ancient worship."

"They were pleasant goddesses. I like to hear about them," said Claude.

"They were very unlike some of their companions," said uncle. "And now, although we are in the middle of a story, I will ask whether you prefer the Greek or the Latin names of the gods and goddesses which I shall have occasion to mention? The Greeks imagined these gods and goddesses, and gave them Greek names. The Romans received them from the Greeks, and gave them Latin names."

"Why, if the Greeks imagined them, and made up

the first stories about them, I should think they ought to keep their Greek names," said Gerald.

"I think they should; especially when spoken of in connection with Greek subjects," replied uncle. "So we will use the Greek names.

"The Epidaurians were delighted when they learned the reply of the oracle to their questions, because they had feared a very difficult thing might be required of them; and they prepared to render a prompt obedience. They believed the Athenian olives to be the holiest; and they sent messengers to Athens to beg permission to cut the wood for their statues in Attica. The Athenians were a thrifty people; and they replied that the Epidaurians might do so, on condition that they would make yearly offerings to Athena (A-thē'na) and Erectheus (E-rĕck'thuse)."

"Who was Athena, uncle?"

"She was the goddess of wisdom. She invented, as it was fabled, all kinds of work proper for women; and she also took the husbandman and mechanic under her protection. She bore not only the helmet and lance, but the spindle, needle, and spool. She was the especial divinity of Athens. Erectheus was a great national hero of Athens."

"Did the Epidaurians agree to the condition, uncle?"

"Yes, willingly. They drew the wood home, gave it to their most skilful workmen, and set up the images for worship. The land thenceforth bore rich harvests, and the people sent gifts annually to Athens, as they had promised.

"Meantime, the colony of Epidaurians settled at Egina built ships, and traded with different parts of the world. They thus grew strong and wealthy; and, getting tired of the strict control in which they were held by the mother country, they rebelled against her. In the war which followed, they carried off the statues of Demeter and Persephone, and set them up in their own island.

"After the Epidaurians of the mainland lost their images, they ceased their gifts to Athena and Erectheus; whereupon, the Athenians were much displeased, and sent an embassy to Epidaurus to ask the reason of this neglect. The Epidaurians received the ambassadors in full assembly, and replied, 'that they had done nothing wrong. They had paid the offerings promptly as long as they had the images; but that the Eginetans had carried them off, and therefore the Eginetans should supply beautiful silver shields and golden arrows, such as had formerly been furnished by their own grateful city.' The ambassadors thought that this was but reasonable; and, after a grand feast and many complimentary speeches on both sides, they returned to Athens.

"The Athenian men were not a hard-working, home-loving people, like the New Englanders. They spent a great deal of time at the public baths and the gymnasium, lounged about the shops of the barbers, goldsmiths, and perfumers, and asked and told the news; for there were no daily papers as with us. Of course, everybody, that is, every man, knew immediately of the return of the ambassadors, and crowded

to the market-place to learn the answer of the Epidaurians. Hyalcas, the oldest and gravest of the number, made a report of the whole proceeding. Whereupon, it was decided that he and his companions should cross to Egina and demand either the images or the accustomed offerings. This they did. But the Eginetans answered that the Athenians had positively no claim upon them.

"This answer enraged the Athenians; and they fitted out several vessels, and filled them with soldiers, whom they ordered to bring off the statues, peaceably if they could, but forcibly if they must. The island was only about twenty miles distant; and the Eginetans, finding out what was going on, begged the assistance of the Argives. The Argives said that they should like nothing better than to fight the Athenians, and they would certainly be ready whenever they should be wanted.

"When the Athenians reached Egina, they found no hostile ships, and did not even see any soldiers drawn up on the beach. The men lounged lazily on the sands, and the children hung about the new-comers, looking curiously at their arms and watching their movements. The Athenians wondered a little at this; but they hurried to the temple, and tried to pull the statues from their pedestals. When they found that this could not be done by hand, they tied ropes about them, and began to drag them along.

"Meantime, the Argives crossed from the mainland, silently joined the concealed troops of the Eginetans, and fell upon the Athenians just when they supposed

that their errand was nearly accomplished. The latter fought well; but, tired, thirsty, and in disorder, they were no match for fresh men, who had chosen their own ground and their own moment for striking a blow. One man alone, finding the battle was lost, fled toward the sea, and, getting on board one of the ships, reached Athens in safety."

"How could he do that? How could he manage the ship alone?" asked Gerald.

"A part of the oarsmen were left to guard the ships; and they probably got the vessel out to sea before they were discovered by the Argives and Eginetans, who were fighting at a distance from the shore."

"What did the Athenians say to the man who escaped, uncle?"

"When he appeared in the city with the news of this terrible calamity, the wives of the soldiers who had perished crowded about him; and they were so enraged with him for running away that they snatched their brooches — brooches similar to the one you have been looking at — from their shoulders, and struck him with them; each woman asking, as she struck, 'Where did you leave my husband?'"

"Why did not somebody interfere?" asked Claude.

"There were so many women, and their rage was so unexpected, that the men appeared to be stupefied with amazement, and did not move, until the unfortunate soldier had received so many wounds that he finally died from their effects."

"That was dreadful; but didn't they punish the women?" I inquired.

"Yes; the authorities compelled all the Athenian women to change their upper garment, and obliged them to wear, instead of the pretty Dorian tunic of soft woollen, with handsome brooches at the shoulder, the Ionian tunic, which was of linen, and had short, loose sleeves, and so did not need brooches."

"That was punishing a great many for the wickedness of a few," said Claude.

"That is true; and the Argives and Eginetans made the change still more mortifying to them by requiring their women to wear brooches on their shoulders half as large again as formerly, and to offer magnificent brooches in the temples dedicated to Demeter and Persephone."

"Can't you tell us something more about the Eginetans, uncle?"

"Yes; I can tell you about —

"THE LOST HOME.

"There was no friendship between the Athenians and Eginetans after the battle of the statues; and by and by war broke out between the two nations. The Eginetans were beaten; nearly all their ships were sunk in the sea, or taken by the enemy; and their best soldiers were killed or made captive. While they were still mourning over this affliction, their enemies appeared in full force, and ordered them all to leave the island. When the men heard this terrible command, they snatched up their weapons, but they were quickly overpowered and disarmed; and the women, seeing that nothing could be done, raised a cry sorrow-

ful enough to melt any hearts but those of stone. But nobody listened except the fathers, husbands, and sons, who were watched by a whole army of Athenians; and so the preparations for departure went briskly on. Jars of honey and oil, casks of wine, sacks of wheat and barley, bags of figs, baskets of bread, piles of mattresses, and great bundles of woollen and linen garments were drawn to the sea-shore. The young men and women assisted the old, and feeble mothers bore in their arms their dear little babies, and the children, awed by the tears and sighs of their elders, walked silently and sadly along, each with his favorite plaything. Here, a boy carried in his hand a hoop set round with jingling bells, and whistled to his dog to follow. There, a girl held fast a white dove, and her brother a pair of rabbits; while a cousin half smothered a kitten in her little tunic, and a friend, more careful of his appetite than his pets, was laden with sweet biscuits and great bunches of grapes. When the families were collected with the articles necessary for their immediate use, the men of Egina, the husbands and fathers, were marched to the sea-shore under guard, and their wives and daughters, seeing them thus humiliated, uttered another sorrowful cry which the west wind swept all over the island."

"'What were they to do? They had nothing, and what people would receive them, beggars as they were, and give them lands and support them until they could earn something for themselves?' This question had been asked many times, but had received

no answer, when a Lacedæmonian vessel appeared in the harbor. Everybody was curious to learn why it had come thither at that time, and great was the joy of the Eginetans when five or six grave Lacedæmonians landed from it, and told them that their countrymen, remembering former kindness of the Eginetans in their own national calamities, offered them, as a free gift, the territory of Thyrea, which lay on the frontier of Argolis and Laconia, and which stretched down to the sea-shore. The present was accepted without delay, and the poor people left their beautiful temple to Zeus, the great warehouses stocked with goods from their Egyptian manufactory, their pleasant homes, their trim gardens, and their fertile fields, to the fortunate enemies by whom they had been subdued."

"Were they happy in their new homes?" asked Claude.

"No," answered uncle. "They never forgot that they were exiles, and never ceased to look longingly toward their beloved island. Indeed, many of them did not stop in Thyrea at all, but went to seek their fortunes in other parts of Greece."

"How cruel that was!" exclaimed Claude, and the tears came into her eyes at the thought of so much suffering.

"It was very cruel," replied uncle; "but our dear Saviour had not then come to earth to soften by his generous life and teachings the hearts and deeds of men. The gods of the Greeks were created by the imagination of corrupt men; and were, of course, as

wicked as their worshippers. The people had no beautiful model of truth, justice, mercy, and purity upon which to form themselves, and we must always remember this when we are inclined to judge them harshly."

"What finally became of the Eginetans?" I asked.

"They built or enlarged the town, a little more than ten miles inland, named Thyrea, and began to fortify the sea-coast; but the Athenians came upon them, burned the town, and carried into captivity all the Eginetans whom they were able to seize."

"I can't be charitable toward those Athenians, uncle," said Claude. "I don't want to hear another word about them."

"They were harsh, but the Eginetans were also to blame. They had done their best to excite the Peloponnesian states against Athens, hoping to see her utterly crushed, and had never failed to show their hostility when an opportunity offered, from the battle of the statues until they were wholly conquered."

"What did the Athenians do with the island?" asked Gerald.

"They colonized it with their own people; but it was never again of any historical importance."

There was a pause when uncle had finished speaking; Claude broke the silence by exclaiming, "Oh, dear! how sorry I am that you are through, uncle! I don't know a thing about those islands in the Mediterranean. I never supposed that they were of any consequence, or the sea either, except to help people along from Spain to Asia Minor."

"You have been mistaken," replied uncle. "The sea is of the highest consequence; and there is hardly an island in it so small but that it has a wonderful story. Great men have been born in these islands, great poets have sung of them, and great battles have been fought in and around them."

"Oh, uncle! can you — will you tell us about those islands? It is so much pleasanter to hear you talk than it is to study it all out in our geographies and histories."

"If you all wish to listen, I will with pleasure," answered uncle. "And I will propose another thing; and that is, that Kate shall write out what she can remember of the lessons, and so make a book for a present to her father and mother at the close of her visit."

"I should like it above all things," said I; "but I don't think I can do it. I shan't be able to remember your words, uncle; and I shall make you appear as undignified as possible."

"I will forgive you," answered uncle, with a laugh. "Only give the substance of the lessons in your own language, and I shall be content. If you add to this an account of some of your recreations, properly so called, — your walks, drives, and plays, — you can make your book very interesting."

"I will try, uncle. Where shall I begin?"

"At the beginning, of course."

"With our ride in the cars, and Mr. Graham's stories?"

"Certainly. Your parents will be very much amused by that chapter."

"And shall I commence to-day?"

"Yes, if you like."

"May I do it here in the library at your desk?"

"Yes. Suppose you sit down now, while all that you will wish to say is fresh in your recollection."

I nodded; whereupon uncle, aunt, Claude, and Gerald went out of the room; and after four hours' close work, I now complete my first chapter.

CHAPTER II.

THE PET RACCOON AND THE MISCHIEF THAT HE DID — THE ANTS THAT WERE TURNED INTO MEN — THE SONG OF THE KLEPTIC MOTHER — THE CHILDREN'S HUNT, AND HOW MANY GOATS THEY KILLED.

DURING the whole morning, Claude, Gerald, and I frolicked with Prince and Spot in the orchard. We were not through with our play when the dressing-bell rang.

"Don't go yet," said Gerald. "It won't take more than fifteen minutes to get ready for dinner. Do stay just a little bit longer."

So we began to play again, and had nearly forgotten the time, when Mrs. Sharp appeared at the gate, and, putting on a severe look, said, "Children, what are you thinking about? and company in the parlor, too!"

"Oh, dear!" I exclaimed, pettishly. "There isn't, — is there really, Mrs. Sharp? What a bore! And uncle was to tell us so many things this afternoon. I dare say it is a stupid body. Man or woman, Mrs. Sharp?"

"A gentleman, Miss Kate. So make yourself look like a lady, and try to bring yourself into a ladylike frame of mind. It's lucky your aunt didn't hear that speech of yours."

"I'll try," I answered sorrowfully; and by the time I had fairly reached my chamber, I really was reconciled to the unknown guest in the parlor and the loss of the lesson on his account. There was no need of such a struggle in my mind; for when I went down to the dining-room, whom should I find but our acquaintance of the railway, Mr. Graham. We shook hands all round; and then I reminded him of his promise about the fishing-rod.

"So you have not forgotten the rod, Miss Clifton," replied he, "nor the bear, nor the muskrats, either, I dare say. I am nearly starved now, but when the dessert comes on the table, I will finish my story."

I was hungry as well as Mr. Graham; and the chickens were very nicely cooked, and the browned potato and rice-balls were just to my liking; so I waited patiently,— indeed, I was rather glad that Mr. Graham was not ready to begin. When the fruit appeared, Mr. Graham told us about

"THE PET RACCOON AND THE MISCHIEF THAT HE DID."

"Did you ever see a raccoon?" he asked.

"No, sir," answered Gerald.

"I hardly know how to describe the animal," said Mr. Graham. "Somebody once said, that it has 'the limbs of a bear, the body of a badger, the head of a fox, the nose of a dog, the tail of a cat, and sharp claws by which it climbs trees like a monkey.' The color is grayish, but the tips of the long hairs are black. Raccoons usually choose the night for going abroad;

but not always, which is lucky for me, since otherwise I should not have had my Frolic."

"Did you name him Frolic, Mr. Graham?" asked Claude.

"Yes. I named him so because he was so restless and mischievous. I suppose he was hungry, for he chased a squirrel into a young maple-tree on the edge of a cornfield behind my father's house. My cousin Philip and I were just passing with a great basket and some stout sheets, intending to gather beech-nuts. When I saw the chase, I whispered to Phil to help me and I would catch the 'coon. I put the basket carefully under the strongest branch of the tree, and stationed Phil beside it, while I climbed rapidly up the trunk, drove the raccoon to the strong bough, and, following, shook him off into the basket. In an instant Phil had thrown the sheets over him, and I slipped quickly down, and helped him to fasten them. I expected that the 'coon would tear them in pieces; but he was so frightened by the fall and the confinement that he lay still in the basket, and Phil and I carried him home without any trouble. I had a large cage, which I had made for a fox, and I put Frolic in that, and gave him bread and milk for his supper. He put his fore paws together for a spoon, and scooped up the bread, and then he ate the milk to the last drop, looking up at me with his bright little eyes to ask for more. Poor fellow, he must have been very hungry indeed!

"In a little while he grew so tame that I let him out of his cage, and he followed me like a dog. Dear

me, what mischief he did! He picked my pockets of dainties, and I could never keep an apple or pear when he was about. He robbed the hens' nests, caught the chickens and ducks, and killed my little sister's rabbits, Frisk and Tumble. One night, when my mother had company, he broke an elegant glass dish in his eagerness to get at the honey which was in it; he stole the oysters intended for a dinner party, and ate nearly my whole winter's stock of chestnuts. Still, I clung to my pet, and begged so hard to keep him, and promised so faithfully to watch over his morals and manners, that my mother gave an unwilling consent.

"The time came, however, when I was ready to part with him. Phil and I attended the academy, and we were both trying for the prize in the composition class. In awarding this prize, regard was to be had not only to the originality of the thought, but the accuracy of the spelling, the beauty of the penmanship, and the propriety of the reading; for each one in the class was to read his own composition. I spent a great deal of time and study on mine; and the night before the examination, I laid my last and best copy on my desk; and as the window was open, I put some almonds on it to keep it from being blown away. The next morning, after breakfast, I went to my chamber, intending to put it in my portfolio, so that it might be all ready for the school-room; but I could not find it. I looked out of the window into the garden; but there was no sign of it either among the vines on the wall or down the gravel path. Turning back, I saw

it on the floor, so crumpled and torn as to be entirely useless. My first thought was that Phil had done this in the jealous fear lest I might win the prize; and, rushing down stairs, I struck him three times, exclaiming, 'Take that! and that! and that!' He turned upon me like a young tiger. 'Take that! and that! and that!' he shouted; and at the last blow I fell to the floor.

"'Boys, boys,' said my mother, 'what can be the matter?'

"'He's torn up my composition, — mean, envious puppy!' answered I.

"'I haven't, you liar!' roared Phil.

"'You have,' I retorted. 'You are the liar.'

"'Stop!' and my father came forward and looked coldly, almost contemptuously, at us. 'Is it possible that my son and nephew are using such coarse and wicked language? Phil, what is the matter?'

"'I don't know, sir,' replied Phil. 'Martin struck me three times without warning, and I paid him back. We've called each other bad names, too; but I don't know how it happened.'

"'Do you know how it has happened, Martin?'

"'Yes, sir. I think he has torn up my composition.'

"'I haven't,' said Phil, sharply.

"'Have you the pieces, Martin?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Bring them to me.'

"I ran up stairs for the pieces, and my father looked

at them carefully. 'Frolic has done the mischief,' he said. 'Here are the marks of his teeth.'

"'He was after the almonds, Martin,' said Phil. 'Don't you remember, you put some on the paper to keep it from blowing away. I suppose he thought he'd have some fun as well as the rest of us. I'm sorry for you, and I don't wonder you were angry if you thought I did it.'

"'O Phil!' I exclaimed; but I could say no more. I fairly broke down and cried outright.

"'Martin,' asked Phil cheerily, 'can't you say your composition?'

"'Yes, every word of it.'

"'Then, I'll tell Mr. Thompson about the accident, and ask him to let you speak it. I am all ready, and I'll go now and stop at his house on the way.'

"Dear Phil, how kind it was of him! I felt new hope, — not of the prize, — but of standing fairly among my companions. I washed my eyes, and mother brushed my hair, passing her cool fingers now and then over my forehead, and talking quietly with me until the bell began to ring. Phil had arranged everything. I spoke my composition, and when the prizes were given, Phil had one for the most perfect composition in all respects; and I had one exactly like it for a composition the most original and best pronounced.

"That was the only time that Phil and I had any trouble; and I felt so unhappy about it that I could scarcely bear to look at Frolic. A week or two afterward I gave him to a boy who was boarding for the

summer at the hotel in Glendale. I did not dream of any return; but he privately consulted Phil as to my tastes, and learning that I wanted a rod, he sent me a beauty immediately upon his return home.

"I am glad you had the rod," said Gerald.

"I didn't enjoy it much," said Mr. Graham. "It reminded me of Frolic; and Frolic reminded me of my unhappy outburst of passion; and when Phil went to South America, I gave it to him."

"Is Phil in South America now, Mr. Graham?" asked Gerald.

"I do not know," replied Mr. Graham. "He has always been a rover, and I am surprised when he happens to stay six months in the same place. My last letter from him was written in France."

"I like that story about Frolic," said Claude. "Dear Mr. Graham, can't you tell us just one more?"

"Not to-day, Miss Lynwood," answered Mr. Graham. "I have a little business to arrange with your uncle, and then I must be off for the train."

So we shook hands again, and went to the veranda to wait until uncle should be ready to tell us about

"THE ÆGEAN ISLANDS.

"The Ægean Islands," said uncle, "lie in an arm of the Mediterranean Sea called the Archipelago. Open the atlas, Kate, and you will find that it is bordered on the north and north-west by Turkey in Europe, upon the east by Asia Minor, and upon the west by the Morea.

"How far south does it extend, uncle?"

"To the southern shore of Candia, which was in ancient times called Crete."

"Why, is Candia that very Crete where Theseus slew the Minotaur, as Mr. Hawthorne tells us in his beautiful Tanglewood Tales?"

"That very same Crete. I am glad you remember the great writer's pretty version of the old, old story.

"There are a great many islands in this Archipelago, the most of which are divided into two groups, called the Cyclades (pronounced Cyc'la-dez) and the Sporades (Spor'a-dez). About sixty small islands north of Candia bear the name of Cyclades, and form one of the districts of Modern Greece. The islands surrounding this group are divided into the northern, western, and eastern Sporades; of which the northern and western portions belong to Greece, and the eastern belongs to Turkey."

"To Turkey! How did the Turks get them?"

"They captured Constantinople in 1453, and then gradually conquered Greece and the Greek islands."

"All Greece!" exclaimed Gerald, with his eyes opened wide in astonishment. "Did Sparta and Athens give up to those savages?"

"The Greeks of that age did not resemble the Greeks of the time of Leonidas. They had been subdued by the Macedonians, the Romans, and the Crusaders; and they were almost destroyed by barbarous northern races."

"Poor people! how they must have suffered!" exclaimed Claude. "But how does it happen that any of these islands have freed themselves from the Turks?"

"A rebellion against the Turks broke out in Greece, in 1821. The war lasted seven years; and then England, France, and Russia interfered. They broke the power of the Turkish navy in the great battle of Navarino, and compelled Turkey to release a large part of Greece, and many of the Greek islands which she then held in bondage."

"Did you go all over the Ægean islands?"

"Not all over them; but I visited many of them."

"Which did you go to first, uncle?"

"To Ægina. Two friends accompanied me, — Mr. Pinckney, an American gentleman, who was spending the summer at Athens, and Willie Pinckney, a bright boy, ten years old. We drove from Athens to the Pireus, the port of the city, before sunrise, and embarked in a sail-boat with two oarsmen. The sun shone, the waves glittered, the wind blew, and we went merrily over the sea, and landed in two and a half hours. The western side of the island consists of fertile plains rendered charming to the eye by the luxuriant crops. The rest of the island is mountainous, and the prospect from the heights is magnificent. It is interesting, however, only on account of its past history; and we visited it merely to see the ruins of the temple, which some scholars believe to have been dedicated to Zeus (Zuse), but which others suppose to have been dedicated to Athena. I dare say you will care very little about its name; but when I looked at its graceful pillars, around which white doves flew, — at the beautifully painted fragments of marble, blue, green, and red, lying here and there among the glossy laurel

leaves, the rosy mallows, gay poppies, and white and pink convolvuli, — I longed to know just what the old Greeks thought and felt when they entered it, and with what hopes they offered sacrifices and poured out libations."

"What is a libation?" asked Claude.

"Any liquid poured out as an offering to a god."

How long did you stay at Ægina, uncle?"

"Only a few hours. We ate our lunch under some olive-trees; and I told Willie the old story of the first peopling of the island, — the legend of

"THE ANTS THAT WERE TURNED INTO MEN."

"Oh, please tell it to us," cried Gerald.

"Yes, if you wish," replied uncle.

"Æacus (E'a-cŭs) was the son of Zeus, or Jupiter; and he lived alone on the island of Ægina. He had a fine palace and great olive groves, fig-trees in abundance, and gigantic vines, which were full of purple grape clusters from one year's end to another. Upon his table there were always loaves of bread as white as snow, pitchers of pure milk, and dishes heaped with pomegranates, peaches, and oranges, to say nothing of chestnuts and almonds, with now and then a goblet of nectar, which Hebe, the cup-bearer of the gods, carried to him from Mount Olympus. He had, also, flocks of goats and playful kids, with a dog that knew many cunning tricks. But, for all that, he was very lonely; and he drew such deep sighs, that Zeus pitied him from the bottom of his heart. 'I really must do something for the poor fellow,' he said

to himself, as he saw him gazing at an ant-hill, and watching the little animals, busy with their small masonry. 'Suppose I turn into men those ants which he is looking at? And if those, why not all the ants on the island? They are diligent, temperate little things, and know a great deal already. Yes, I think I will change them into men; and then Æacus will have something to do beside worrying me with those deep sighs which I feel to my finger-ends.'

"So, even while Æacus looked, the ants stood erect, and grew in every direction. First, they shot up to a manly height; then the heads rounded into the proper proportions, and hair grew upon the top and back; next, the features appeared, — black, sparkling eyes, and soft blue and brown ones, straight noses, rosy lips, each pair closing over two rows of white teeth, and below, handsome chins, some with and some without a manly beard; next, arms were extended, and hands with perfect fingers; the legs came into shape; and the feet, each with five toes, were soon ready for sandals. In a few minutes, the sandals showed themselves, neatly bound with thongs. Over each man there grew a woollen tunic and a short mantle; and thus clothed, the newly-created gathered together and stood before Æacus, in number not less than five hundred. They could talk already; and they cried, 'Hail, Æacus, son of Zeus! Hail, king of the Myrmidons!'

"Æacus did not know what to think; and he was still more bewildered when he heard a tramping of many feet, and from north, south, east, and west,

came more of these strange people. Up the valleys and over the mountains, they marched by twos and twenties and hundreds, just as it happened; and each band passed before him with shouts of 'Hail, Æacus, son of Zeus! Hail, king of the Myrmidons!'

"It was wonderful, certainly; and the new monarch looked so puzzled and unhappy that Zeus laughed long and heartily. Æacus heard him, and the mystery was solved. 'O father Zeus!' he cried, 'I can never thank you enough for these companions; but we will build you the finest temple in all Greece, and offer you many bulls and goats, and around your altar, dripping with wine and honey, we will twine garlands of sacred oak.'

"The newly created men were diligent and obedient; and Æacus ruled them wisely. He fulfilled his promise of building a beautiful temple, and of offering many sacrifices; but he did, also, what was better, — he strove to live as nobly as he knew how. He was so just that he was often called upon to settle disputes; and he was so humble and devout in spirit, that once, when a drought occurred in Greece, when the fruits withered on the stem for want of rain, and the grass was scorched so that the cattle perished, and the brooks were dried up, and the wells gave out everywhere, the great oracle at Delphi appointed him to pray for rain in the name of the Greek nation. And when the blessed drops feel thick and fast, when the fresh grass sprang up, and the little rills trickled through the herbage, men exclaimed, joyfully, 'See how Zeus loves the pure, right-minded Æacus!'"

"Was there ever such a man as Æacus?" asked Gerald.

"There was, probably, a man named Æacus; but his history is so mingled with fable that it is impossible to learn much about him."

"Where did you go next, uncle?"

"To

"SYRA,

the capital of the island of Syra, — anciently Syros, — which I made my head-quarters during my tour in the islands, because there I could live in a hotel; while in most of the other islands I should be obliged to find lodgings in a private house. I visited some of the islands by steam; but, for the most part, it was necessary to go in sailing-boats, which could always be hired in Syra. The sails of these boats are made of cotton, and they are so white that they fairly glitter against the deep, rich blue of the Mediterranean.

"At Syra I engaged a mystico, or small trading vessel, to take me to Delos, and I had a charming sail. The sun dropped below the horizon like a globe of fire. The splendor was dazzling, and the burning sky was reflected by the sleeping sea until both seemed breaking into flame together. Then, a soft purple twilight followed, and one of the sailors took his guitar and sang, with much spirit and feeling, many ballads and war-songs."

"Can you remember any of them?" asked Claude. "Please try to remember one."

"I wrote one in my note-book, but I have since

seen a better translation than the one that I made, and I will read that."

"THE MOTHER OF THE KLEFT.

"She stood where the flood through the valley was toiling,
And she marked where its current was foaming and boiling;
And stones in its waters indignantly throwing,
She chided the stream that so swiftly was flowing.

"Flow back to thy mountains, O, ill-fated river!
Dry up all thy waters and vanish forever;
A mother implores, of her child who bereft is,
Oh leave her a path to the home of the Kleftis!
She is hasting to tell them her desolate story,
Where on Œrta they rest in their strong Kleftochori.[1]

"Her son, the brave Kitzros, the Turks have surrounded,
And they bear him in triumph, bound, wearied, and wounded,
Two thousand behind, and a thousand before him;
And last, last of all, the sad mother who bore him,
With the tears of a parent her eyes are o'erflowing,
And she calls, as sad looks on her child she is throwing, —
'Of thy arms, my loved Kitzros, the foe has bereft thee;
No sword and no clasps of bright silver are left thee!'

"'Ah, mother, weak mother, why weepest thou still for
My wrought Turkish sword and thigh-pieces of silver?
The deeds of my valor and fame thou forgettest,
Nor the end of my youthful career thou regrettest;
But in tears *for my armor* my mother is mourning;
Is it thus, wretched parent, my love thou'rt returning?'

"'No, no!' she exclaimed, while with arms twined around him
She severed the cords where the Infidel bound him;

[1] Kleftochori, a Kleftic encampment.

And darting like hawks to the brink of the river,
They crossed, and escaped from the Moslem forever."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Gerald. "Hurrah! That old lady was smart; pretending to cry over the lost arms while she was planning how to unloose her son! I am glad they got away from the savages."

"So am I glad," said Claude. "But who are the Klefts, uncle?"

"They are mountaineers of the Peloponnesus. They were never subdued by the Turks, and they often rushed down from their fastnesses and assaulted the Turkish governors. When they were hungry and cold, they sometimes compelled their countrymen of the plain to give them food and clothing; but still, the latter admired them very much, because they kept alive the old Greek spirit. They called them 'Klefts,' or Robbers, not as a title of disgrace, but of honor. They regarded them as the Robin Hoods of the forest, and their exploits are the subjects of the most popular national ballads."

"Is Delos a famous island?"

"The most famous of all the Ægean islands."

"Please tell us the story of

"THE ISLAND OF DELOS,"

said Gerald.

"One day, when Poseidon, or Neptune, the god of the sea, was in merry mood, he struck the bottom of the Mediterranean with his trident or sceptre, and up came the island of Delos. It was a little thing, only seven or eight miles round. It had one mountain, —

afterwards named Cynthus, — which extended from north to south, and sloped down into a grassy plain on the west; and it had just one sparkling spring, which gushed upward with a song, and flowed to the sea with a pleasant murmur. 'What a droll little thing you are!' said Poseidon; and then he turned away and descended to a great coral forest, under which he intended to give a splendid *fête*."

"And who were going to his *fête*, uncle?"

"First, the Nereides, of whom there were fifty, all young and beautiful. They were to ride to the grove on dolphins instead of horses. Then the nymphs of the fountains, lakes, and rivers were invited, — in all, somewhat over three thousand in number."

"And what do you think they were to have for refreshments?" asked Gerald.

"I imagine it was to be a picnic, and that the nymphs proposed to carry the milk, honey, and oil, which had been offered them in sacrifice, while Poseidon designed to send to Mount Olympus for nectar and ambrosia, the drink and food of the gods, to complete the entertainment.

"Now, if you are ready, I will go on with my account of Delos, for I wish to tell you about

"THE CHILDREN'S HUNT, AND HOW MANY GOATS THEY KILLED."

"Oh, yes, yes! we are all ready," we cried.

"As Poseidon had no use for his island, the Winds took it for a plaything. The West Wind puffed out his cheeks and blew it eastward toward Mycone, until

the people there were nearly frightened out of their wits. Then the South-east Wind gave a jolly shout and whisked it almost upon Tenos. Next, the North Wind came tearing down from the cold Thracian mountains, and, with a savage roar, sent it nearly to Paros. Every storm, also, whipped and whirled it about, so that not only had it no rest itself, but it kept all its neighbors anxious and troubled as well. By and by, however, Zeus fastened it with chains that nothing could break; and from the barren soil he raised a cluster of palm-trees, which put their long, feathery leaves together, and whispered to each other their amazement at finding themselves there. It certainly was wonderful; but something still more wonderful was to come. While the green plumes were fluttering and tossing in the golden light, and peeping downward occasionally to see what was going on below, two lovely, lovely infants were born at their very feet. They were not small and weak, like mortal infants, with little red fingers and staring eyes, that can do nothing but wink; but they were large, and strong, and fair, — and with one leap they grew from babyhood to manhood and womanhood.

"Their names were Phœbus Apollo and Artemis, or Diana; and they were not more like ordinary boys and girls in their plays than in their looks. Apollo collected specimens of herbs and minerals, and found out their medical properties, which he afterward taught to his son, Æsculapius. He listened to the rustling of leaves, and the tones of waters, and the song of birds, and the hum of insects, and so learned

to make sweet music himself. He found out the secret of painting pictures and making statues; and he covered the grassy plain of Delos with herds and flocks which his father Zeus gave him. Now and then, indeed, he hunted a little, but far less than his sister Artemis. Artemis really did nothing else of consequence. Sometimes she drove in a chariot, drawn by two white stags; but usually she pursued her game on foot, attended only by her dogs.

"One evening, Artemis threw herself down under the group of palm-trees, and placed her head against a gray rock, which immediately, out of regard to her comfort, clothed itself with the softest mosses and prettiest ferns. With one hand she played with the gold collar of her dog Rapid, which collar Hephæstus had made for her in his forge under Mount Etna; and with the other she fed a rabbit, named Leaper, who set up his long ears and winked his little eyes, while he nibbled away at a sweet-clover blossom. Her brother sat by, thinking about a musical instrument which he intended to make on the morrow.

"'Apollo,' said Artemis, — and then she stopped to hold out another clover-head to Leaper, — 'Apollo, I am tired of hunting alone. Wont you go with me to Mount Cynthus in the morning?'

"'I can't,' replied Apollo. 'It is all very well for people who have nothing useful to do, to go racing and chasing the whole day long; but it is quite otherwise with busy people like myself.'

"'But do, — please do,' said Artemis. 'To-morrow is our birthday. Only to think! we shall be four years old

to-morrow. I want to celebrate it so much! and I have quite set my heart upon a little amusement with you.'

"'Don't tease, Arte,' answered Apollo; 'there is a good girl. We shall have an endless number of birthdays to celebrate; and I really must make a new musical instrument to-morrow. Next year, perhaps, — yes, certainly, next year, — I will hunt or do anything you may like.'

"Artemis was disappointed. She thought Apollo selfish, and so he was. She stroked Leaper's ears, and drew Rapid close to her, as if to forget in his affection the unkindness of her brother.

"Apollo saw her, and said, 'I will tell you what I will do, Arte. I will go with you up Mount Cynthus, and every half hour I will sing a cheery hunting song, and that will be even better than if I should hunt myself.'

"Artemis didn't think so, but she was obliged to be content; and she dropped asleep, and dreamed that she killed a thousand goats, and that Apollo made an altar of their horns.

"The next morning, the brother and sister sprang up with the dawn, and, having bathed in the sea, set out for the mountain. Apollo wished to drive in the chariot with the white stags; but Artemis laughed at him for his indolence, and gave him a pair of her own buskins, which were as stout as iron and as soft as kid. She hoped that when he should see the wild goats frisking about on the narrow ledges or leaping from cliff to cliff, he would choose to share her sport; but she was mistaken. He ran like a deer to the top of

the mountain, and then sat down for the day, with a pile of reeds and strings beside him. Artemis left him with a heavy heart, not so much because she longed for companionship, as because she felt grieved at his indifference to her wishes. But very soon, the rapid motion, the fresh air, and the lovely changes of sunlight and shadow, raised her spirits; and when Apollo woke the echoes of every rock and cavern with his ringing songs, she desired nothing more or better even for her fourth birthday. The sun climbed the sky by a long and shining path, and travelled down again by one equally bright and silent, and when he was pausing to say 'Good-night' to the world before plunging behind the sea, the brother and sister prepared to return to their home under the palm-trees. Curiously enough, Artemis had slain a thousand goats, and had placed their horns together in a great pile. Apollo complimented her upon her success, but didn't offer to help her carry them away. She wouldn't have minded throwing a couple of deer over her shoulders, but the horns were not only heavy but inconvenient. 'I have it,' she said at last; and she whistled to her white stags, who were grazing three miles away in the western plain. The stags threw up their heads, and looked about; but, seeing no one, began to graze again. Artemis whistled a second time, and they, knowing her voice, ran to her chariot, twisted the silver ribbons which were fastened to it about their horns, and in a few minutes were at their mistress's side.

"'Well done, my beauties!' exclaimed Artemis,

affectionately, as she proceeded to load the chariot; while Apollo, sitting by, drew sweet sounds from his reeds and strings. When the last horn was on the pile, Artemis followed, and almost in a twinkling they were under the palm-trees.

"Apollo had finished the instrument which he had thought about so busily for some days, and, when he had eaten the supper which his father Zeus sent him from Olympus, he was as good-natured and affectionate as the evening before he had been indifferent and surly.

"'Artis,' said he, 'that is a splendid pile of horns. It is a pity not to use them. I will build of them an altar which shall be one of the wonders of the world, if you like; and, by and by, people will offer sacrifices to me upon it.'

"'I should like the altar, dear brother,' replied Artemis, 'and I will give you the horns with pleasure, if you will never allow any living creature to be offered on it.'

"'I will not, that I promise you; and you can trust my word, for you know that our father Zeus has given me power to foretell future events.'

"So Apollo went to work by the light of the moon, which was then at its full, and built an altar, which, as he prophesied, became one of the wonders of the world, and was never polluted by a drop of blood."

"That's a story worth having," said Gerald.

"So it is," said Claude. "Was Apollo worshipped especially at Delos, uncle?"

"Yes; the whole island was sacred to Apollo, Arte-

mis, and their mother Latona. Apollo had there one of his most celebrated and trusted oracles. At the foot of Mount Cynthus, on the pleasant western plain, a temple was built, to the splendor of which all Greece contributed. Great festivals were held there, which were as magnificent as money and art could make them, and the city was always bustling and gay with a multitude of strangers.

"Delos was the island of peace. It had no walls, and for hundreds of years it needed none. Such was the reverence in which it was held, that even the Persians, who robbed all the other temples in Greece, respected that of Delos, and made no attempt to seize its immense treasure. For a long time no little babe could be born in Delos, no person was permitted to die there, and no grave was made in its consecrated soil. Even dogs were banished from the island, lest they might chase and kill the hares and rabbits which abounded among the hills and valleys on the southern shore."

"The people didn't mean there should be any suffering there, uncle?"

"I think so. As I said before, they meant it should be kept in perfect peace."

"Is any of the old splendor left?" asked Gerald.

"None of it. I found only a few shepherds watching their flocks, and a few shapeless ruins."

"Were you very sorrowful when you were there?"

"I was very sorrowful indeed. The destruction of noble and beautiful objects is always sad; and, although the Delian temples were raised to false gods,

and kept alive the memory of stories which arose from the fears of ignorant men, or were made up by cunning ones for their own benefit, yet the world lost a great deal when they were overthrown."

"Where did you go next, uncle?" asked Gerald.

"To the fertile but mountainous island of Lero, a mere dot in the bright blue sea; but I will tell you about it at our next lesson."

CHAPTER III.

THE SISTERS WHO WERE CHANGED INTO GUINEA FOWLS — HOW THE LERIAN WOMEN FRIGHTENED A TURKISH PIRATE — PATMOS — THE BLACK SHIP OF STATHOS — THE LOVERS OF SANTORIN — THE ISLAND OF SANTORIN.

IT rained this morning. I think I may say it poured. There was no getting out, and we, the young people, were disappointed. At the breakfast-table, aunt joked and teased us, but we didn't laugh. At last, uncle rose, bowed, waved his hand as if he were about to make a grand speech, and said, "Nephew and nieces, I see that you are unhappy. What can I do to make the time pass pleasantly for you?"

"Give us a lesson, uncle. Give us a lesson, please," cried we.

"With pleasure," was the answer; and we went to the library, and uncle began by telling us about

"THE SISTERS WHO WERE CHANGED INTO GUINEA FOWLS.

"Meleager," said he, "was the son of King Œneus and Queen Althea. When he was born, the three Fates went to make him a visit. The Fates were old ladies, but they were very powerful, and sometimes they carried out their plans in spite of Zeus himself.

Clotho wore a robe of several colors and a crown of seven stars, and held in her hand a distaff. She had authority over the moment of birth. Lachesis wore stars on her robe, and carried about spindles with which she spun all the events and actions of men's lives. Atropos wore a black garment, and carried a pair of scissors, with which she cut off life.

"It was evening when the Fates entered the apartment of Althea. The silver lamp, which hung from the ceiling by slender chains, had not been lighted; but a bright fire on the hearth sent a red glow through the room. When the old ladies went into the chamber, the flames shot up for a moment, and then died away; and in the place of the cheerful brightness there was only a cold, shivery splendor from the crown of Clotho, the dress of Lachesis, and the scissors of Atropos. The mother was terribly frightened, and clasped her baby still closer in her arms; but the visitors smiled on little Meleager, and nodded in a friendly way to each other. Then Clotho said that the infant would be brave and adventurous. Lachesis foretold that he would be gifted with great strength; and Atropos prophesied that he would live as long as a certain firebrand on the hearth should remain unconsumed. Having spoken thus, they went out; the cold, white splendor vanished, and the merry flames leaped and danced again in the great chimney, sending the warm rays into every nook and corner of the stately chamber. As soon as the door had fairly closed upon her departing guests, Althea snatched the firebrand from the hearth, dipped it in water to put

out the fire, and placed it with her most precious jewels under lock and key.

"As the old ladies had foretold, Meleager grew up into a hero; and whenever any expedition was proposed that was especially dangerous, he was always invited to join it, and he was sure to accept. Perhaps he knew that his life depended entirely upon the safety of the firebrand which was shut up in his mother's strong-box, in which case his wonderful courage would not appear so surprising; but I am much more inclined to think that Althea did not venture to tell this secret to any one, — except, perhaps, to her husband, — lest an enemy of her house should find the brand and destroy it.

"When Meleager had grown to manhood, Artemis, the goddess who hunted goats on Mount Cynthus, became angry with Meleager's father, Œneus, because he neglected her worship; and she sent a wild boar into his territory. This boar was a fearful creature. He was immensely large, his tusks were long and strong, and he was never tired, never sleepy, and never satisfied with eating. At last the people found that either they must kill the beast or leave the country; and the neighboring kings and chiefs assembled in such numbers, and fought so bravely and successfully, that the history of the hunt is one of the most famous of old stories.

"Of course, Meleager was there; and it was a pleasure to see him seated on his black horse, whose coat was so smooth that it fairly shone in the sunlight, — and wearing a purple tunic such as became a prince,

and with a long, white feather in his cap which the wind played with in all manner of pretty ways. It was observed that he kept close beside a beautiful young woman, whose name was Atalanta. She had a horse as black and glossy as Meleager's, and rode quite as well as he did. The kings and princes joked Meleager upon his politeness to the maiden, and laughed loudly at their own wit; but this only made him the happier when he found that she was not displeased. He loved to hear their names coupled together, and thought how often they would ride thus to the chase if he should be so fortunate as to win her for a wife.

"The long summer day was drawing to a close before the boar was slain. Meleager gave him the last blow, but Atalanta first wounded him with a javelin; and he gave her the head and skin of the beast because of her skill and courage. Thereupon, his two uncles — the brothers of his mother Althea — were very angry. 'It was a shame,' they said, 'that a woman should receive the honors of a hunt, in which so many princes and warriors had taken part, and of which future poets would never cease to sing.'

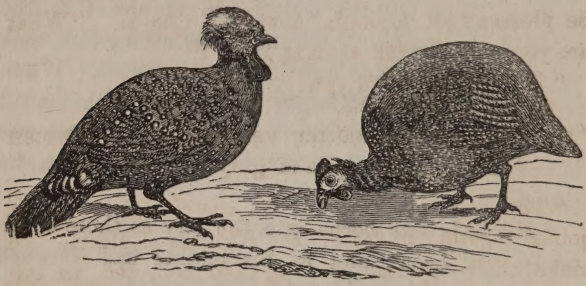
"The more they talked, the more their miserable envy and jealousy increased; and at last they even tried to take away Atalanta's present. Meleager defended her, of course. The uncles drew their swords, and Meleager drew his. The quarrel grew hotter and hotter, and Meleager killed both his antagonists.

"The glad news of the victory over the boar was carried immediately to Queen Althea; who, with all her ladies of honor, set out at once for the temple in

order to give thanks to the gods. As she was passing up the street, at the head of the procession, she met the corpses of her brothers, which friendly hands were conveying to the palace. In her surprise and sorrow, she shrieked aloud; but when she learned that they had fallen by the hand of her son, her grief changed to fury; and, without waiting to inquire into the cause of the quarrel, she went to her strong-box, took out the firebrand, and cast it into the flames. When it began to burn, Meleager was seized with fearful pain; and when it was all consumed so that there was left of it only a little pile of gray and white ashes, he expired.

"His body was borne into the city as those of his uncles had been; and as his mother had mourned over her brothers, his sisters mourned over him. They robed him in garments of finest linen, and kissed his cold lips, which could no longer return a caress. They tore out their hair, cast ashes upon their heads, and sang melancholy verses in low, heart-breaking tones. As Meleager was young, his funeral took place at daybreak; and as he was a warrior, he was borne to the funeral pile upon his shield. His sisters threw upon this pile all his beautiful things; and, to make it still more splendid, they added all their own handsome garments and sparkling jewels. When his ashes had been gathered into a golden urn, they would not permit the urn to be buried, but kept it in the palace and wept over it and kissed his dear name, which was written upon it. They ate nothing, and drank only water, so that they grew more and

more feeble every hour. At last, seeing death very near, they dragged themselves with difficulty to the temple of Artemis, in order to worship once more before her altar; when she, seeing their sad case, resolved to change them into guinea-fowls. Suddenly,



GUINEA-FOWLS.

as they knelt, their hands disappeared, their toes turned into claws, their arms and legs shrank up, their lips became horny beaks, and, as soon as they had become in shape like a bird, feathers of a soft slate color started out all over them. These were plain like those of all guinea-hens in those days, but the sisters wept until the change was complete; and their tears, falling upon the feathers, occasioned the round white spots by which that fowl has since been distinguished."

"It is a sorrowful story, after all," said Claude. "I fancied it would be a funny one; but it is awful to think of the brave and happy prince killed by his own mother."

"Yes," replied Gerald, "that part is awful, to be sure; but I like to fancy Meleager and Atalanta in the hunt, and to think how proud of each other they must have been, and how splendidly they killed the boar."

"Yes, that was fine; but I hope the next story will be pleasant all through," answered Claude. "What are you going to tell us next, uncle?"

"I think I will tell you

"HOW THE LERIAN WOMEN FRIGHTENED A TURKISH PIRATE.

"The Sultan of Turkey and the Sultan of Egypt joined together to destroy the Knights of Malta. To make their triumph certain, they collected an immense fleet, and put at its head Canalis, a cruel pirate, whom they ordered to burn, kill, and make slaves in all places which belonged to the knights. The two monarchs were sure of victory; and so, when their ships sailed out of the harbor, each with a red flag bearing a golden moon and silver stars, they feasted together in fine style, and promised themselves a vast number of slaves, and great piles of bags full of money and jewels, to say nothing of thousands of pieces of silk, and velvet, and muslin, and whole suits of handsome armor.

"They were wise in rejoicing thus early; for, otherwise, they would not have rejoiced at all. Canalis was driven from Rhodes, where he attempted to land, and from two or three other large islands; and, by that time, he was so much afraid of the knights that

he was extremely unwilling to meet them, unless his force was at least as three to one. But he cast his eyes upon sunny little Lero, and said to himself that he could 'certainly take that; for, if it were not well fastened in its place, he could fairly tow it away with his many ships.'

"When the fleet hove in sight of the island, the Lerians were nearly crazed with terror. The fortifications were slight, and the garrison too few in numbers to make even an attempt at defence. But a young knight named Simeonis proposed a measure which proved the wisest possible. He dressed all the men and women in the city in the robes of the order, and placed them in full view about the fort. He had just arranged them so as to make the best possible show, when the pirate drew near in his flag-ship, leading his long line of vessels, and confident of an easy victory. He could scarcely believe his eyes, when, behind the whole length of the ramparts, line beyond line, he saw the white crosses of his dreaded foe. The very walls appeared to him to be made of white crosses. He hesitated, stamped furiously on the deck, swore a dozen oaths by the 'beard of the prophet,' and then turned about and went home without as much as a torn flag to show to his masters as a trophy."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Gerald. "I wish I had been there. How delighted I should have been to see the old fellow run!"

"I would rather be at Fonthill and hear uncle tell about it," replied Claude.

"Well, yes, that is best, to be sure," returned Ger-

ald. "But then, I should like to have worn a white cross at Lero, and still be here to listen to the story."

"But you couldn't, you see; so I think it is much nicer to be here," replied Claude. "Where did you go next, uncle?"

"I went to Patmos."

"To that Patmos where St. John wrote part of the Bible?" asked Gerald.

"Yes, to that Patmos. It is nothing but a huge rock; and a great part of its poor inhabitants, unable to get enough to eat and drink at home, go in summer to work in the neighboring islands."

"Did you see St. John's cavern, uncle?" asked Gerald.

"Of course, I did. It is in the side of the hill which overlooks the port, and forms part of a chapel, in which lamps are kept burning day and night. The monks sell bits of stone from this cavern, which they pretend will cure diseases."

"What monks, please?"

"Those who live in the monastery of St. John, which stands on the edge of a mountain, about three-quarters of an hour's walk from the port. It is a gloomy old building, and looks like a strong fortress. I climbed up to it, and the monks offered me coffee and fruit."

"What else did you do at Patmos?"

"I did nothing; but the captain of the mystico bought some red-legged partridges and a vase of cream. He told his beads, too, at the shrine of St. John. He was very religious in his way; and so were his crew, also. A vessel of myrrh was regularly

burned before the image of the virgin in the cabin; and each man in turn descended to cross himself and say a prayer before it.

"We had a serious fright at nightfall. A small vessel, with her hull and masts painted black, shot suddenly from behind a headland, and fired a gun across our course. Everybody was terror-stricken, believing her to be a pirate; but the captain ran up Ionian colors, thus placing himself under the protection of England, and very soon we made out the quartered cross and blue stripes of the Greek flag flying from the strange craft.

"The spirits of the men rose upon this; and a Hydriot sailor and a sailor from Santorin began to sing, and sang through the whole evening."

"Oh, uncle, can't you remember something that they sang?" exclaimed Claude.

"Perhaps I can; yes, I think I can — at any rate, I have the words and can *read* you one piece which they sang.

"THE BLACK SHIP OF STATHOS.

"A stately vessel cleft the tide
That rolls by steep Kassandra's side;
Her gloomy sails of raven black
Flung darkling shadows on her deck,
And at her bending mast there flew
A pennon of cerulean blue.

"Far down the stormy bay she met
Athwart her course a swift corvette;
Which, forging through the swelling flood,
Bore high Mohammed's flag of blood,

And as she drew th' Albanian near,
Her haughty summons meets his ear.

"'Down helm, ye slaves, swing every sail
To face unmoved the opposing gale!'
'We halt not,' was the quick reply,
'Whilst yonder breeze careers the sky;
One swelling sail we ne'er will check,
Whilst men and swords array our deck.

"'And deemst thou us affianced girls,
Or maids bedecked with bridal pearls,
That we should crouch to empty words,
Or yield to thee Albanian swords?
Our chief contemns thy proud pacha, —
'Tis Stathos, lord of Agrafa.

"'But hold, my mates, your deck swift clear,
And bear upon the Moslem's rear;
We'll teach the craven, crouching slave
How keen is an Albanian glaive,
Till every wave with crimson hue
Shall tinge its iridescent blue.'

"Scarce died the words, when quickly now
The fiery chiefs lie prow by prow,
And Stathos, bursting on his board,
Rushed hand to hand, and sword to sword;
The Othman's blood flowed o'er the side
Red mingling with the foaming tide,
And slow his last long sigh he drew,
'Midst dying shouts of 'ALLA HU!'"

"That is splendid," said Gerald; "but what is iridescent? — 'Shall tinge its iridescent blue.'"

"Iridescent means shining with many colors. The Mediterranean, on a clear day, shows not only a beautiful blue tint, but, also, all those brilliant hues which you see in soap-bubbles when you hold them in the sun."

"How lovely it must be!" said Claude. "Perhaps I shall see it one day."

"Can you remember another, uncle?"

"No; but I can repeat a story which our Santorin sailor, whose name was Jeannette, told me about

"THE LOVERS OF SANTORIN.

"'Demetrio Ghikas was the son of a wine merchant; and when he was a boy, he spent his time partly in his father's vineyard, and partly in little trips to Syra and Cyprus to sell the nice wine which his father made. When he was fifteen years old, he was betrothed to his cousin Stefanie Sessini. Stefanie was fourteen, and it was arranged by their parents that when he should be fifteen, the young people should be married in the church at Pyrgos.

"'The cousins loved each other dearly. Often, when Demetrio was at work in the vineyard, Stefanie took her knitting and sat near him under the vines; and unless he was absent from Santorin, there was never an evening that Demetrio did not ramble with her about the cliffs or sing to her guitar, which she played with no little skill.

"'At length only one short month remained before the day fixed for their marriage. Stefanie was putting the last stitches into her wedding garments and the last articles of household use and ornament into

their cottage. Nothing appeared wanting to their happiness; but Demetrio suddenly decided to make one more voyage before the wedding-day. Stefanie begged him to stay at home; and she cried till her blue eyes were so red, that her lover told her they looked more like rabbits' eyes than those of his pretty bride. He kissed her once and again, laughed lightly at her fears, and set sail in his mystico with three of his companions for a crew. Sadly enough, they fell in with a Turkish fleet, and were carried to Navarino, where they were compelled to work upon the fortifications.

"'Very soon after this sorrowful event, Tipaldo, the Greek general, besieged Navarino so closely that not even a dog could go in or out of the town. Provisions grew scarce; and then the Turkish commander butchered his prisoners, so that there might be fewer mouths to feed. Two of these prisoners escaped from the executioners by jumping into the ditch, the water in which lessened the force of their leap. They went under for a minute, and then rose and swam across, when they ran to the Greek camp. Many balls were fired at them, but they all missed their aim. Ten or twelve of the prisoners turned Mohammedans and were spared by their masters. Demetrio was one of these. The poor fellow was only a boy, and life looked very beautiful to him. He longed so very, very much for his old home, for his parents, and Stefanie, and the little cottage which he had helped his betrothed to arrange amidst a world of fun and laughter. He dreaded to die, and so he pre-

tended to worship Mohammed, hoping that when the Greek army should take the place, he should be released from slavery and sent back to Santorin.

"'For a long, long time, Stefanie learned nothing of her lover. At first, she hoped that, finding he could not sell his wine for as high a price as he anticipated, he had sailed further, to find a better market. Then she hoped that he was stopping somewhere to repair his vessel. Every morning, she went to the highest cliff, to watch for his coming; and every dark night she kindled a fire, that it might serve him for a guide. Demetrio's father was no less anxious; and when, at last, the terrible news arrived that his son was not only a prisoner, but that he had given up his faith, — the faith of his family and nation, — he grew ill, and died. His vineyard and his pleasant house, which should have been Demetrio's, passed to distant relatives; for no Mohammedan could hold property in the island.

"'Tipaldo was very happy when he learned from the escaped Greeks that food was scarce in Navarino, because he thought that the Turks would soon surrender; but their commander had no thought of that. Even when every green leaf, every horse, dog, cat, and mouse had been eaten, he refused to lay down his arms. But the starving soldiers who were set to guard the gates, offered to open them to the Greeks, provided that their lives should be spared, and that they should be carried to Modon, a town seven miles distant.

"'Tipaldo gladly granted the conditions, and as long as he was able to control his troops, the Turks

were treated with kindness. All went well, until the soldiers from Hydra arrived, with the vessels which Tipaldo had sent for, to carry his prisoners away. These men, although they pretended to be Christians, were as fierce and treacherous as the Turks themselves. They refused to obey Tipaldo and his officers; they refused to listen to the more honest of their comrades, who desired to observe faithfully the conditions made by their chief; and, as soon as they obtained the control of the prisoners, they took them out into the harbor and slew every one. They then returned for Demetrio and his companions. It was in vain that the unfortunate men explained the circumstances which had led them to profess Mohammedanism. The Hydriots — their own countrymen — forced them into one of the boats in which the captive Turks had been so cruelly slaughtered, and took them to an uninhabited rock at the mouth of the bay, and left them to perish with hunger.

"'They were within view of the town and fortress, and were so closely watched, that escape was impossible by day, and there was no moon to guide them by night. It was fearfully hot, and there was not a tree to shade them from the sun, and not a drop of water to drink. One by one Demetrio's comrades died; and, left alone upon the rock, he resolved to swim to the opposite shore, which was a little more than a mile distant. When his strength gave out he floated awhile; and so, swimming and floating by turns, he succeeded in landing just before daybreak. He found oranges and wild figs, and, after gathering some, he concealed him-

self among the rocks, until he should be able to escape to Modon.

"'Meantime, accounts of the surrender of Navarino and the safety of the garrison spread through the Cyclades. Stefanie's eyes brightened, and her cheeks grew rosy with hope. 'He will soon return,' she said often to herself. 'I shall see him again, and we shall yet be happy together.' Then the frightful news of the massacre of the prisoners reached her, and she grew ill from sorrow, and so died.

"'A few days after the funeral, Demetrio landed at Santorin; but, instead of pitying him for the dreadful sufferings which he had undergone, his old neighbors and friends looked coldly at him, and there was hardly one among them who would even speak to him. At any other time, this alone would have broken his heart; but now, his mind was so full of his dear father and his lost Stefanie, that he scarcely noticed it. In obedience to the rules of the Greek church in similar cases, Demetrio confessed before the bishop and priests of the island that he had pretended to be a Mohammedan, to save his life, performed a long and hard penance, and was received again into the church.

"'For a little while he lingered about the spots which he had visited with Stefanie, living on fruit and roots, and asking no friendly office from the cold, bigoted islanders. He grew thinner and thinner, and more and more feeble; but he did not complain, and nobody asked him to warm himself by their fire, or to eat at their table. By and by he disappeared, during a storm, so violent, that every one knew he could

not have left the island. The people asked about him, one of another; and, now that nothing could be done for his comfort, they began to feel interested for him. Search was made, and he was found dead in a cavern under a cliff, where the boats of the villagers were stored during the winter. When they saw him lying on the bare rock, and remembered that he had perished through their neglect, they were very sorrowful, and, as some atonement for their cruelty, they took his senseless body, and buried it by the side of Stefanie.'"

Nobody spoke for a minute. I suppose everybody felt too badly. I am sure I did; but after a little pause, Gerald said: "I am glad those Santorin people came to their senses at last, and had the decency to mourn for the poor fellow, after letting him freeze and starve."

"Yes, I am glad they were sorry; they deserved to be," replied Claude.

"It shows," said uncle, "how easily our best and purest feelings may become wrong unless we keep a strict watch over them. Love for our church may lead us to believe that no one can be a Christian who does not belong to it; love for our country may make us unjust and ungenerous in our judgment of foreigners; and love for our immediate friends may so occupy our thoughts, and fill our hearts, that we may be careless of the interest and comfort of all beyond our own narrow circle. This would be sad indeed."

"Did you go to Santorin, uncle?"

"Yes, and remained there some days. Many of

the houses of Santorin look like dove-cotes, for they are merely holes cut out of the soft rock, with a front built to them to contain the doorway. I, however, toiled up the steep, rocky path, to Phira, and then went on to Pyrgos, which overlooks the whole island. The houses there are not dove-cotes, but neither are they handsome. Santorin has no firewood except the little boughs of the lentisk. The inhabitants make much use of the charcoal carried thither in boats. They, therefore, bake but seldom. In order to keep the bread from moulding, they dry it so hard that it must be moistened with water before it can be eaten. They make a great deal of excellent wine, which they are compelled to drink on account of the scarcity of water. It is sold very cheaply. I bought it for a penny a bottle."

"I should rather have a well of good, cold water than all the wine in the world," said Gerald. "What else did you get to eat except dried bread, uncle?"

"Lamb dressed with onions, soup made of lentils, salads with a thick leaf, which I relished very much, warm cakes made of honey, flour and oil, grapes, figs, and fresh almonds."

"Did you see any of the ladies of the family which you visited?"

"Yes, my host's two modest, industrious daughters. They spun cotton, embroidered handkerchiefs for sale in Constantinople, and knitted coarse silk stockings, which is all the information I can give you to-day."

CHAPTER IV.

MR. AND MRS. OWL, AND THE NEW HOUSE WHICH WAS GIVEN THEM—THE STOLEN BOYS AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM — THE EMPEROR'S GIFT — THE FAITHFUL PAINTER AND HOW HE WAS REWARDED — THE SWALLOWS AND THE RHODIAN CHILDREN —ARION THE MUSICIAN AND HIS RIDE ON THE DOLPHIN.

CLAUDE, Gerald, and I received this morning the following letter from Charlie Graham: —

"My dear Fonthill Friends: — Father says that, although I have never seen you, I may call you friends; because he is sure you are friendly to everybody, and also because he thinks you will feel a little interest in me as his son.

"As you like pets, I wish to tell you about some I had last year. To begin at the beginning, I must say that we were almost overrun with mice. There were a great many about the barn as well as in the fields; and father told me that if I would contrive a way to catch them or drive them off, I might go to New York with him in the autumn. Of course, I thought about this a great deal. I could not catch them all in traps, and I could not think of any other way to catch them.

"One twilight, I was sitting on the garden-fence, when Lewis Weldon (Lewis lives near our house)

came along and said, 'A penny for your thoughts, Charlie.'

"'They are not worth a penny,' I answered. 'That is the difficulty; I can't make them worth anything.'

"'And what would you like to make them worth?' asked Lewis.

"'A trip to New York,' answered I.

"'Oh, I cannot help you to anything as fine as that,' said Lewis. 'I thought, if it were only a small affair, I might do something for you, perhaps.'

"'I dare say you can, as it is,' said I, 'for just now I want to catch or drive away the mice about the farm.'

"'I think I can help you in that line,' said Lewis; 'I am almost sure that I can; and if you will give me your old slate and arithmetic, and show me about the sums now and then, I will try.'

"'You may have the slate and arithmetic, any way,' said I; 'and I will show you all I can, which will not be much, I am afraid. But how are you going to clear off the mice?'

"'You shall see to-morrow,' answered Lewis; and he walked on very happy about the slate and book.

"Now father has two barns. One is new, with ever so many nice contrivances, and nearly behind this is an old one, partly covered by a creeper. The old barn would have been torn down long ago, but mother wanted to keep it, because she says it is like a picture. Lewis liked the old one, too, and he put up a knotty tree-trunk with one branch against the roof, and fixed a deep hole in the fork which the branch made, and

fastened across the inside an oak stick. When this was done, he trained the creeper around the branch, and requested me to ask my mother if she thought it looked well enough to stay. Mother said that it did; and that, by and by, when the creeper should be grown, it would be really ornamental. Then Lewis brought a pair of barn-owls with their nest, and put all together in the hole he had made. This he did at noon, because he said 'they couldn't see to fly then, and by night they would find themselves so comfortable in their new home that they wouldn't wish to leave it. I never saw such a boy as Lewis is. He can make everything mind him. If I had taken the owls to a new house, they would have flown right away; but I do not believe they ever had such a thought. What do you suppose Lewis did to them?

"Mother had a little addition made to the frame of the nest to make it prettier, and the owls stayed and hatched two little ones. I do not believe you ever saw anything as funny as they were, — the little ones I mean. They had such large heads, and great, solemn eyes, that I never could look at them without laughing. Father said they must think I had a very cheerful disposition; but, for all their wise faces, I do not imagine they think at all.

"There was a hole in each barn for the owls to go in at, and one in the granary, too, and oh, such mousers as they were! But they did still more out of doors, for they were in the meadows, the orchard, and garden, and they not only caught mice, but moles and beetles, beside. Father said they were worth

fifty dollars to him; and when he found how poor Lewis was, and how much he wanted to learn, he gave him a new suit of clothes, and bought him some books, and paid a year's tuition for him at the academy. I guess he means to do more for him, but I do not know, for father never tells what good he does; and I never should have known about this unless Lewis had told me. I am glad for Lewis, for he is a good boy, and as smart as can be. Mother says that Mrs. Weldon is a lady though she is poor, and that they might live very nicely, only that Mr. Weldon will get tipsy and make a brute of himself.

"I did not intend to write such a monstrous letter when I began. If you think it is worth the trouble, I should like a letter in return. Please direct it — your letter — to Charlie Graham, Glendale, and I shall be sure to get it.

"Your friend,

"CHARLIE.

"MISS KATE CLIFTON,
MISS CLAUDE LYNWOOD,
AND MR. GERALD LYNWOOD."

"What a nice letter!" said Gerald. "Let us carry it to uncle."

Uncle was as much pleased with the letter as we were, and when he had read it, Claude asked, "Why couldn't the owls see at noon, uncle?"

"Their eyes, like those of all night-flying birds, are so arranged as to take in a great many rays; and in the daytime, so many enter that they are completely dazzled."

"What do you suppose Lewis did to the owls, uncle?"

"Nothing in particular. Some persons are much more successful than others in taming pets. They are observant of their habits, and quickly discover their likes and dislikes. Probably, the nest which Lewis made was just rude enough to please the owls; and his handling of them was, doubtless, gentle and pleasant to them."

By the time we had fairly talked over the letter, uncle was ready to give us our lesson. First he told us about

"THE STOLEN BOYS AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM.

"Periander, King of Corinth, happened one day to see Melissa, the daughter of King Procles, of Epidaurus, giving out wine to her father's laborers. She looked so prettily in her simple Dorian dress, — a snow-white woollen tunic without sleeves, fastened upon the shoulders with brooches of braided gold, falling over an under robe of the same spotless material, — and with her long, fair hair, curling about her shoulders, that he stepped behind an olive-tree to watch her at his leisure. He was pleased to see that she offered the flagon to each man as gracefully as if he had been a king; and to each she spoke a few pleasant words, which made the hot faces brighten and the tired eyes sparkle, and brought a smile to the lips of the oldest and rudest among them.

"'She will make a charming wife,' said Periander to himself; and when he returned to the palace, he

asked her hand. Her father said that he should be delighted to give her to him, and that he would make a splendid wedding, and invite all the nobles and rich people of the city to attend. Nobody thought of asking Melissa's opinion about the matter. I suppose everybody took it for granted that she must like to be a queen. At any rate, a queen she was to be; and after a great deal of feasting, and drinking, and complimenting, she went away with her new husband.

"The great palace at Corinth appeared very lonely to her without her father and mother; but, by and by, two pretty boys and a lovely little girl were added to the family, and then there were noise and fun enough. The boys were a racing, driving pair. They nearly upset their stern father himself in the game of blind-man's-buff; they drove bronze hoops, jingling with bells, up and down the halls; they played ball, and now and then tried odd-or-even for fruits and toys.

"But one day there was great sorrow in the palace. The merry games ceased, the children wept silently, each with an arm around the other's waist, and Periander sat apart with his head covered, and would see and speak to no one. The beautiful Melissa was dead; and, though the children did not know it, her husband had killed her in a fit of passion. He loved her dearly, notwithstanding; and he mourned all the rest of his life for the dreadful deed.

"When the eldest of the boys was eighteen, and the younger seventeen years old, they visited their grandfather, Procles, who received them joyfully, and petted them, just as grandfathers pet their grandchil-

dren now-a-days. But when they shook his trembling hand and said 'good-by,' before they returned home, tears filled the old man's eyes, and he asked, 'Know you now, my children, who it was that caused your mother's death?'

"The elder, who was stupid and weak-minded, took no notice of the speech, for he was at the moment very anxious about his baggage, and was afraid lest some of the handsome things which had been given him might get broken on their way home; but Lycophron, the younger, who was brave, loving, and far-sighted, understood the words, and could think of nothing else during his whole journey. When he reached Corinth, he almost fancied he saw his mother's sweet face gazing sorrowfully at him in hall and chamber; that he heard her dear voice speaking his name, and felt the soft touch of her fingers upon his curling hair. All his passionate grief for her revived, and he was so horror-stricken at the murder, and so enraged against the murderer, that he would not speak to his father, or answer any of his questions. Periander grew furious, and not only drove him from the palace, but, when he discovered the reason of this strange conduct, forbade every one to shelter him or give him food.

"Lycophron made no complaint, but took refuge in a portico, and remained there without eating until he was ready to die with hunger. When Periander, who had never ceased to lament his wicked passion, saw how wretched his son was, he tried to persuade him

to return to the palace; and failing in this, he sent him to Corfu, which then belonged to him.

"The years passed slowly and sadly to Periander; for, from the time of his wife's death, he became fearfully jealous, suspicious, and cruel, and made his subjects as unhappy as himself. He grew old, and longed for Lycophron, who, although young, was both learned and wise, to manage the affairs of the kingdom. So he sent a messenger to Corfu with orders to entreat him to return and take his place as heir to the beautiful kingdom which his brother was too weak and ignorant to govern. But Lycophron refused; because he thought that, by living with his father and sharing his wealth and power, he should really consent to the crime which had given him so much sorrow. Then Periander sent his daughter on the same errand, and charged her with many pleasant and loving messages. The young man listened with joy to her gentle words and dear home accents; but even she could not change his stern decision. Finally, Periander sent a herald, with great state and ceremony, who proposed to Lycophron to return to Corinth as absolute king, when Periander would leave the throne, and take his place at Corfu. Lycophron consented to this arrangement; but the change was never made; for the Corfiotes dreaded to receive the despot so much, that they murdered Lycophron in order to keep his father away.

"Periander deserved no mercy, because he had shown none; but this was a cowardly and cruel act, unworthy of any people. The tyrant resolved to revenge it; and that each of the Corfiote nobles might

suffer the same pangs as himself, he caused three hundred boys, from the best families on the island, to be seized and sent into slavery.

"The vessels containing these boys touched at Samos, and the officers spoke openly of their destination. When the Samians discovered this, some of them went on board, as if for a visit, and, watching their opportunity, whispered to the boys that if they desired to escape they should be assisted to do so. They replied that they did. 'Then,' said the visitors, 'to-morrow, as soon as the last rays of the setting sun fade from the top of the temple of Diana which you see yonder, do you rush to the city all together.'

"The Samians departed; and the next day, they loaded the Corinthian guards and crews with so many civilities, and tempted their appetites with so many dainties and such a variety of strong, rich wines, that they were in no condition to withstand the three hundred boys, who, at the appointed moment, eager for their freedom, and understanding aright the friendly looks of the men, who in unusual numbers lounged about the piers, rushed from the vessel and made their way toward the temple, which they had been watching for hours with both hope and fear.

"The Corinthians were enraged, but it was unlawful to take the children forcibly from this sanctuary, and they resolved to starve them until they should surrender. They therefore divided themselves into watches, and each watch in turn kept guard around the edifice to prevent any generous-minded person from carrying them food. The hours of the next day

passed very sadly to the children. The more impatient among them declared that they would rather be slaves than be starved to death, and threatened to give themselves up; but the braver and more patient would not believe that they would be permitted to perish, and were sure that the friendly Samians would find a way to feed them, since they had advised them to seek the sanctuary. And so it was; for when evening was setting in and all things became indistinct at a little distance, the Samians pretended to the guards that that was the time for the commencement of a festival; but offered, as they were unwilling to admit them within the temple, to perform the accustomed ceremonies without the walls. Then all the youths and maidens of the city danced slowly around the temple to the sound of music, bearing in their hands baskets of honey-cakes, which the boys snatched as they passed, until all were supplied. This they did, also, the second, and the third, and indeed every night, until the Corinthians were fairly tired out and returned to Corinth."

"What a bright idea!" exclaimed Gerald. "I like those old Samians."

"I am so glad the children were saved," said Claude. "Uncle, did the Samians carry them home?"

"Not immediately, because they feared that Periander would steal them again; but as soon as the tyrant died, they put them on board two vessels, bright with gilding and sweet with flowers, and restored them to the arms of their dear parents."

"How happy they must have been! That must have been a grand festival day in Corfu!" exclaimed Gerald.

"From Samos, I went to Cos," said uncle. "Cos belongs to Turkey, but it is, nevertheless, a charming island, it has such a bright sky, such a pleasant climate, such lovely views, and such delicious fruits. Delicate, transparent cloths are there manufactured, much like those which were made three hundred years ago. They were then called 'woven wind,' and some of them still merit the name."

"Can you tell us a story about Cos, uncle?" asked Claude.

"Not about Cos, exactly, but I can tell you one about

"AN EMPEROR'S GIFT.

"Apelles, the most celebrated painter of antiquity, was born in Cos. When he had finished a picture, he was accustomed to exhibit it in public; and, that he might listen unobserved to the criticisms of the spectators, he, on these occasions, hid himself behind it. Once, a shoemaker, passing by a picture, remarked that one of the slippers in the piece had a less number of ties than it ought to have had. Apelles remedied the defect, and the shoemaker, perceiving this, the next day proceeded to find fault with a leg. Thereupon Apelles put his head out from his hiding-place and exclaimed, 'Keep to your trade, man! keep to your trade!' which gave rise to the saying in use at the present day, 'Let not the cobbler go beyond his last.'

"The pleasing person of Apelles, his elegant manners and brilliant conversation, united to his great skill in painting, recommended him to Alexander the Great, of Macedon, who became much attached to him, made him magnificent presents, and visited him in the most familiar manner. One day, Apelles dropped his brush, and Alexander picked it up for him. Apelles received it kneeling, and said, 'The king, in his love of art, forgets that I am his servant.'

"'I am, indeed, king of Macedonia,' replied Alexander; 'but you are king of painters. Between kings there should be no ceremony: they are brothers.'

"The favor of Alexander, and the great sums paid for his paintings, made Apelles immensely rich. He received for a picture of Aphrodite, painted for the temple of Æsculapius, at Cos, two hundred thousand dollars; a sum which, if we take into consideration the difference between the value of money then and now, is estimated to amount to five hundred thousand dollars. But he loved his art better than money; and even when at the height of his splendor, he was still faithful to his early motto, 'No day without its line;' by which he meant, 'Let no day pass without some practice in drawing.'

"Apelles had a palace, the gift of Alexander; but he had no dear wife to make it sunny and sweet. He was beginning to be weary of its solitary elegance, when the monarch requested him to paint a portrait of Campaspe, a beautiful captive, who was maid of honor to his mother, Olympias, and whom he very much loved. The artist was delighted with this com-

mission, and eagerly commenced his task. He thought that it would be very pleasant to imitate upon canvas Campaspe's brilliant complexion, her soft, dark eyes, and her lovely mouth. And so it was at first; but the more he gazed at his charming sitter, the more he admired her beauty; and the longer he listened to her sweet voice, the deeper it sank into his heart. He was afraid to go on with the picture, lest he might by a word or look show his affection to Campaspe, and so betray the trust the emperor had reposed in him; and he feared to lay it aside, lest Alexander should be angry. He endeavored to paint from memory; but he was so unhappy that he did nothing well; and he erased his work as soon as it was accomplished. Campaspe loved Apelles as well as Apelles loved her; and she was wretched, also, because she knew that if Alexander had foreseen this, he would not have brought them together.

"Alexander perceived with surprise that the picture did not progress; and he also observed that both Apelles and Campaspe looked pale and troubled. He questioned Campaspe, who hesitated, blushed, and finally burst into tears. This was enough for Alexander, who speedily divined the secret. He did, indeed, love his beautiful captive; but he was restless and ambitious, and cared a great deal more about conquering the world than about anything else. He liked, also, to be thought generous; and he knew that if he should give Campaspe to the painter, the whole world would be told of it. Beside all this, he really was glad to do him a favor, when he could without too

much inconvenience; and so, with a little sigh of regret, he gave Campaspe to her lover. They had a brilliant wedding; and all Greece rang with the story of the Emperor's Gift."

"It did sound very generous," said Gerald; "but Alexander liked noise and fighting so well, that I do not believe it cost him much to give Campaspe away."

"Perhaps not," replied Claude; "but I wish you had not said so. I would so much rather think that it did."

"Then we will ask uncle to tell us another artist story, and I will try not to spoil it," returned Gerald, kindly.

"I have one ready," said uncle. "It is about

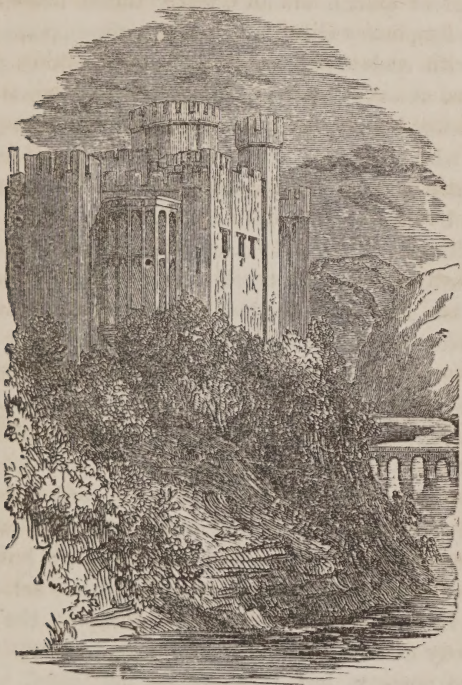
"THE FAITHFUL PAINTER, AND HOW HE WAS REWARDED.

"One of the famous painters of old time was named Protogenes. He was born in Asia Minor, but he happened to go to Rhodes with his father when he was a boy, and he was so delighted with all that he saw, that he asked leave to remain there."

"Was it the city of Rhodes that he visited?" asked Gerald.

"Yes, and it is not wonderful that he desired to stay there. It was built of stone, around a curving shore, and was protected on the land side by noble walls and towers; then it had a great many magnificent buildings, and was decorated with thousands of statues and pictures, so that one could not move in

any direction without finding something that was both pleasing and instructive.



THE CASTLE OF THE FISCO, IN RHODES.

"Protogenes bought a little house within the city, but out of its busiest part. From the front, he could see the ships entering and leaving the harbor, and watch the bright waves as they chased each other inland. Behind, and on both sides, was a garden, which

he kept in good order with the help of a faithful slave, and from which he supplied his simple table. There were great golden oranges, softly tinted lemons, delicious figs, heavy clusters of purple grapes, pomegranates with cool juices under their tough skins, pears, quinces, almonds, and plums. There, too, were rows of tender lettuce, crimson radishes, asparagus, and crisp, white celery. These fruits and vegetables the artist ate with slices of bread; and instead of tea and coffee, he drank goat's milk and Rhodian wine.

"Protogenes studied hard, and in time became a wonderful artist; but the Rhodians could not appreciate his almost unrivalled skill in drawing, or the exquisite purity of his coloring. They liked large pictures, and bought hosts of worthless daubs, gaudy with every known hue, and set off with an abundance of gilding, while they passed his by with indifference. Sometimes, his friends endeavored to persuade him into painting a few dashing pieces, in order that he might live less frugally and indulge his fine taste in the purchase of statues and manuscripts; but Protogenes always said, 'No, I must be true to art. The more it is lowered by unworthy disciples, the more earnestly must I strive to uphold its dignity. I can endure poverty, but I cannot be unfaithful. Trust me, my friends, I shall one day find my reward.'

"So, many years passed, and Protogenes was still poor and unnoticed, and still true to his noble ideal, when Apelles visited Rhodes. When he arrived, the whole city was in a ferment. The Rhodians saw in him the friend of Alexander, the great king, and they

proposed to honor him in every way they could think of. But Apelles had enough of splendor at court, and chose to remain with Protogenes and live on bread and fruit, rather than to share the elegant banquets to which he was constantly invited. Beside, he enjoyed the conversation of this unknown painter, enriched as it was by study and thought, and he found the highest pleasure in examining his pictures. Still, he could not refuse all the courtesies which were offered him; and wherever he went, he spoke of Protogenes, and pointed out and praised his peculiar excellences. The Rhodians were amazed, and did not at first know whether he was in sport or in earnest, but he quickly convinced them that he was in earnest. He purchased a painting of his friend, for which he paid him fifty thousand dollars; and then he exhibited it to the public, saying that he bought it as a speculation, and anticipated a great profit from its sale. Thereupon, Protogenes became the fashion, and was unable to paint pictures as fast as they were ordered."

"So he was rewarded, as he expected to be," said Claude.

"Yes, he was rewarded in one way; but he received a much higher reward than that of mere money success. Some time after the visit of the generous Apelles, Rhodes was attacked by Demetrius Poliorcetes, who was called the 'Besieger of Cities.' Although flushed with conquest, this warrior would not assault the most defenceless part of the city, because he learned that Protogenes lived in that quarter, and that there stood the public buildings which he had

adorned with his pencil. He chose to spend more time and toil where the walls were higher and the towers stronger, rather than to run the risk of injuring the artist, or of spoiling his beautiful productions.

"When the troops of Demetrius at last penetrated into the place, they are said to have found Protogenes painting in his garden as quietly and carefully as if nothing had happened. They knew very well who he was, for strict orders had been given to the army concerning him; and they took him at once to their master, and told where and how they had captured him. Demetrius listened in silence, and, turning to his captive, asked, 'Is property, freedom, life itself, of so little value to you, that the prospect of their loss does not even make your hand tremble as you hold the pencil?'

"'I do not anticipate their loss,' replied Protogenes; 'for I am told that Demetrius does not war with the arts.'

"'You are right,' returned Demetrius. 'Next to the gods, who create, I hold the painter, who can so well imitate their creations. Let me ask the favor of a picture from your hand.'

"Demetrius is, also, said to have made a treaty with the Rhodians, and to have granted them more favorable terms than they anticipated, because their city was the favorite abode of the painter. Protogenes, as may be supposed, did not fail to send the picture which the warrior had ordered; and, to his surprise, he received in return a hundred thousand dollars."

"Who was Demetrius, uncle?"

"He was the son of Antigonus, a general under Alexander the Great, who, upon the division of that monarch's vast kingdom, received, as his share, several provinces in Asia Minor."

"That was a charming story, uncle. Can you tell us another?" asked Claude.

"Yes," replied uncle, "I can tell you about

"THE SWALLOWS AND THE RHODIAN CHILDREN.

"Hundreds of years ago, the Rhodian children kept a festival, which they enjoyed very much. As soon as the early spring had called out the sweet-scented violets and starred the ground with crocuses, they collected in troops. First, each troop decided upon the part of the city which it would visit; then each elected a leader. This done, each leader took a swallow, and each of his band took a light basket, when they moved from door to door, singing the Song of the Swallow. In return for their music, the householders gave them food, with which they afterward made merry."

"Do you know the song, uncle?" asked Gerald.

"Yes. It has been translated as follows:—

"'THE RHODIAN SWALLOW SONG.

"'He comes, he comes, who loves to bear
Soft sunny hours and seasons fair;
The swallow hither comes to rest
His sable wings and snowy breast.
Then, from thy flowing wealth, bestow

Rich flagons of the rosy wine,
And wheaten cakes of flour fine;
And ripe fig-cheeses in our baskets stow;
And let the swallow-guest partake
The dainties of the omelet cake.

"'Now, shall we empty-handed go?
Or will you give? Say "Yes," or "No."
If "No," guard well your cottage door:
We'll have it, posts and all, — nay, more:
Your little wife — 'tis mere child's play,
So light she is — we'll bear away.

"'Then give; and give with liberal hand,
The swallow asks; your doors unfold.
No gray-beards are we, feeble, old,
But Rhodian boys, who on your threshold stand.'"

"What a jolly time they must have had at their picnic!" said Gerald.

"I wonder if the city children went out of town with their things," said Claude. "I suppose they could very easily."

"Yes; for the children of the western side could go out by the western gate, and so on."

"Did every family give the children something, uncle?"

"Probably not. I imagine that people of the olden time were much like those who live now. Some were generous and some churlish, without doubt. There was one house, however, in the city of Rhodes, at which the children were especially welcome for many years; and this was the way it came about:

"A young man, named Teleutias, was sent to Athens

to complete his education. At that time, the Athenian schools were famous; and Teleutias, being ambitious, studied night and day. His father often wrote him to be careful of his health, and his teachers tried to moderate his ardor; but without effect. He was far in advance of his class, and had nearly completed the course which he had marked out, when his health failed, and his mind grew as weak as his body. He could not fix his attention upon anything, and all day long he lay upon a couch, looking about him in a feeble, uncertain way, which was sad indeed. His parents took him home, and did everything for him which skill and kindness could suggest; but, although he recovered so far as to eat and sleep well, yet he remained perfectly indifferent to everything and everybody, and needed even to be dressed and undressed like a little child.

"At last, the best physicians could devise no further measures to awaken his sleeping intellect, and all but his mother despaired of ever seeing him the bright, active youth he had been. She had still one hope. Teleutias had been very fond of listening to the Swallow Song, and had even joined the children in their musical rounds. She thought it possible that the well-known sounds might arouse him from his torpor; and, sometimes hoping, sometimes fearing, she awaited the coming of the spring. With tender care, she prepared a banquet for the children, and upon the morning of the festival she drew Teleutias's lounge to the window, and placed the pillows so that he could look into the street. Oh, how earnestly she

watched him, on the approach of the singers; and what happy tears filled her eyes as she marked the effect of their music! The very first sounds that reached him crept into his dulled ears and gave him an agreeable sensation. His lips smiled faintly; then his eyes smiled, too; then he laughed gayly, sprang from the couch, and looked eagerly from the window. By that time, the children were passing before the house, singing, —

"'Now shall we empty-handed go,
Or will you give? Say "Yes," or "No."'

"'Yes! yes! yes!' shouted Teleutias, with a ringing laugh, and in a minute more he had let the whole merry troop into the court. All his faculties awoke almost like a flash. Turning, he beheld his parents, his brothers and sisters, whom he had not before noticed, and he embraced each in turn as if he had just arrived after a journey. He greeted the old servants, also, by name, caressed the dogs, who were half wild with pleasure, and boxed Irene's pet monkey, who slyly tried to steal a ring from his finger.

"'I am so glad to be home again,' he said. 'Ah, it is a long time since I went to Athens!' Then he begged that his little guests might be entertained, and was delighted when the servants brought forward roasted ducks and chickens, slices of delicate white bread spread with fig-paste, jelly tarts, and honey-cakes of generous size and thickness.

"Teleutias moved constantly among the children, joking with them, telling stories about his life in

Athens, and singing songs or playing upon his flute, as they desired. When they had eaten abundantly, the fragments of the banquet were placed in their baskets, and so they had two feasts instead of one, on that happy festival.

"After that, as long as Teleutias lived, he gave a yearly welcome to the children, when they sang the Song of the Swallow. He feasted them bountifully in his court, and was careful that each little mouth should be filled with dainties, and also that each little hand should carry away a trifling gift in memory of the festival."

"That is just one of the prettiest festivals that I ever heard of," said Claude.

"Well, yes, it was pretty," replied Gerald; "but, uncle, cannot you give us a war story? You have not given us a war story for a long time."

"You will have some horrible ones by and by," returned uncle. "At present I shall tell you a famous old legend, about

"ARION, THE MUSICIAN, AND HIS RIDE ON THE DOLPHIN.

"Mitylene — the ancient Lesbos — is a pleasant island, with slopes covered with vineyards and olive orchards, wide, beautiful plains, and hills green with chestnut, beech, and pine-trees, set off by dark and stately cypresses. Most of the country houses are built of stone. Each has a square tower entered by steps from the outside. The family lives in this tower, and the cattle and poultry are kept on the ground-

floor; where, also, are the store-rooms for the corn and oil produced upon the estate.

"But I thought you were going to tell us a story, Uncle Paul," said Gerald.

"So I am," replied uncle. "I am getting to the story as fast as I can.

"Mitylene is celebrated for the poets, musicians, historians, and philosophers born in the island. Among these was Arion, the best harper in the world. When he grew to be a man, he went from place to place, as musicians do now, and finally reached Sicily, whither his fame had gone before him. He made a great deal of money in Sicily; and thinking that no place would be more agreeable to live in than the splendid and art-loving city of Corinth, he went to Tarentum, and took passage in a vessel manned by Corinthian sailors, who promised to sail directly to Corinth. He carried with him all his treasures; and the sailors looked so often at his coffers, and talked so much about the gold and silver, the rich vases, and the handsome garments, which they supposed to be locked up in them, that they began to covet them; and, at last, they grew so wicked, that they resolved to kill the poet for the sake of his fortune.

"One day, when Arion was composing some pleasant verses about the glittering waves which danced gleefully around the ship, the crew suddenly surrounded him and ordered him to kill himself at once, or to leap into the sea, whichever he might prefer. Arion was dreadfully frightened, as one might suppose he would be. He offered the men all he pos-

sessed, if they would but give him his life; but they were afraid he would complain of them, and get them punished in the end; so they refused to listen to his prayers. 'At least,' said Arion, 'let me put on my poet's robes and sing one last song.'

"So slight a request the sailors thought they might safely grant; and, beside, they were curious to hear so celebrated a harper. They therefore permitted him to dress himself in his finest garments, and put on his poet's wreath, made of laurel leaves, which were sacred to Apollo. Then he took his lyre, and, standing upon a rowing bench, he executed one of his most stirring strains, to raise his courage; and the moment it was finished, before he had time really to think of the awful plunge, he sprang into the sea.

"The sailors did not know, that, by putting on his wreath and taking his lyre in his hand, he placed himself under the protection of Apollo; but so he did; and no sooner had he touched the water, than the god sent him a dolphin, which carried him to the Grecian coast, from whence he travelled rapidly to Corinth. Periander was then king; and Arion appeared before him, and told him all that had happened. Periander would not believe the story, — which, indeed, was not strange, since dolphins were not accustomed to carry passengers about upon their backs, — and he threw Arion into prison. When the vessel reached the port, Periander summoned the sailors before him, and inquired of them if they knew anything of Arion, the wonderful musician, who had, as he was told, been recently at Tarentum. They replied that

they did; and that, when they sailed, he was quite well, and exciting the greatest enthusiasm in that city. Then Periander lifted his hand, as if by accident, but really as a signal to his officers, and the great door of the hall swung open, and Arion appeared in the very garments in which he had leaped into the sea, and with his lyre in his hand, just as he held it then. The sailors had been so eager to examine and divide their ill-gotten wealth, that they did not see Arion sail away on the dolphin; and they were so much astonished and so terrified, that they acknowledged their crime, and were soon after put to death."

"I am glad they were punished," said Gerald.

"So am I," said Claude. "But is the story true?"

"The ride on the dolphin is not true," replied uncle, with a laugh; "and this part of the tale has been explained in different ways. Some authors believe that Arion swam ashore, and then embarked in a vessel, with a dolphin for its figure-head, which, being a swift sailor, reached Corinth before that from which he had been driven; and others think" —

But we did not learn what the other writers think; for, just as uncle was speaking, Mr. Gregg came to alter the grape-house; and we all went out to learn how he proposed to do it.

CHAPTER V.

THE SHEEP-WASHING AND THE DOG BRANCO — A LEAP INTO THE SEA — THE DESTRUCTION OF SCIO — THE YOUNG HERO CANARIS AND HIS FIRE-SHIPS — THE BOY AND THE PIRATES — IPSARA — THE SOLDIERS WHO BLEW THEMSELVES UP WITH THEIR WIVES AND CHILDREN TO ESCAPE THE TURKS.

R. THORPE, who lives at Farmdale, six miles from Fonthill, invited uncle and his family to his great sheep-washing; and uncle took us thither in an open wagon with three seats.

I did not wish to see the sheep washed, for I fancied that they would be frightened and uncomfortable; but I did wish to see Mr. Thorpe's famous dog, Branco. He had come from Texas with the shepherd, Palmont, and the sheep which they two had tended together. Palmont, who was very fond of him, told many stories of his courage and sagacity. In Texas, the sheep are herded at night around fires, and not in folds, as with us; and when they were thus collected, Branco and his comrades formed, without a bit of telling, a line of pickets around them. Sometimes a hungry wolf came prying about. In that case, the dogs crouched, without noise, until he was pretty near, and then jumped forward together. A part cut off the retreat

of the thief; and a part seized him with their teeth, and, in two minutes, laid him dead on the ground.

When another flock went into the neighborhood, Branco placed himself between the two, and would not permit one of his own sheep to make as much as a fashionable call upon the new arrivals. He would allow the dogs of the strange flock to enter his in search of their stragglers, but not when they came simply for a visit. He always killed such dogs as hung about his charge, and would not let anybody but the shepherd touch even the smallest lamb.

I do not know whether these stories are true or not; but I should not think Palmont would tell them, if he does not believe them himself.

We had a charming drive to Farmdale. The sun was bright, but not too hot; for there was a fresh wind, scented with lilacs and early roses, and the blackbirds chattered, and the robins sang, and the bobolinks were in a perfect whirl of gayety.

The washing had commenced when we reached Farmdale. Mrs. Thorpe sat under an elm-tree, with a dear little baby on her knee. Two gentlemen, Mr. Cleves and Mr. Craven, and a lady, Miss Crashum, sat by her; and five or six children were picking clover-blossoms, to get at the honey in their hearts, or chasing the butterflies, which were flying merrily about. Down the slope, a small stream had been partly dammed, to make a little fall, and the water went, with a leap and a flash, into a washing-tub below. The tub held four sheep at a time; and two stout washers, with their shirt-sleeves and trowsers

rolled up, stood on a platform beside it, and pressed the wool gently between their palms, until it was well cleansed. A catcher brought the sheep to the washers, and took them back to the pen; but Branco was as busy as if he had the whole to do himself. Perhaps his presence did really encourage the poor animals. Perhaps they would have been still more frightened but for his barks and tail-shakings. Six or seven men took turns in the washing; and the shouts and laughter and singing made together a great, merry noise, which sounded pleasantly on the hill-side. Mr. Thorpe took Gerald and Claude with him to the thickest of the bustle, boasting of Branco the while; and I joined the children in the game of "Round the World's End," — the world's end being, in our case, a handsome garden-chair.

By five o'clock in the afternoon, the washing was over; and Mr. and Mrs. Thorpe invited us to the house, where we sat down to an old-fashioned country supper. There were piles of buckwheat cakes, and dry toast, as brown and crisp as toast could be. Then, there were jugs of maple syrup, and molds of cranberry jelly, and silver baskets of cake. Mrs. Thorpe poured the tea and coffee, and talked with the older people, while she looked sharply to our comfort, — I mean to the comfort of the younger guests, — and made sure that Claude had her kisses, and that I had my frosted hearts.

We did not stay long after tea, because of the drive home. And oh, what a nice drive it was! Aunt Mary invited Miss Crashum to go home with us; and

she sang songs and told stories the whole way. Miss Crashum is as queer as her name. She is tall and fat, which she pretended was the reason she had such a droll name; only she said it ought to be written "Crush 'em." This morning, she went all over the house puffing and panting, and telling how hard it was for her to get about, but looking at everything, and making such funny speeches as I never heard. The speeches were all kind, though; and I liked her more than any guest I have seen at Fonthill, always excepting Mr. Graham.

Miss Crashum asked a great many questions about the manner in which we spent our time at Fonthill; and when she found that uncle was telling us about the Mediterranean Islands, she said she wanted to hear about them, too. So, when she had gone through the chambers, and the garden, and the orchard, and had seen the pigs and the poultry, and had stroked Cherry, the saddle-horse, and had a play with Prince, we went to the library, and uncle gave us a lesson.

Gerald began it by asking if all the great people of Mitylene met with as wonderful adventures as those of Arion.

"I think not," said uncle; "but a Mitylenian poetess once took

"A LEAP INTO THE SEA.

"The name of this poetess was Sappho. She married a gentleman of Andros, named Cercolas; and she had a daughter, named Cleis, whom she loved very much. After the death of her husband, she devoted

herself to literature. She wrote odes, elegies, hymns, and many pieces in a new metre, which she invented herself. She also taught the Mitylenian ladies, and other Greek women, who applied to her for instruction. For a time, she was very happy in the exercise of her beautiful gift, and in the instruction of her classes. But a lady cannot step out of the common course without occasioning remark; and many unkind things were said to and of Sappho. Some of the Mitylenians were jealous and envious of her genius; some of her pupils disliked her because they were not favorites; and they delighted to make her uncomfortable. She replied so wittily, that her sharp sayings flew over the island; and this enraged her enemies still more. At length, she went to Sicily, where a statue was erected to her, the work of Silanion, one of the best artists of his time."

"Was she happy in Sicily, uncle?"

"I do not know. The story runs, that she loved a Greek gentleman, named Phaon, and wished to marry him. He did not return her affection; and she longed to die. While she suffered thus, she was told that in Santa Maura there was a great white cliff, named Leucate, around which the billows broke with a sullen roar. Upon it stood a temple to Apollo; and disappointed lovers, after performing sacrifices therein, jumped into the sea. Boatmen waited to rescue them, when they rose from the plunge, and rowed them quickly to the shore, where they received every care. Many were killed; but those who survived the leap were cured of their passion. In her despair, Sappho

resolved to try this dangerous remedy. She went to Santa Maura, performed the customary rites, and boldly plunged into the waves. But the height was too great; and the loving, sorrowing heart of the poetess ceased to beat with the first touch of the waters."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Claude; and she put her hands over her eyes, as if that would make her stop thinking of it.

"Was it true?" asked Gerald. "I declare, uncle, when you talk about those immensely old times, I do not always know whether the stories are true or not."

"The story which I told you was believed for hundreds of years; but some recent writers doubt it. I imagine that nothing is really known about the death of the lady."

"Dear me, I wish we could know certainly what we pretend to know at all. Please tell us something that is really true."

"Yes, I will tell you something that is both frightful and true. I will tell you about

"THE DESTRUCTION OF SCIO, IN 1822.

"Scio is a lovely island, full of beautiful valleys and pleasant streams. Its climate is enjoyable, and it has great vineyards, and orchards of fig, olive and citron trees."

"To whom does it belong, uncle?"

"To the Turks. Before the Greek revolution, — which broke out in 1821, and continued seven years, — Scio was the property of the sultana mother, and was

not as badly treated as the other islands. A large part of the tribute was paid in gum-mastic, which the inhabitants furnished for the royal ladies, who chewed and still chew it to purify the breath and preserve the teeth."

"How do they get the gum, please?"

"In the months of July and August it oozes out of the bark of a shrub about twelve feet high, hardens in the air, and falls on cloths placed to receive it."

"Is it good, uncle?"

"It is neither agreeable nor disagreeable, as it has but little taste or odor. It is of a pale-yellow color, and reminds one of gum-Arabic."

"The people of Scio were gay, quick-witted, industrious, and timid, and the ladies were very lovely and graceful. They were fond of books, and they had a fine college, a museum, library, and printing-presses. They had no intention of joining in the revolt against Turkey; and when the Greek fleet appeared off the coast, in 1822, they refused to join in the movement. The sultan, however, became suspicious; and not only sent a body of troops to the island, but required eighty hostages of the wealthiest and best men to be found, nearly all of whom were fathers of families. These men were put in close confinement.

"Very soon, two vain, ambitious Greeks, named Bournia and Logotheti, resolved to drive out the Turks, whether the Sciotes were willing or not. It was in vain that the principal citizens, after asking leave of the Turkish governor, sent messengers to them, begging them not to approach the island. They per-

sisted in landing with a small force, and drove the Turks into the citadel. A few of the Sciotes joined them, but they accomplished nothing more; and in a short time the Capitan Pasha, or Turkish Grand Admiral, Kara Ali, arrived with a great force, and overthrew all before him. Sword in hand, he entered the beautiful city; and his soldiers butchered everybody they could find. They swarmed through the hospital, tearing the sick from their beds; and they killed the madmen, and the poor deaf and dumb people in the asylums. They robbed the very graves, and then set fire to the city, which burned for two whole days. Nine thousand of the busy, happy population were cruelly slain, and one of the finest cities in the Levant was laid in ashes."

"Oh, I cannot bear to hear it!" said Claude.

"I can," said Gerald. "What else did the villains do, uncle?"

"The mischief-makers, Bournia and Logotheti, fled; and the Sciotes gave up their arms upon a promise from the sultan of an unconditional pardon. But this promise was shamefully broken. The hostages were executed with insult, and their bodies were thrown into the sea. Fresh troops continued to arrive, eager for butchery and plunder. Thousands of men were killed, thousands of beautiful women and dear little children, who were accustomed to luxury, were dragged to Smyrna, where they were sold to brutal buyers, from Constantinople, Egypt, and Barbary. Thirty-seven thousand Sciotes were put to the sword; and at least forty-five thousand were sent into slavery."

"Did any of the Sciotes get away, uncle?"

"It was thought that fifteen thousand escaped, almost all of them half-starved, nearly naked, and suffering from sickness and wounds. Many lovely girls were cruelly cut with sabres. Not more than eighteen hundred Christians were at last left alive, on the once lovely island, and not more than twelve people could be found in the most populous villages."

"I wish those wicked men, Bournia and Logotheti, had been caught and sold. Why did not the Greeks try to help the Sciotes? Did they try to help them?"

"They sent

"THE YOUNG HERO, CANARIS, WITH HIS FIRE-SHIPS,

to avenge them."

"What is a fire-ship, uncle?"

"It is a vessel filled with things that take fire quickly and burn hotly; and it is furnished with grappling irons, so that it can be fastened to an enemy's ship."

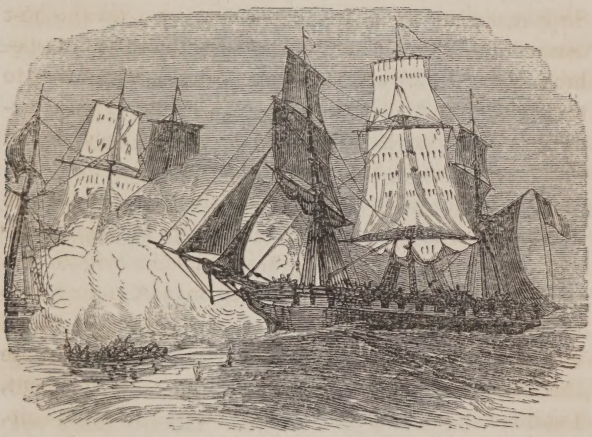
"The fast of Ramadan — the Mohammedan Lent — ended on the nineteenth of June; and, the previous night, the Admiral gave a magnificent entertainment, to celebrate the approach of the feast Bairam, which would last through the next Mohammedan month. Almost all the captains of his fleet were assembled on board his ship, which contained twenty-two hundred and eighty-six persons. All around were trophies of conquered Scio. Its silks and shawls draperied the vessel, its silver glittered on the tables, which were heaped with delicious fruits, and its loveliest maidens were compelled to serve their brutal captors as slaves.

"The Greek squadron lay in the neighboring harbor of Ipsara; and in it was as brave a man as ever trod a deck. His name was Constantine Canaris; and he belonged to Ipsara. With him was another brave man, — George Pepinis, of Hydra. These two offered to command each a fire-ship, and thirty-two bold men volunteered to man them. So, on this evening of the Turkish banquet, they partook of the Lord's Supper, and entered two brigs, fitted up with the best combustibles they could get. They towed a boat behind them, in which to escape after setting fire to their ship; and in it they placed a barrel of gunpowder, in order to blow themselves up if they should find themselves in danger of capture.

"At midnight, and just when the festivity of the banquet was at its height, Canaris ran in among the Turkish fleet. He quietly fastened his brig to the prow of the admiral's ship, set it on fire, sprang into his boat, and shouted, 'Victory to the Cross!' which was the ancient war-cry of the Greek armies before the dominion of the Turks. At the same moment, Pepinis fastened his brig to the Turkish treasure-ship, applied his match, and, with his Hydriots, jumped into the water, from which they were taken by Canaris, when they sailed through the very midst of the fleet without receiving a single wound.

"Meantime, the brig of Canaris was all ablaze. Fire ran up the masts, and shot along the deck, and poured through the port-holes; and in a few minutes the great Turkish man-of-war was wrapped in flames. The Turks lowered their boats; but two were upset

by the crowd, which threw themselves headlong into them, and the guns went off, one after another, as they grew hot, and prevented other boats being sent to the assistance of the frightened and shrieking men. The fierce light shone for a while over the sea and along the coast of Asia; and then the magazine blew up with a terrific explosion.



CANARIS AND HIS FIRE-SHIPS.

"The Hydriote brig burned like her consort, and set fire to the treasure-ship, but not as thoroughly as it was hoped; and the crew, working for their lives, put out the flames before they reached the powder, but not before the vessel was rendered unfit for further service."

"What became of the admiral?" I asked.

"I hope he was well punished," said Gerald.

"He was punished," replied uncle. "He was placed in a launch by his attendants; but, just as he sat down, a mast, falling from his burning vessel, sank the boat, and bruised him severely. Strong swimmers supported him to the beach; but he soon died, — and died, too, on the very spot where the Sciote hostages had been murdered."

"I am glad he did not get away," said Gerald. "Somehow, it seems as if the greatest villains almost always escape."

"He was cruel, very cruel, and he deserved his fate; but it is thought that the hostages were murdered in obedience to an order from the sultan, and that he would willingly have saved some of the thousands of poor people who were butchered after he had solemnly promised them pardon and protection."

"What a splendid fellow Canaris was!"

"Yes; for he was not only utterly without fear, but he did his work thoroughly. In the November following his exploit at Scio, the Turkish fleet anchored off the island of Tenedos. Canaris fitted out a fire-ship, hoisted the Turkish flag, and, with his crew, put on Turkish dresses. He then ran toward the fleet, while a brig, bearing the Greek flag, pretended to chase him. At last, the brig ceased the pursuit; and the Mohammedans, delighted at this supposed escape, called to him to anchor under their guns. Canaris instantly grappled his bark to the treasure-ship, fired his train, and jumped into his boat; but, finding that his combustibles did not catch,

he sprang back and fired them thoroughly. Then he shouted, 'Turks, you are burned as at Scio!' and, with his men, made his way rapidly out to sea. The great two-decker caught fire completely; and, out of a crew of sixteen hundred men, only four or five saved their lives. It was thought, that, in the year 1822, Canaris was the means of destroying three thousand Turks."

"I should think that the Greeks would have made Canaris their admiral."

"Perhaps he would have been a good one; but in that case, he could not have commanded fire-ships; and, judging both from what I have read and what I heard in Greece, there was no one who understood so perfectly how to manage this weapon as himself. Beside, the Greeks had an excellent admiral."

"What was his name, please?"

"It was Andreas Miaulis. Would you like to hear something about him, Gerald?"

"Yes, uncle, if, — if," —

"If what, Gerald?"

"Why, if he was not a wonderful boy. I am tired of hearing about wonderfully good or wonderfully smart boys."

"Why, Gerald?"

"I do not believe in them; for I have never seen either kind. I know that we have none in our school."

"I do not think that Andreas was wonderful," said uncle. "As a man, he was full of energy and fire, extremely skilful in everything connected with vessels,

diligent, patient, and generous. Of course, some of these traits must have appeared in the boy, especially his courage, which I will tell you about, under the title of

"THE BOY AND THE PIRATES.

"Andreas Miaulis was born in Hydra, a little island off the eastern coast of the Morea. It is rocky and difficult to cultivate, and is only about twelve miles long and three miles broad."

"Was that the Hydra that the soldiers came from who murdered the Turkish prisoners at Navarino?"

"The same. Its capital, Hydra, stands on a barren hill, and its streets are steep and uneven. The Hydriotes threw themselves, heart and soul, into the war of the revolution. The men, who are capital sailors, did good service in the fleet; and the poor exiles crowded thither from every part of Greece.

"Like all boys in seaports, Andreas knew as much about a ship as he did about a house. When he was seven years old, he went to sea as cabin-boy, for his brother, who navigated one of his father's vessels; and he was so full of fun, that the sailors liked nothing better than to have him on board. He was in a great hurry to be a man; and, at eighteen, he married Irene, the pretty daughter of a Greek priest. Irene had unbounded confidence in her boy husband, and he felt sure of himself; so, although they were far from rich, they went on nicely in the simple Greek fashion, and whenever they were unable to have things just as they wished, they looked forward to the time when

they should be independent, and enjoyed, in its anticipation, almost as much as if it had already come.

"Very soon after his marriage, Andreas's brother was ill; and Andreas took the command of the vessel which he had navigated, and made a fortunate voyage. Unluckily, he liked the power so well that he was unwilling to give it up; and he went to Smyrna, and bought a vessel, called a saitta, without asking advice. The Turk of whom he made the purchase was a rogue; perhaps he thought it a merit to cheat a Christian. At any rate, Andreas had scarcely begun his return voyage, before he found that the vessel was old and leaky, and that he had really thrown away his money. He began to think how angry his father would be; and the nearer he drew to Hydra, the more uneasy he became. When he reached the island, he was afraid to go home; and he went to the house of a relative, intending to wait until his father's wrath should cool a little. The old gentleman did fly into a terrible passion when he learned what his son had done; and I do not know that he would ever have relented, but for the persuasions of relatives and friends, who liked the boy's spirit, and thought he had suffered sufficiently for his rashness. At last, his father forgave him, and assisted him to take other voyages, in which he proved so skilful that he became the favorite son.

"Once, when he was off the island of Spajia, which fronts the harbor of Navarino, he was chased by a Maltese pirate, and ran his saitta on shore. His sailors were frightened, — which certainly was not

strange, — and all fled except his two younger brothers. He had no idea of running away, so he gave his money to his two brothers, and told them to save themselves. They were scarcely out of sight, when the pirates drew near, cast anchor, and called to Andreas to go to them in his boat. He replied that he was alone, and could not lower a boat without help.

"The pirates did not believe this story. They thought that he was deceiving them, and that his men were hidden, ready to spring upon them if they should go too near; but they were so strong in numbers and so well armed, that they were determined not to lose the prize. So they manned their boats, surrounded the saitta, and fired at it repeatedly, resolved to find out what kind of a trick the crew meant to play upon them. When, at last, they were satisfied that Andreas was indeed alone, they boarded the saitta, and beat him almost to death, because he would not tell them where he had put his money. Finding that stripes did no good, and thinking he would die before he would confess to them, they carried him to their brig; and when their captain asked him the question, he replied that he had sent his money away.

"The courage and self-possession of the Greek trader, his unflinching endurance and resolution, pleased the captain, and he told him that he might write to his friends for money to ransom his vessel. Andreas replied that that would be useless, for they would send him nothing, but asked leave to go himself to the neighboring villages to borrow, if possible,

the sum required. To this the captain consented; and, as he was then looking out for other vessels in those waters, he gave Andreas three days in which to collect it, but threatened to burn the saitta if he should be absent beyond that time. Andreas could not stand, he was so bruised and sore from his beating; but he crawled to a village, where a bishop of his acquaintance treated him kindly. I do not think he made any attempt to get the money. Perhaps he was in so much pain that he did not care much what became of the saitta; and perhaps he thought that the pirates would keep both money and vessel, if they should have a chance. Fortunately for him, before the three days were over, another bark ran ashore, to escape the same pirates, and the bishop sent some soldiers to help the crew against them. The pirates made three attacks on this little troop. Twice, they were driven off; but the third time, they succeeded in their assault, and raising a great shout, they were about to take possession of both vessels, when they happened to see several fishing-boats coming toward them. They imagined that these vessels were full of soldiers, and, without stopping a moment, they hurried to their brig, cut their cable, unfurled every sail, and went to sea as fast as the wind would carry them."

"Ah, then, Andreas got back his saitta, I suppose."

"Yes; he saved his money, his boat, and himself, and was soon dancing over the bright waters, in the direction of Hydra."

"Did he get rich, as he meant to do?" asked Claude.

"So rich that he left the sea in 1817, intending to

live at ease; but when the war with Turkey broke out, he immediately offered himself for service, and by his noble qualities endeared himself to the whole Greek nation."

"What island did you visit next, uncle?"

"IPSARA,

which is nine miles north-west from Scio. It is a little island, being only about five miles long and as many broad."

"To whom does it belong?" asked Claude.

"It belongs to Turkey."

"Dear me, it is a shame for Turkey to own any of the Greek Islands!" exclaimed Gerald. "Did not the Ipsarians try to get free in the war, uncle?"

"Yes; they tried very hard. They fortified the island as well as they knew how, and put two hundred pieces of cannon in position; and they had in their only port a flotilla of brigs, schooners, and fire-ships. The Turks went against them with a fleet of nearly two hundred sail, and land forces amounting to fourteen thousand men. Canaris begged the Greek magistrates to permit the flotilla to engage the enemy; but they would not consent. This was very unfortunate, for the Turks landed in the smoke of a cannonade from their ships, drove the Ipsarian soldiers before them, and soon reached the summit of the hill overlooking the town. Everybody knew then that the fate of the island was decided; and a multitude of men, women, and children rushed to the beach, and jumped into such boats as they could find, or plunged

into the waves, in the hope of being picked up. The aunt of Canaris, although she was more than fifty years old, swam two miles, and was finally rescued. But great numbers of these poor people were drowned, for some of the boats were upset and sunk, and one hundred ships, brigs, schooners, and small craft, were taken by the Turks.

"The convent of St. Nicholas was fortified and defended by twenty-four pieces of cannon; and in this six hundred soldiers placed their wives and children. Finding that the enemy was victorious, these men entered the building, and, knowing how cruel the Turks were, they resolved to die with their families, rather than permit even one little child to fall alive into their hands. They had time to make their arrangements while the invaders were robbing and burning the city; and every man was at his post when the Mohammedans, with frightful yells, attempted to storm their works. The Ipsarians fought like heroes, and repulsed every assault, until night mercifully interrupted the combat.

"The next morning, as soon as the day dawned, the whole of the Turkish force renewed the attack. The garrison did their best, and kept the barbarians off until four o'clock in the afternoon. By that time, two-thirds of their number were killed, or fearfully wounded. There was no possibility of rescue, and they were afraid that the convent would be forced and they be made captives. So they determined to blow up a powder-magazine which ran under the building, but the entrance to which was on the out-

side of the convent. One of the soldiers gave his wife and children a last kiss, took a lighted match, and ran toward the door of the magazine. Before he could reach it, he fell pierced with a dozen balls. Another and another followed, until six dead bodies lay in the path. The men inside then saw that this plan could not succeed, and proposed to set fire to the powder within the building. One man held a torch, while another stood by a loaded gun to watch the moment when the walls should be covered with Turks, and to discharge the piece as a signal for lighting the powder. When all was ready, the Hellenic flag was lowered, and a white banner bearing the words, 'Liberty or Death,' was run up the staff. The firing ceased, the Turks mounted the walls on every side, the man at the gun fired it off, and the man with the torch threw it into the powder. In an instant there was a terrific explosion, which shook the whole island and was felt far out to sea. The massive walls of St. Nicholas were hurled in every direction; and the Turks, shouting and yelling in hideous triumph, the brave Greek soldiers, the beautiful women, and the darling children, were buried all together in one common ruin."

We were all silent for a minute after uncle stopped speaking, and then Gerald asked, "Were many Turks killed, uncle?"

"The Turkish commander set his loss, by the assault and explosion, at from three thousand to four thousand men."

"They did not get a great many captives to sell

in their horrid markets ; that is one comfort," said Claude.

" No ; for many Ipsarian ladies drowned themselves with their children, rather than become slaves."

" How many do you suppose were destroyed, — of the Ipsarians, I mean ? "

" More than half the Ipsarian population, almost every one of the hired soldiers, and nearly all the exiles from Scio, Mitylene, and the other islands, who had taken refuge there by thousands."

" But the people in the convent died gloriously ! " exclaimed Gerald, with sparkling eyes. " Their countrymen must have been proud of them."

" They were proud of them ; and their courage and fidelity assisted in creating much sympathy for the revolution in England, the government of which country was for a long time friendly to the Turks, and hostile to the Greeks."

" I am glad that they did not die in vain," said Claude. " It would have been too terrible if they had died in vain."

" No one dies in vain in a good cause," replied uncle, as he rose to leave the room.

CHAPTER VI.

PUCK, OUR LITTLE VISITOR — PUCK AND THE KITTEN — PUCK AND THE COCK — PUCK AND THE SWEETMEATS — PUCK IN THE LIBRARY — PUCK ON HIS WAY HOME — THE CAPTIVES TURNED CAPTORS — ANTONIO MELIDORI AND THE TURKS OF HASHI — MELIDORI'S CARE FOR AN OLD WOMAN, AND WHAT HAPPENED IN CONSEQUENCE — MAJORCA — MINORCA.

UR little visitor went home to the Cedars this morning. His name is Harry Lathrop; but we called him Puck. Aunt invited him to come and stay a fortnight, that his mother might go to New York. He is just the handsomest, cunningest, most mischievous little fellow that ever lived, I do believe. His black hair curls in glossy rings all over his head, and his black eyes seem really dancing with fun. He has a pretty nose, and red, pouting lips, and a beautiful color in his little brown cheeks.

He seldom kept his shoes on more than ten minutes at a time. He hated stockings; and his chubby, bare feet looked comical enough with his elegant dresses, and worked petticoats, and jewelled sleeve-loops. It was little he cared for that, though; and he would have been glad to take off skirts, dresses, and all. He did manage to unbutton a pair of cambric drawers and put them in the kitchen fire, when Mrs.

Sharp's back was turned; and the rest of his wardrobe would certainly have followed, but that aunt managed to fasten the garments too tightly for his little fingers. He spoiled a hat by putting it under the barn-yard aqueduct, and a velvet cap by throwing it into the fountain. The very day he came, I heard Mrs. Sharp groan; and, when I ran into the kitchen to learn what was the matter, I saw her hard at work at the sink-spout with a pair of tongs.

"What has happened, Mrs. Sharp?" I asked.

"A shocking thing, I think, Miss Kate," replied Mrs. Sharp. "That little witch has stuffed my gray kitty so far down the spout that I don't know how in the world to get her up. She's so young that she can't help herself at all; and I'm afraid to pull her hard, for fear of pulling her to pieces. Do hear her cry. I'm sure I'm just ready to cry, too."

"So am I, Mrs. Sharp. I will call uncle. Perhaps he can help you."

Uncle thought he could help; and, in a minute or two, he came into the kitchen with a long piece of cane. This he bent enough to go into the spout, and, keeping the two ends in his hand and letting the loop fall over the kitten, he drew her out, somewhat hurt and half-dead with fright.

Puck was delighted at seeing the kitten again. He hugged her, and kissed her, and patted her, and stroked her ears, and made a sweet, cooing sound, which he meant for "Sylvie," her name; but, the same afternoon, he threw her into the cistern, which had

been accidentally left open, and if Ben had not been close at hand she would have been drowned.

Puck once followed Mrs. Sharp into the poultry-yard, and, while her back was turned, he chased one of the hens, and so got into a quarrel with Prince Albert, the cock. Mrs. Sharp heard him scream, and, turning quickly about, found that the cock had struck him on his forehead, and was just ready to fly at him again. The blood was running down his face and dripping on his beautiful robe. Mrs. Sharp caught him up in a fright, and hurried with him to the house; but by the time that he was nicely washed and dressed, and had had a delicate plaster applied to the wound, he was all ready for more mischief, and as full of mirth as ever.

To amuse himself, he opened the register in the library, and put one of his shoes through the upper plate. Aunt tried to punish him, by shutting him up for ten minutes in her sitting-room. When the ten minutes had passed, she opened the door and said, —

"Puck may come out now."

A dear little voice answered, —

"Puck don't 'ant 'oo. Puck 'ants 'serves."

And, sure enough, he had climbed through a slide into a closet which was connected with the dining-room, and when aunt reached him one little hand was deep in a jar of strawberries, and the other was at his mouth, dripping with fruit and syrup. Oh, what a funny figure he was, besmeared from head to foot! Aunt tried to look grave; but Puck turned up his bright black eyes so archly, as much as to say,

"You don't *really* care, I know you don't," that she burst into a laugh, and did not scold him a bit.

The funniest thing he did was making believe be Uncle Paul. One morning, everybody was busy in different ways out of the library; and Puck put on a velvet cap, that uncle wore when he sat on the veranda, and a pair of spectacles which had been accidentally left by a guest. Then he set the inkstand on the carpet, took a couple of large books to go with the inkstand, found aunt's scissors and threw them down by the books, and, finally, pulled out the waste-paper basket from beneath the desk, and, putting a dimpled foot on each side, he opened a sheet of manuscript,

PUCK IN THE LIBRARY.

and pretended to read. Just as he was settled to his liking, aunt happened to see him through the half-opened door, and she called the rest of the family softly together. How droll the little fellow did look! I longed to catch him up and kiss him. For a full

minute, I think, we stood watching him; then he jumped up suddenly, overturned the basket, scattering old envelopes, bits of paper, and fragments of twine on the carpet, and, darting forward, leaped into aunt's arms.

The whole family assembled this morning to see Puck drive off. Uncle had been to the village for a parting present of toys, and Puck insisted upon carrying them all himself. He had a little drum slung over his back, a tiny tin horn stuck half way out of his pocket, a Noah's ark hung by a string from his belt, and a Swiss village was fastened to his cap. He looked back all the way down the carriage-drive, and kept calling out, "Dood-by," and kissing his little, fat hand.

I know I shall miss Puck immensely; but I have not had time to think much about him yet, for, as soon as the carriage was fairly out of sight, uncle called us to our lesson. He began with the story of

"THE CAPTIVES TURNED CAPTORS.

"The Austrian government," said he, "always helps kings against the people, the strong against the weak; and in the year 1823, an Austrian commodore seized a little Greek vessel, and handed over the crew — twenty-two in number — to the pasha of Smyrna. The pasha ordered the captives to be sent to Constantinople; and their guard fastened them to the tails of their horses, and so dragged them to the Sea of Marmora. There they bound them hand and foot, and threw them into the hold of a vessel manned by seven-

teen Turks. The vessel anchored in due time before the city, but the lazy Turks decided not to land until the next day; and three of them remained as a watch on deck, while the rest amused themselves in the cabin. In a short time, the latter grew noisy, so that neither they nor the watch could hear anything from the hold; and one of the Greeks, taking advantage of this, gnawed apart the rope which fastened his captain's hands. The captain then untied his companions, and they rushed in a body on the deck. They snatched the arms from the watch, whom they either killed or forced overboard, and then did the same by the other Turks as they came out of the cabin to learn what the commotion was about. This was the work of only a few minutes, when the Greeks cut the cable and sped away over the sea on the path which they had just traversed. When they reached the Dardanelles, they were hailed from the forts and ordered to stop. They replied in Turkish that they carried despatches. This excuse was accepted, and they were permitted to pass. Off Tenedos, they were chased by a Turkish frigate; but they showed themselves on the deck in Turkish dresses, and ran under the guns of the Turkish castle. The captain of the frigate, judging from this that all was right, sailed away, and the brave fugitives continued their flight. They had not gone far before they were fired upon by a Greek cruiser; but upon approaching, the crew discovered their mistake; and, after five days' sailing from Constantinople, the captives, turned captors, reached Ipsara in safety."

"That was splendid," cried Claude. "That is the best story you have told us in a long time, uncle."

"There must have been, in the Greek revolution, some men as courageous as any of those brave old fellows that I have studied about in school, such as Leonidas," said Gerald.

"Yes; just as brave," replied uncle. "I will tell you about one of them, under the title of

"ANTONIO MELIDORI, AND THE TURKS OF HASHI.

"Candia — the ancient Crete — might have become independent, but for the cruelty of a mountain tribe called Sphakiotes. They were brave soldiers, but they were treacherous, ambitious, and avaricious. Far from fighting for the liberty of the island, they merely fought to decide which should rule it, themselves or the Turks; and whenever a leader was sent thither by the Greek government, they contrived to hinder his movements and prevent any decisive successes, for fear that he would obtain more power than themselves.

"Antonio Melidori was brave and generous, and devoted himself with his whole soul to the cause of Greek independence. When he learned how harshly Candia was ruled by the Turks, he sailed thither with three hundred men, hoping to assist the Candiotes to throw off the heavy yoke. A part of the Sphakiotes immediately joined him, and he attacked the village of Hashi. He fought so earnestly that he did not look round to see if his men were following, but sprang into a house, fastened the door, and began to beat off his assailants, supposing that his troops were occupying

the buildings scattered around. They, however, ran away as fast as their feet would carry them, and sat down on a height at a safe distance, to await the action of their commander. Melidori fought until sunset, when he perceived that he was alone in the town, and thought he would try to escape. He stopped to reload his musket, but the ball stuck in the barrel; and while he was trying to ram it down, some Turks climbed into the court, and called to know if he was a Greek. Melidori did not answer, but threw off his cap as if by accident, and pretended to stoop for it. At the same moment, he shot one man dead with his pistol, and, rising, killed with his sabre another who had crept toward him from behind. Then he burst through the door, cut his way through the Turks, — who sent after him a shower of balls, — and reached his troops with but one wound. They were lamenting for him as dead, and could scarcely believe their own eyes when he appeared. They embraced him with tears of joy; but he, pointing to his wound, coldly replied, 'Your cowardice gives me more pain than the enemy's balls.'

"Melidori was laid up for a time; but as soon as he was able to get about, he put himself at the head of his men. He found them flying before the Turks, but he compelled them to turn and commence an action with their pursuers. The Turks were astonished to see him, they being firmly persuaded that no man could have escaped their fire at Hashi. They called out, 'Aren't you dead yet?' and, lest they might not reach him with their musket-balls, they

aimed a shell at him. He laughed when he saw it coming, for he was perfectly fearless. It failed of its mark, as he thought it would do; and he manœuvred so skilfully that the enemy was held in check until night, when both parties retired, neither having gained a victory.

"As the Greeks moved toward the mountain, Melidori heard a little babe crying at a distance. He ordered some of his men to go in search of it; but they refused, fearing lest it might be a trick of the Turks to lead them into an ambuscade. He despised their cowardly conduct; but, without a word, he left the head of the column at which he was marching, and penetrated the olive-grove whence the sounds proceeded. He soon found an infant, whom its mother had left in her weakness and terror; and, wrapping it carefully in its little quilt, he took it gently in his arms and rejoined his troops."

"That was beautiful," said Claude. "But please go on. I did not mean to interrupt you."

"Yes, uncle, please tell us some more anecdotes."

"I cannot remember half that I heard in Greece about this brave man," replied uncle, "but I will tell you about

"MELIDORI'S CARE FOR AN OLD WOMAN, AND WHAT HAPPENED IN CONSEQUENCE.

"The Sphakiotes were no better than robbers; and were so tyrannical to the Christians of the plain, that, between them and the Turks, they were utterly wretched. One day, some of the Sphakiotes of Melidori's

army robbed a poor old woman's house, and he compelled them to restore the articles which they had taken away. They were afraid to disobey, because their comrades of the other Greek tribes were extremely attached to their commander, and were ready at all times to execute his orders. So they gave back the trifles which they had stolen, — trifles which were valuable to their owner, but not worth carrying off. Still, they were very angry about it; and, shaking their daggers at Melidori, when his back was turned, they muttered, 'Your grave is open;' meaning that they would kill him.

"Not long after this, Melidori learned that the pasha of Candia was on the march with five hundred soldiers, and would sleep at the little village of Abadia; and he proposed to Rousso and Anagnosti, two Sphakiote chiefs, to join him in an attempt upon the town. They declined going; and he started with only three hundred men, one hundred of whom were Sphakiotes. I do not know whether the latter intended treachery from the first; but they deserted on the way, and persuaded fifty of their comrades to desert with them, leaving to Melidori only half of his original number. Not disturbed by this, he kept on, surprised the Turks completely, killed many of them, and captured twelve chests of silk, thirty-six horse-loads of biscuits, and all their cattle. He returned to his camp in safety, and distributed the booty among his soldiers, giving a share even to those Sphakiotes who left him by the way.

"The treacherous and selfish captains, Rousso and

Anagnosti, instead of admiring their leader for his brilliant courage and great skill, hated him still more because he had succeeded in an enterprise in which they had refused to join; and they laid a plan to assassinate him. In the midst of the rejoicings on account of his good fortune, they invited him to a banquet, saying that they desired to congratulate him upon his victory. He suspected nothing, and went with a few of his followers. While they sat at dinner, Rousso tried to draw him into a dispute, and even threatened to kill him; but he answered good-naturedly, and tried to turn off the threat as a joke. After they had risen from the table, Melidori amused himself in fencing with one of his officers; and, while they were busy with their passes, Rousso struck at him with his drawn sword. One of his faithful followers intercepted the blow; and Antonio, at last persuaded that his life was really in danger, ordered one of his own men to bring his horse, mounted him, and galloped away. He was already at a distance, when Anagnosti followed him, calling aloud and waving his hand to make him stop. When he overtook him, he humbly asked him to pardon what had passed. He said that Rousso was naturally passionate, and took offence at the slightest word; that he was extremely sorry for what he had done, and begged Melidori to return, that he might apologize for his rudeness. Generous, unsuspecting, and fearless, Melidori accepted these assurances, and retraced his steps; when Rousso threw an arm about his neck, as if to embrace

him, and with his other hand thrust a dagger to his heart."

"Oh, what wicked creatures those Sphakiotes were!" exclaimed Claude.

"Did Melidori's friends punish them?" asked Gerald.

"Not at that time," said uncle. "Melidori's friends and his low country soldiers left the camp, and went in a body to the Christian governor, Affendouli, and declared that they would no longer serve with the Sphakiote murderers and traitors Affendouli would gladly have punished the assassin, but he was not strong enough to do it. He was only able to deprive him of his rank, and order him to retire to Sphakia.

"If Rousso had been guilty of no other crime, he would have escaped entirely; but he and the other Sphakiote chiefs refused to obey the governor except when it pleased them to do so, were frequently guilty of desertion and treachery, and, by their ill-conduct, ruined the Christian cause in Candia. To add to their criminality, they attempted to revenge themselves, by means of the Turks, upon the Christians of the plain, because they refused to serve them. The Turks profited by their treachery; but, after peace was established, they persuaded these captains to meet them at Canea, where they threw them into a dungeon. Rousso attempted to escape, and broke his leg. His groans were heard by the guard, who carried him back to his prison, where he was kept for some years."

"That was capital," said Gerald. "I am much obliged to the Turks for that."

"Uncle, did you stay long in Candia?" asked Claude.

"Not as long as I intended, because a friend wished me to join him in an excursion to

"THE BALEARIC ISLANDS.

"The Balearic Islands form one of the provinces of Spain. They are five in number. The largest is Majorca, the next Minorca, the next Iviza; and, beside these, there are two still smaller, called Formentera and Cabrera."

"Which is the pleasantest?" asked Claude.

"I visited only Majorca and Minorca; but I was told that the other islands offered no attractions to a traveller.

"MAJORCA

has a charming climate, not too hot in summer, nor too cold in winter. It has, also, a rich, deep, mellow sky, which adds to the beauty of its landscapes. Most of the mountains are so covered with foliage from base to summit, that they look like vast masses of varied greens, among the finest of which are those of the fir, oak, and olive trees. The plains, also, have a picture-like growth. The almond-trees in the spring look like great piles of rosy clouds, the palm waves its graceful boughs above the evergreen carob, the fig-tree grows in the dryest spots, and oranges, as fine as any in the world, peep out from amidst dark, glossy leaves and white, sweet blossoms."

"What a charming place to live in!" exclaimed Claude.

"Not by any means," answered uncle.

"The Majorcans are ignorant, superstitious, and indolent, and most of them are miserably poor."

"How can they be poor with such a good climate and soil?"

"They have no great water-courses, and no great railways to keep business brisk. They have but two little streams, neither of which is large enough for vessels, and all the produce that is taken from the interior to the coast is taken on the backs of mules, or in heavy wagons drawn by mules yoked like our oxen. The weight of the wagon and yoke is almost as much as the poor animals can draw, so that but little freight can be added. By the time, therefore, that this reaches a market, the price is increased so much as to lessen the demand for it, while it yields so little profit that it does not repay the producer for his expenses and labor."

"I am sure our American farmers would grow rich on such farms," said Gerald.

"The Majorcans are not like Americans," replied uncle, "and it would be wonderful if they were. They have been tyrannized over by Spain, which has held them in close bondage, while she has given them no schools, made no roads, and, in fact, done nothing for them. To this must be added the tyranny of the priests. For some hundreds of years, the island was filled with priests and monks, who not only did no work themselves, but greedily seized upon the best of everything that was produced by others. These priests and monks kept the population ignorant and superstitious; and, although the monasteries are now

suppressed, the indifference and stupidity which they helped to foster still remain."

"I suppose the Majorcans do produce something, though," said Gerald.

"Oh, yes; they have fine sheep, which grow delicate wool; they make olive oil and excellent wines; they manufacture some cloth, but none of the best quality; and they do various pretty kinds of inlaid work, which sells at a high price."

"What did you do when you were there?" asked Gerald.

"I shot some partridges, fat rabbits, and quails."

"And what did you see, beside the partridges and quails? I want to think just how it all looked."

"I saw fields of flax and wheat. The wheat was of the finest quality, and celebrated in Spanish markets. I saw, too, vineyards, fruit-orchards full of orange, lemon, and peach-trees, thickets of myrtle, a profusion of roses, white and lilac candy-tuft, sweet-scented honeysuckles, mourning brides, gorgeous oleanders, and lovely caper-blossoms, — white, with faint stripes of pink or purple, and an exquisite crown of lilac-colored stamens."

"What kind of caper, uncle?"

"The same that furnishes the pickles which you eat with boiled mutton, at table," returned uncle. "Pickled capers are the unopened buds, which, if left on the stem, would open into the beautiful blossoms I have mentioned.

"In some places I trod in thick growths of lavender, marjoram, and thyme, which sent up a spicy odor; and

scattered over dry, stony spots, were huge cacti, their leaves set round with juicy figs. The air was clear and sweet, and musical with the song of the thrush."

"What kind of houses do the Majorcans live in?"

"The houses of the poor are mere huts; those of the nobility are nearly all built in the Moorish style. They are very large and stately on the outside, and very unattractive within. They have immense drawing-rooms, with whitewashed walls, on which hang old family portraits, so high that one cannot distinguish a feature. Possibly there is also a piece of gold-cloth, bearing the family escutcheon in embroidery, once rich, but now faded and tarnished. On the bare floors are a few mats, or, perhaps, sheepskins with thick fleeces. There are no books or little objects of art, and no tables except those used for meals. A few leather-covered chairs are thought to be sufficient furniture for these vast rooms, which are lighted by windows placed, like the pictures, high up in the wall. The master smokes, the mistress fans herself, and the children live with the servants. With thirty or forty pages flying about, one can hardly get the door opened if one wishes to call."

"What in the world do they want of so many pages?" asked Gerald in amazement.

"The more aristocratic Majorcans are ambitious to have a great retinue. Their houses are overrun with indolent, dirty people, men and women, who, after having served them for one year, are entitled all their lives to lodging, clothing, and provisions. Even those who wish to rid themselves of these dependents, can-

not do so entirely; for, according to established custom, they may go to the house each morning for their breakfast, and may join in all the family merrymakings."

"What a scampering there would be if Mrs. Sharp should get the direction of one of those grand houses!" exclaimed Claude. "Wouldn't she make those people fly?"

"I think she would," answered uncle. "She has no patience with lazy, uncleanly people."

"How do the Majorcans dress?" asked Claude.

"Rich men wear a frock-coat, a round hat, straight pantaloons, and a vest; and one never sees the old national costume, except upon women and children, — an old costume, so entirely gone by that the traveller must take the description on trust. It was described to me, and I should think it must have been very handsome, when made of rich materials. It was said to have consisted of a short, close-fitting, and gay-colored vest, worn very open to show a fine, snow-white shirt, fastened both at the neck and wrists with embroidered bands. Full, puffing drawers of striped cotton or silk were fastened at the waist by a bright sash. The stockings were fine, and were white, black, or tan-color, according to the fancy of the wearer. The shoes were of undressed calfskin. The hat was trimmed with a cord and tassels, of black silk and gold.

"In the house, the men wrap a kerchief of silk or printed cotton about their heads like a turban. The field-laborers have their legs bare or encased in gaiters of yellow leather, according to the season. In

summer, their dress consists of a shirt and full breeches; in winter, they wear a frock, or a cape of gray cloth, or else a goat-skin, with the fur on the outside. When they go to the fields, and when they return to the house, one of the number often plays the guitar or flute, while the rest march to the music."

"What do the ladies wear?" asked Claude.

"They usually wear the old costume; or, at least, they did when I visited the island. Mistress and maid dress much alike, except that the mistress wears richer materials. The head-dress is a double kerchief, one-half of which is fastened under the chin, leaving only the face uncovered. The remainder of the muslin extends upon the shoulders, and falls to the middle of the back, where the two points are crossed in a mysterious manner and fastened in front. The waist of the dress is much like a corset stiffened with whalebone and covered with black silk. It is trimmed with silver buttons or buckles, and has short, narrow sleeves. Ladies wear on the neck a collar of pearls, falling low in front and terminated by a gold cross or medallion, and adorn themselves with rings, bracelets, a watch, and other jewelry. When they go abroad, they add a mantilla, and carry a fan, and a rosary set off with gold tassels and a gold cross."

"How do the Majorcans look, uncle?" asked Gerald.

"They are well-shaped, and have swarthy complexions. The women are of medium height. They have dark, expressive eyes, and pretty hands and feet. They are pleasing in manner, and foreigners usually find them agreeable."

"Is the island of

"MINORCA

like Majorca?" asked Gerald.

"Very much like it, in some respects. The productions are the same, but the climate is not as good, being very hot in summer and very cold in winter."

"Do the people dress in the same style?" asked Claude.

"No," replied uncle. "The men wear a jacket and waistcoat, — which they fasten at the waist by a netted sash or a leather belt, — a coarse shirt, a colored kerchief about the neck, pantaloons which reach the ankle of their coarse stockings, shoes without heels, and low hats."

"Not pretty for a picture, I think," said Claude. "What do the women wear, please?"

"They wear a vest of black cloth, partly open in front, with long sleeves close at the wrist, over which they turn the white cuffs of the chemise. The skirt is of colored cloth, or calico, thickly plaited over the hips, and reaching but little below the knee. The stockings are red, green, or blue, with clocks of a different color. High-heeled shoes, broad at the toe, and a head-dress like those of the Majorcan ladies, complete their costume."

"It is neat, at any rate," said Claude; "but I think it would look better in a picture than in the street, or even in the drawing-room."

"Claude is forever asking what people wear," said Gerald, with a little, scornful twist of his lip.

"So I am," answered Claude. "I cannot fancy how people look, if I do not know what clothes they wear. How can I? Can you, uncle?"

"No, my child; and the traveller who, when describing distant countries, neglects to tell us about the dress of their inhabitants, makes a great mistake."

"Oh, well, Claude, I will attend to the clothes hereafter," answered Gerald, impatiently.

"Beginning with our next lesson," said uncle, as he playfully turned us out of the library.

CHAPTER VII.

THE POULTRY-YARD — PRINCE ALBERT THE COCK — THE HEN SPECKLED-WING — THE BEAUTIFUL BOY AND THE NYMPHS OF THE FOUNTAIN — A RIDE ON A BULL — THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA — THE WONDERFUL JOURNEY — THE CONQUEST OF RHODES.

FONTHILL appears to me more and more beautiful every day. Now that the roses are out, I think it should be called Rosehill, instead of Fonthill. There are single red roses, hundred-leafed roses, lovely white roses with spicy breath, purple and yellow roses, trailing roses, little bridal roses scarcely larger than daisies, great, sweet tea-roses; and I know not how many varieties beside. The garden is splendid with flowers; and they grow so thickly, and blossom so abundantly, that Ben gives me as many as I like. Oh, what fine times Claude and I have, filling the vases and keeping the house perfumed from top to bottom!

Fonthill is cheerful with birds and animals. Such hosts of pigeons as there are, now dropping softly to the ground, and now rising in a gray cloud. Some of these pigeons are tumblers, and they turn the funniest of somersets in the air; some are fantails, and they like to spread their tails as well as a peacock; but the greater part of them are of the common kind, which I

like quite as well as any variety I have seen. There are two large martin-houses, and they are filled every year, although Mr. Foster, our next neighbor, has never been able to build one to their liking. Then aunt has

THE POULTRY-YARD AT FONTHILL.

a poultry-yard, which is the admiration of the country round. There is a magnificent peacock, which does nothing but spread his tail, and call upon everybody to look at his splendid colors; and there is his wife, the peahen, so modest and quiet that she does not appear to belong to him at all. There are pheasants, which have come all the way from Europe, — the lady-birds very grave in their dress, the gentlemen with necks all green and gold, and tails set off with black bands. There are ducks and turkeys, and at least a dozen varieties of hens, — gold-spangled Hamburgs and pretty Bolton-Grays and little white bantams, to say nothing

of the native species, which, in my secret heart, I like best after all.

Aunt governs her large family admirably. The hens come for their meals at the sound of a bell, and never stir for any bell but our own. In the months of May, June, and July, this is of little consequence, because they are shut up in their own yard; but when, after the mowing is finished, they stray into the fields to hunt for grasshoppers, it is extremely convenient. At that time, too, we have many guests from the adjoining towns, who wish to see them; and the grand gathering from all quarters, and the running and scrambling to reach the yard first, is the best part of the exhibition.

PRINCE ALBERT, THE COCK.

Of course I have my favorites. One is a cock, of a rich brown color, with a golden collar, and a tail which I cannot help thinking is as gorgeous as that of the bird of paradise. He has a pompous way with him; and Uncle Paul, who disliked him at first, named him King Louis, for Louis XIV. of France; because he said he would be nothing without his fine dress and fine manner. I resented this as an injustice to the cock; and I was so sure that he would come out right at last, I called him Prince Albert, who was both handsome and good. I am glad

now that I took his part, for my prophecy has been fulfilled. A friend sent aunt nine little chickens, of a choice variety, and Prince Albert actually took them in charge. In the daytime he hunted and scratched for the orphans; at night he brooded them as tenderly as their mother could have done. Uncle was very generous in this affair. He acknowledged his mistake, and has called him Prince Albert ever since.

My second pet is a hen named Speckled-wing. I often take her into the kitchen, and hold her in my lap, when she either puts out her feet to the fire or smooths and rounds my apron into a make-believe nest, and settles herself as comfortably as if I were a hay-mow. This morning I sat holding Speckled-wing, and reading at the same time; and I was so much entertained with my story that I forgot Mrs. Sharp's vexed looks, and the hen as well, and behold, when my pet rose, there was a white egg lying like a snow-flake on my dark morning-dress!

It was so kind and thoughtful of her to make me this present, in such an unostentatious way, that I decided to keep the shell as a souvenir. I bored a little hole in both ends, blew out the inside, and covered the holes with bits of gilt paper, prettily cut; then I took a paint-brush and some India-ink, and made a sketch of myself with Speckled-wing in my lap. The picture is not very like, but it is well enough for me; and, as I know just how it should look, I can explain to my friends when I show them the shell. Of course they will be polite enough to see not only what is, but what ought to be there.

I was busy with my droll present all the morning, but, directly after our early dinner, my cousins and I went to the library for our lesson.

"Would you like to hear about the poets of Sicily?" asked uncle.

"I should," answered Claude.

"And I," echoed Gerald.

"Among the old poets of Sicily was a very celebrated one named Theocritus. He wrote charming poetry, describing the Sicilian woods, meadows, and streams, and sometimes he put the old gods and goddesses into his verse."

"How I wish we could read it!" said Claude.

"Can you not translate some of it for us?" asked Gerald.

"Not into rhyme, but I will give you the story of a poem in prose, if you wish."

"We do! We do!" we cried.

"Listen then to the story of

"THE BEAUTIFUL BOY AND THE NYMPHS OF THE FOUNTAIN.

"The great Hercules, who slew lions and bears, had a page named Hylas. He was a graceful boy, with brown curling hair, and Hercules was so fond of him that, notwithstanding all his mighty labors, he taught him everything as if he had been his own son. He was never willing to be separated from him a moment, neither when the white horses of the morning mounted toward the halls of Zeus, nor when the little birds

chirped their sleepy good-night from beneath the warm wings of their tender mother.

"The hero even took the boy with him when he sailed with Jason and his Argonauts after the golden fleece. Their ship Argo, with its long benches and its fifty stout rowers, kept clear of the dangerous Cyanean rocks, shooting between them like an eagle; and the third day, when the south wind blew softly laden with the odors of the spring, it anchored within the Sea of Marmora, opposite the spot where the stout Cyanean oxen turn up the brown earth with the keen ploughshare. There the Argonauts landed; and while some of them cooked an excellent supper, others made leafy beds in the broad green meadow, cutting for this purpose the clean spears of the flowering rush.

"Hercules and Hylas and the brave Telamon used always to eat at one table; and Hylas, seeing many of the warriors looking about for water, took a brazen vessel and joined the search. Pretty soon he came upon a marshy spot, full of rushes, and pale-blue swallow-wort, and delicate maiden-hair, and blooming parsley, and couch-grass twisted and twining and thickly set in the damp soil. There a clear, cold fountain bubbled up to the light; and the nymphs Eunica and Malis and Nychea were making ready for a dance around its sparkling brim. The boy did not see the nymphs, who were hidden in the green shade, but they saw him, and whispered to each other that it would be charming to have such a beautiful child to play in their arbors and grottoes. So, when he plunged his vase into the fountain, they each put forth

a hand, and drew him silently beneath the crystal water. Hylas cried bitterly; and although the nymphs spoke kindly to him, and told him pretty stories which he had never heard, the tears still continued to flow, and great sobs shook his whole frame.

"Meantime, Hercules became anxious about his little page, and he took his bow and arrows, and the mighty club which was seldom out of his right hand, and started in pursuit. He shouted 'Hylas!' three times, as loud as he could shout; and the sound went sweeping through the woods, and down into the valleys, and up to the mountain-tops, and away out to sea, where it died like the last roar of a tempest. Hylas heard him, and tried to shout in answer; but his voice was no longer full and rich as it was when he played in the gardens of his father's palace. It was very sweet, indeed, but it was also very faint; and it mingled so completely with the music of the gushing fountain, that his dear master did not recognize it, and imagined it to be only the sighing murmur of the sparkling drops. 'Hylas! Hylas!' he called, and went raging and thundering through briery thickets, careless of the sharp thorns, and through the black marshes, and over the high hills.

"So, the night passed, and the morning blushed in the sky, and the warriors took their places in the good ship Argo, spread its sails to the wind, and sat with uplifted oars, ready to put out to sea. But Hercules, in his grief, forgot his companions and the golden fleece of which they were in search, and kept

raging like a hungry lion when he hears the cry of a helpless fawn. So the Argonauts sailed without him; and he, weary with sorrow, and hopeless of finding his lost favorite, went on foot to Colchis, whither they were bound."

"What did really become of the boy?" asked Claude.

"He fell into the fountain and was drowned."

"What a pretty way of telling it!" exclaimed Claude. "But I am sorry Hylas was drowned; are you not, Gerald?"

"I should be if there had been a real Hylas and a real drowning," replied Gerald. "I am glad there was not; for now the story gives only pleasure."

"What other Sicilian poets were there in old times, uncle?"

"There was one named Moschus. He is less natural and pleasing in his style than Theocritus; yet, after many centuries, his poems are still read and admired."

"Please give us one, and let us judge for ourselves," said Gerald, with a laugh.

"In as free a translation as the last?" asked uncle, laughing, too.

"Yes, sir, I do not care for the jingle."

"Then you shall hear about

"A RIDE ON A BULL.

"I can guess what it is to be," said Claude.

"Don't tell, if you can," replied Gerald, impatiently. "I hate to know just how a story is coming out beforehand."

"One morning," said uncle, "Europa, the daughter of King Agenor and Queen Telephassa, called together her companions, and went into a meadow by the seashore to gather flowers. Each one had a basket in her hand; but Europa's basket was much the most beautiful. It was made by the god Hephæstus for a wedding present to Libya, when she married Poseidon. Libya gave it to Queen Telephassa, who was a relative and Telephassa gave it to her dear daughter, Europa."

"Please, who was Hephæstus?" asked Claude.

"Hephæstus was the Greek name of the god Vulcan, who was the patron of all those who worked in metal. He had forges under all volcanoes, but wrought especially beneath Mount Etna, in Sicily.

"Europa's basket bore a brass heifer swimming through a sea of blue enamel, and a golden figure of Zeus standing beside a silver representation of the seven-mouthed Nile. Around the cover sported Hermes, or Mercury, the light-footed thief; near him was the slain Argus with his hundred eyes; and from his blood, when slain by Hermes at the command of Zeus, a glittering bird sprang up, which spread wide his brilliant tail, making the feathers into an edge for the golden basket.

"As soon as the maidens entered the meadow, each began to gather her favorite flower. One broke the fragrant narcissus; another, sweet hyacinths, rose-tinted, crimson, and white; another, the modest violet; another, creeping thyme, which the bee loves; and another still the incense-laden crocus; while the princess filled her basket with bright-red roses.

"She had heaped it high with the handsome blossoms, when softly behind her came a beautiful bull. His glossy hair was of a chestnut color, and a silvery ring, like a monarch's crown, gleamed on his forehead. His breath was sweeter than that of all the flowers, his lowing was like the sound of a mellow flute, and, far from frightening the maidens, he inspired them with a wish to draw near and stroke his shining sides. By and by, he bent his knee before Europa, and turned his neck gently toward her, as if asking her to ride. She understood him, — for his actions were as significant as words, — and, delighted at the idea of such a novel gallop, she called to her companions, 'Come, playmates, let us jump on the back of this beautiful bull! He can take us all up together; and he is so gentle and intelligent, not at all like other bulls. Indeed, he can almost talk.'

"Then she sprang up with a laugh, and beckoned her companions to follow; but the creature made a joyful bound into the air, and, without waiting a moment, set off for the strand, and dashed into the foaming sea. Then, behold, Poseidon welcomed him like a king; and, lifting his sceptre, glided before him, levelling the great waves into sunny dimples, and the fifty nereids — young and lovely maidens — gathered themselves into a gay procession, holding garlands of flowers and sailing on the backs of dolphins; and the tritons, who dwell in the deep ocean, played on long conches a festal melody.

"But Europa, holding with one hand the bull's ivory horn and with the other drawing up her purple

robe that it might not be wetted with the sea-spray, sorrowfully watched the shore as it faded from sight. And when nothing could be seen but the sky above and the ocean below, she exclaimed, 'Ah me, what shall I do! Far away from my father's house and my happy playmates, I am all alone in the world but for this light-footed bull! Who are you, O bull! and whither are you bearing me? That you are divine I know, for bulls dread the billows; but you glide along the tips of the glittering waves without wetting even your hoofs. Are you indeed a god? O Poseidon, guide me on my voyage and bring it to a happy close at last!'

"Then the bull answered, gently, 'Do not fear, loveliest of maidens; for in truth I am not what I appear. I appear, indeed, a bull; but I am really Zeus, the king both of gods and men. We will go to Candia, my princess; and there I will marry you, and you shall be my darling wife.'

"In a few minutes, Candia appeared; and in as many more, the bull leaped upon the shore and knelt for the maiden to dismount. Then taking his proper form, he became so radiant in beauty and goodness, that Europa forgot her father and mother, and her young brothers as well, and gave him her hand in marriage."

"I was right!" exclaimed Claude. "I thought it would be about Europa, for I read part of her story in Tanglewood Tales. But Mr. Hawthorne does not tell us what became of Europa; he only tells how she was carried off, and then describes the long, sorrowful search of queen Telephassa and her sons."

"I like those Tanglewood stories," said Gerald.

"So do I," said uncle. "I have read them all, and only wish I were as skilful in story-telling as their gifted author was."

"You suit us," answered Claude and Gerald and I, all in a breath. "Dear uncle, you suit us perfectly; no one could do better."

"Thank you, thank you," said uncle. "In return for that compliment I will give you just as good an account as I can of

"THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

"As the Christian religion spread upon the earth, pilgrims began to visit Palestine in order to see the places made sacred by our Saviour's presence, and to pray on Mount Calvary. Year by year, the number of these pilgrims increased, until they flocked thither in vast crowds. Many of them, worn out by the length and hardships of the way, were ill at Jerusalem; and at length, leave was obtained of the caliph who then governed the city to establish there two hospitals, one for men and one for women. That for the men was dedicated to St. John, and soon became celebrated. Many pilgrims, who received assistance there, remained to aid in its services, while those who returned to Europe spread abroad the knowledge of its usefulness, thus exciting the admiration and sympathy of the people, until there was hardly a province in which it did not own houses and lands."

"Did the attendants of the hospital take religious vows?"

"Not at first; but one of the directors wished to make the institution permanent, and proposed to them to become a religious body, and spend the rest of their lives in taking care of the poor and sick in Jerusalem."

"Did they do so?"

"Yes; they promised not to marry, to own no property separate from that of the society, and to be obedient to their superiors. They chose for their dress a plain black robe, with an eight-pointed cross on the left breast. They were then called Hospitallers."

"But I thought they were knights," said Gerald.

"They became knights very soon; and this was the way it happened. The Latins, or western Christians, had conquered Jerusalem, and also a city here and there throughout Syria; but their authority extended only a short distance beyond the walls of these cities, and the infidels were continually fighting them, now in this place and now in that. So, when Raymond du Puy — who was a warrior all over, and could not endure the thought of throwing away all his military training, and shutting himself up with some hundreds of sick people — became Superior, he proposed to his Hospitallers to add another vow to those they had taken, and promise to bear arms in defence of their religion. They were as tired of quiet as he was himself, and they were delighted at the prospect of again girding on their swords and joining in the rush and roar of battle. They all took the proposed vow, and soon became a terror to the Mohammedans,

and the bulwark of the Christian kingdom in the East. They were then called not only Hospitallers, but Knights of the Hospital, White Cross Knights, and Knights of St. John ; and their Superior was called Grand Master."

"I have read a story about some Red Cross Knights. Please, who were they?" asked Claude.

"They were Knights-Templars, or Knights of the Temple. After the organization of the Knights of St. John, nine French gentlemen joined together to form an escort for the bodies of pilgrims who annually visited Jerusalem, and who were liable to be cut off by the Mohammedans. The King of Jerusalem allowed them to live in a part of his palace next to the Temple of Solomon, and from that circumstance they derived their name. They wore a white robe and a red cross.

"An order older than either of these was called the order of St. Lazarus. It was designed to help the lepers, who suffered dreadfully, in the East. The dress is not known, but they wore a green cross.

"Later than these three orders, came the Teutonic order, composed entirely of Germans. They wore a white mantle, with a black cross embroidered with gold."

"But the Knights of St. John wore armor, too ; did they not, uncle ?"

"Yes ; and I will explain it at length, if you will not get tired of listening."

"I shall not," answered Gerald, "because I have been puzzled about the weapons of those old fellows."

"There are two kinds of armor," said uncle, "offensive and defensive. At the time of the first crusade, about the end of the eleventh century, defensive armor consisted of a leathern tunic, with rows of iron rings fastened to it. This was called a hauberk. Pretty soon, instead of these rings, small iron plates were fixed to the tunic, lapping over each other like the scales of a fish. The legs were defended by what were called chausses, which meant breeches. The crown and back of the head were protected by a hood of mail, which came round over the mouth and chin, and was usually fastened to the hauberk. The hands were protected by a continuation of the sleeves of the hauberk, and the feet were covered by a continuation of the chausses or breeches.

"By and by, the rings of mail, instead of being fastened to the leather dress, were enlinked with each other. It was then so light and flexible that it could be rolled up like a cloak, and, when not wanted by the knight, it could be borne by his esquire behind him on his saddle.

"Offensive weapons continued to improve; and, therefore, an improvement was required in defensive armor. So, plates of solid steel took the place of rings, and covered the warrior all over. For the breast, there was the pectoral; for the throat, the gorget; for the shoulders, ailettes; for the arms, the brassarts; for the thighs, the cuisses; and for the hands the gauntlets."

"I do not see how a man could move under that weight," said Gerald.

"The knights were trained to it from boyhood," replied uncle, "but it was always a task to wear it; and in battle, many knights, having fallen, were unable to rise, and were smothered in their armor.

"But I have not mentioned all the parts of the armor; for there were pieces of metal for the face, a helmet for the head, and also a shield, which was borne upon the left arm."

"Where was the cross put?" asked Claude.

"The knight wore over his armor a surcoat or tunic without sleeves. This was often of cloth of gold and silver, or of silk and velvet, trimmed with fur, and upon this his armorial bearings were embroidered; but the Knights of St. John wore only a plain black surcoat, with the white cross sewn to it. Their shields and banners bore, also, the same emblem."

"What did the knights fight with?" asked Gerald.

"The lance, battle-axe, dagger, and sword. The handle of the sword answered the purpose of a crucifix, and the dying warrior breathed a prayer before it, and pressed it to his lips. On the head of the handle, also, was engraved the seal of the owner; and, as very few warriors could write, this seal served for his signature."

"Did the horses wear armor, too?" asked Claude. "They do in pictures."

"Yes; their heads, chests, and sides were completely covered."

"What powerful animals they must have been!" exclaimed Gerald. "Do you think we have any as strong now, uncle?"

"Very few; and they would require a vast deal of training before they could carry the enormous burden."

"Did the knights do a good deal of service in the Holy Land?"

"Yes; a very great deal. They were ready to spring into the saddle at a minute's notice; they performed the most laborious and difficult services; nor do I think a single instance of cowardice occurred among them during the whole time they remained there.

"In addition to the true stories which are told respecting their valor and success, there are a great many legends concerning them, one of which is that of

"THE WONDERFUL JOURNEY.

"This legend is still held in the highest veneration in Picardy, in France, where the pretended tomb of the lady is pointed out in the church which she is said to have founded.

"When Baldwin III., King of Jerusalem, was driven back to his capital by an overwhelming army of Turks from Edessa, which he had attempted to seize, he was accompanied by all the Christians of Edessa; and it required the utmost skill and courage to keep them from being cut in pieces by the pursuing host. Among those who accomplished the most in this way, were three Knights of St. John. They were brothers, and belonged to a noble family in Picardy. They were as gentle as they were brave, and although they were strong to endure pain and grief themselves, they were sorry to see another with as much as an aching

finger. So, all through that dreadful march, panting beneath their heavy armor, which the Syrian sun heated almost to scorching, they fought and watched by turns. Now they drove back the lightly clad Mohammedans, who swept down on their swift horses, with uplifted scimetars, ready to strike the stragglers or carry them off for slaves; now they dismounted to let some weary maidens ride on their chargers; now they bore in their mailed arms darling infants, encouraging the mothers the while to hold out yet a little longer; and now, their swords girded to their sides, their battle-axes slung at their saddle-bows, and their lances in hand, with the white cross streaming out on their slender pennants, they dashed to the head of the column, where their brethren in close ranks, like one solid body of glittering steel, were drawn up to receive the charge of the great army."

"What was a pennant, uncle?" asked Claude.

"It was a little banner fastened just beneath the lance-head. The pennant was usually embroidered with the badge or armorial device of the owner, and was often fringed with gold and silver, but the Knights of St. John were not allowed to decorate theirs, and could only bear on it the cross of the order."

"I wish you would not interrupt," said Gerald.

"I wont again," answered Claude, "but I wanted to think just how the knights looked, and I did not know what kind of a thing a pennant was.

"You were quite right, Claude," said uncle, "and I have been particular to describe the equipments of the

knights, because their appearance was so entirely unlike anything we see at the present day.

"At one time, some ladies with their children had been unable to keep up with the army. They were so tired and hungry that they could scarcely put one foot before the other. The brothers, seeing their danger, spurred behind them, thus placing themselves next the foe, while they called to them to make one more effort for life. The hostile squadron fell back at first, and the knights hoped to keep them off for a time; but, as soon as they saw that there were only three warriors between them and their prey, they came thundering along, brandishing their spears and looking frightful indeed. Just before they reached the knights, they pulled the right rein, and with a single movement swept round the unfortunate Christians, and drove them before them with wild cries and shouts of triumph. The brothers killed several of the enemy, to be sure, but that amounted to nothing with such a multitude, and they were soon deprived of their arms, so that they could do no further service for their companions.

"When the brothers were brought before the sultan, he could but admire their noble forms, their fine faces, full of generous courage, and their noble bearing, which not even their miserable slave-dress could conceal; and he wished very much to convert them to Mohammedanism, thinking that if he could accomplish this they would become the most splendid as well as the firmest supporters of his throne. So he offered them money, and high rank, and military power, and

everything else that he thought they would like; but they answered gently, though very firmly, that nothing could be as dear to them as their faith, and that, whether they lived or died, they must live and die Christians. Still, the sultan was unsatisfied. He imagined that the Mohammedan belief would appear more attractive to the brothers if presented by a lady, and he sent his daughter Ismeria, the most beautiful girl in the East, to discuss with them the merits of her religion. The knights felt deeply the charm of her presence. They loved to look into her soft eyes, to watch the color come and go in her brown cheeks, and to mark the contrast between her modest air and the splendor of her attire, which sparkled with gold embroidery, and flashed with many jewels. But, instead of yielding to her arguments, they told so sweetly the dear story of Jesus, that she believed in him, and desired most earnestly to behold an image of his mother, the Virgin Mary. The brothers had nothing of the kind, but they prayed for assistance, and while they were still kneeling, the desired image appeared in the dungeon, and Ismeria carried it to her chamber and prostrated herself before it.

"While she was lying thus, she had a vision of the Virgin, who smiled upon her, and said, 'Daughter, daughter, your name is no longer Ismeria, but Mary; for now you are my dear child, and I will always love and protect you. At the same time, you must, also, labor for me. Much toil lies before you; but first go at daybreak and release the Knights of St. John.'

"'I will obey,' murmured Ismeria, whom we must

now call Mary; 'I will obey; but oh! dear mother, support me, that I sink not before my father's jailers, who are more cruel than death itself.'

"The Virgin smiled again and vanished; and Mary sat down by her window to watch for the coming of the dawn. As soon as she could see her path in the gray twilight, she arose, and, taking with her the image, went out of the palace. She passed the fountains, which fell with a soft plash, and the orange-trees fragrant with blossoms, and entered the street. All was still. The sentinels paced the walls with velvet tread, and, although their eyes were wide open, they saw nothing. The lean and hungry dogs, which usually prowled about seeking a morsel of food, were fast asleep. The keepers of the prison looked straight forward with a cold, stony gaze, and remained as motionless as statues. The doors opened, one after another, at Mary's touch; and when she reached the cell of the knights, their chains dropped noiselessly to the floor, and they stood free and ready to follow her. So she led the way to the western gate, which opened as the prison doors had done, and the four sped on without looking behind them.

"When the sun set, the fugitives lay down in a grove of palm-trees and fell into a sound sleep, from which they did not awaken until broad daylight; when, lo! they found themselves in Picardy, whither they had been miraculously borne. Delighted with this unexpected deliverance from so many dangers and hardships, they walked toward the knights' castle, when the image fell from Mary's hands into the soft

grass which sparkled with the morning dew. In a few minutes, they reached the castle; and the eldest of the brothers blew a rousing summons on the horn, for he was ravenously hungry, and desired to set the cook about the breakfast at once."

"'Do my ears deceive me?' exclaimed the warden, 'or is that, indeed, the call of my young master?' and he hurried to the watch-tower to learn who the new-comer might be.

"Looking over the battlements, he saw the three knights and the beautiful maiden, and rushed down just as he received a still louder and more impatient summons.

"Great was the rejoicing when the good news spread through the castle, and old and young crowded about the brothers and did homage to their lovely companion. The old countess received Mary gladly, and the maiden lived with her as a dear daughter. She built a church on the spot where she dropped the miraculous image, and dedicated it to our Lady of Liesse. At Mary's death, she was buried within its walls."

"That is a pretty story," said Claude, "only I thought one of the knights would marry Mary."

"They could not," replied Gerald. "They were Knights of St. John."

"I forgot that; but, uncle, you said the story is not true."

"No, my dear, it is not true; and I told it you partly to show you how highly the people once thought of the piety and courage of the knights, and partly as

a specimen of the absurd stories which the Papists believe about their saints.

"After the Christians were driven out of Palestine by the Mohammedans, the Knights of St. John conquered the island of Rhodes."

"Whom did they conquer, uncle?"

"The Saracens, who had held it for a long time, and who had so entirely broken the spirit of the earlier inhabitants that they had no heart to attempt the recovery of their freedom. Its ports were nothing but a nest of pirates, who scoured the Mediterranean in their swift vessels, seizing peaceful merchant-ships by hundreds, and carrying their crews into slavery."

"I should think it must have been a good thing for the Christians, the capture of Rhodes by the knights," said Gerald.

"It was a very good thing," replied uncle. "As soon as the knights had thoroughly fortified the island, they invited the merchants of Europe to settle there. Then they built a fleet, and showed themselves as skilful on the water as on the land. They sailed the sea in every direction, forming an escort for merchantmen laden with the rich products of the East and West, and capturing the infidel corsairs wherever they showed their flag.

"They were" —

But Thornie did not finish his sentence, for Ben wanted some directions about the celery bed, and uncle said we must wait until to-morrow for our next story.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SURPRISERS SURPRISED — THE DOGS OF ST. JOHN — DEFENCE OF RHODES — THE FATE OF THE FOUR TRAITORS — CONQUEST OF RHODES BY THE TURKS — THE KNIGHTS SETTLE IN MALTA AND GOZO — THE FRENCH IN MALTA — THE ENGLISH IN MALTA — PRESENT CONDITION OF THE ORDER.

"NOW," said Thornie, when we were assembled for to-day's lesson, "now, I am going to finish the sentence that Ben interrupted yesterday. I meant to say that the Knights of Rhodes appear to have been very different men from the Hospitallers of Palestine."

"They were so. In Palestine, they were half monk, half soldier; sometimes humbly serving a poor dying pilgrim, sometimes covered from head to foot with burnished steel, and hewing down whole battalions of infidels. In Rhodes, their hospital, being no longer frequented by pilgrims, made little demand upon their time and means; and they became a nation of daring mariners."

"Did they take many Saracen ships?"

"They did take a great many. Having no dear families to care for, eating at a common table, and making resistance to the eastern and southern hordes, which passed under the name of Saracens, — alike their

business and their religion, — they had no hindrances to their activity. Beside all this, they were trained to arms from childhood, and they thought cowardice the very worst of crimes. So they often made courage, swiftness, and ingenuity take the place of numbers, as in the case of

"THE SURPRISERS SURPRISED.

"How was that, uncle? How was that?" we cried, eagerly.

"Cos, the birthplace of Apelles, — as you will remember, — was one of the little islands which the knights conquered soon after they conquered Rhodes. They could afford only a few men to hold it; and once, when it was especially weak, the Sultan of Turkey and the Sultan of Egypt, who happened to be friendly at the moment, put their heads together to contrive its capture.

"'Three ships would be quite enough, if it were held by any other power,' said Bajazet, the Sultan of Turkey.

"'Call the knights two for any other nation,' replied the Sultan of Egypt, 'and add one ship over in case of accident. That will make seven vessels. Yes, I think that seven vessels will be enough.'

"So the seven vessels, well-armed and fully equipped, sailed gayly out of the harbor. When they neared the island, the poor people were terribly frightened, expecting to be made slaves in a few hours; but the commandant encouraged them with hopeful words, and promised that, if they were taken, it should be

over the dead body of the very last knight in the island. Then he ascended the watch-tower, and looked out over the sea.

"Pretty soon, two of the Turkish vessels advanced before the rest to reconnoitre; and the commandant instantly sent orders to the captains of the only two galleys in the harbor, to run out quietly and cut them off from their fleet. The captains obeyed; and the Turks, frightened at perceiving the enemy in their rear, ran their ships ashore, disembarked, and fled to the woods. Then the commandant, without loss of time, put crews from the garrison of the fort into these empty ships, and ordered them to attack the remainder of the fleet. The Turks, seeing only their own vessels returning, advanced carelessly to meet them, and received a well-directed broadside from their guns. This threw them into confusion; and, before they could get fairly ready for fighting, the knights' galleys bore down upon them with their white crosses streaming out upon the wind, and every man at his post. In a few minutes, the action was decided. The seven ships were taken triumphantly into port, and the crews were sold into slavery."

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" shouted Gerald. "That was jolly!"

"It was splendid," said Claude; "but I am sorry they sold those poor Turks."

"Why?" asked Gerald. "Why are you sorry, Claude? If they had taken the island, they would have made slaves of the people in it."

"I suppose they would," replied Claude.

"Yes; and if they had let the Saracens go, they would have fought against them again," persisted Gerald.

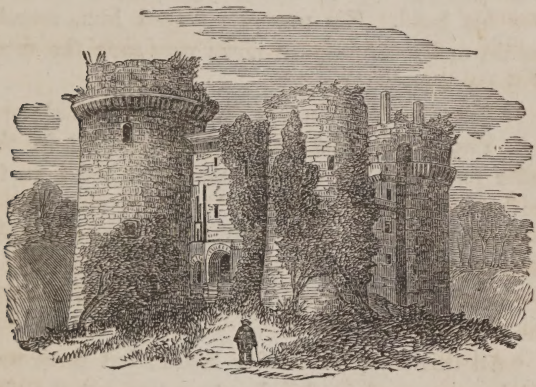
"Yes," replied Claude, sorrowfully. "I do not know but it was right. At any rate, the knights did splendidly. Did the knights live wholly on their islands, uncle?"

"Not entirely; and in answering your question, I will tell you about

"THE DOGS OF ST. JOHN.

"In order to check the advance of the Saracens, and to assist the escape of Christian captives from slavery, the knights captured a Turkish fortress on the shore of Anatolia, about twelve miles from the island of Cos, the same Cos that I have just told you about. This they strengthened, and to make it more secure, they built another fortress on a peninsula running into the sea. These fortresses were garrisoned by the most fearless of the knights; but, surrounded as they were by Turks, and placed at a distance from their comrades, they were required to watch day and night against surprise. To aid them in this labor, they had a race of noble dogs which never strayed far from the walls, and which were trained, with the utmost care, to the duties of a sentinel. Every effort was made to develop their sagacity. Rewards and punishments were freely bestowed, and they at length became almost as necessary as soldiers in the exposed outpost.

"One of the dogs is especially celebrated, and an old historian records with delight the service which he rendered to a Christian. A poor captive, learning that many of his countrymen had reached in safety this coast fortress, where they were kindly treated



THE FORTRESS OF ST. JOHN.

and from whence they were sent home, planned his own escape and fled from his cruel masters. They pursued him hotly, but freedom and home were before him, stripes and chains lay behind him, and, though hungry and weary, he still kept on. The fortress came in sight, — it grew larger and larger, more and more distinct. He could see the lines of solid masonry, rampart beyond rampart, and the white cross, with its dear promise of protection, streaming out against the crimson and gold of sunset. But his pursuers gained upon him. Fifteen, ten minutes, even, would bring

them close behind him, and he could not quicken his steps. A cold perspiration bedewed his skin, his limbs trembled, he could scarcely lift his feet. Suddenly he saw a dry well partially overgrown with the tangled streamers of a climbing-plant. He crept in, clinging to the jutting stones, and drawing the tendrils together over his head. His pursuers passed him, searched awhile, and returning, sat down very near the mouth of the well.

"'We shall have the baptized dog yet,' said one.

"'Yes, and by the beard of the prophet he shall suffer for his chase. Mohammed, how hot I am! I am half dead with thirst, too!'

"'Be patient,' said the first. 'We can do nothing till morning.'

"'I will flog his very flesh from his bones,' replied the second Turk.

"All this the poor captive heard; but there was a bright moon, and he dared not venture out the whole night. The next morning, one of the Turks went away for provisions and water, while the other sat cross-legged among the loose stones, waiting patiently for his return. Toward noon, however, both strolled away; and, in their absence, a dog of St. John pushed aside the vine-boughs and peered into the well. 'Good dog,' said the captive, 'good dog;' and, climbing silently up the stones, he put out his hand and caressed the black nose of the sagacious animal. The dog smelled it, licked it, and then trotted away. The captive resolved to follow him; but, just as he was rising to do so, he heard the Turks calling to

each other. 'Must I stay here and perish?' he thought, bitterly. 'Have I tried so hard and hoped so much, only to starve within sight of help and protection?' He began to fear that his strength would fail, so that he could not get out; and he would have tried again when the voices of his pursuers died away, but again the vine-boughs were pushed aside, and a piece of meat was dropped into the well. He looked up in amazement, and saw the friendly face of the dog, who only paused to peep down, and then walked away. The captive ate the morsel with tears of joy, and began to take fresh courage.

"For two or three days longer the dog performed the same beautiful service, when the attention of his keeper was drawn to his movements, and the poor Christian slave was discovered and borne triumphantly within the castle."

"I'm so glad he escaped at last!" exclaimed Claude. "Dear, good dog! What a splendid fellow he was!"

"Do you know what kind of a dog he was, uncle?" asked Gerald.

"I do not," answered uncle. "The dogs of the fortress are called mastiffs by historians, and it appears probable that they were. Mastiffs are courageous, strongly attached to their masters, very sagacious, and they make excellent watch-dogs."

"Did the Turks ever attack Rhodes again, uncle?" asked Claude.

"Yes, twice. The first time, they were driven away, and the defence of the city was one of the most glorious achievements recorded in history."

"Please tell us about it," said Gerald. "I like so much to hear about the Turks getting whipped."

"After the knights conquered Rhodes, they fortified it strongly; and, when the ramparts were complete, it resembled, in shape, the new moon. In one horn of this crescent were the immense houses of the knights, called inns. Each inn was occupied by the knights of one country. There, too, was the palace of the grand master, itself almost a citadel; and there were, also, the handsome dwellings of the aristocratic Rhodians. The lower town was thickly peopled, but it was regularly built with stone, and was bustling and busy, as great commercial cities are now. Beyond the walls, as far as the eye could reach, were groves of olive, orange and lemon trees, orchards of peaches, pomegranates, almonds and quinces, rich vineyards, green slopes, and gardens filled with flowers and sparkling with fountains. Little churches were scattered here and there among pretty trellises, arbors, and summer-houses. All was blooming and gay; and the inhabitants, under the mild rule of the knights, were prosperous and happy."

A RUINED CHURCH COVERED WITH IVY.

"Uncle, please let me interrupt you a minute," said Gerald. "Was the grand master a real sovereign?"

"He was so; and, although his territory was small, his services in fighting the Turks were so great, that he was held in the different European courts as very nearly the equal of their monarchs."

"Thank you, uncle."

"The Sultan of Turkey was anxious to recover the island of Rhodes; and he, also, desired to sweep from the Mediterranean Sea the fleet of the knights, which was the terror of the Saracen pirates. So he raised a force of seventy thousand men and one hundred and sixty vessels for this expedition. He had, also, in his service, four rascals, who, for the sake of money, professed Mohammedanism, and who did their best to betray the Christians into the hands of their enemies. Their names were Demetrius Sophiano, Antonio Meligala, George Frapant, — who was usually called Master George, — an engineer of great genius and skill, and Paleologus, commander-in-chief of the Turkish forces."

"I hope they were not rewarded!" exclaimed Gerald.

"They did receive a reward, but not just what they desired. Sophiano sold a plan of the fortifications of Rhodes to the sultan; but he died of a shocking disease before the army reached its point of attack."

"Did the Turks take the poor people who were in the open country?" asked Gerald.

"No. At a signal from the knights, the inhabitants took refuge within the town, whither they car-

ried every movable thing, even to the unripe corn with which they fed their horses.

"The Turks landed without much opposition; but, when a large troop advanced to look at the works, a body of knights issued from the walls. Meligala, the second of the four traitors, was advancing with the Ottomans, in full armor, when his horse was killed, and he sank down, encumbered by his heavy mail. He was unable to rise; and the knights charged over his body and trampled him to death."

"There are two scoundrels out of the way," said Gerald, with great satisfaction.

"Yes," replied uncle. "Master George comes next, and he went into the city of Rhodes, really as a spy, but pretending to be a deserter, declaring that his conscience would no longer allow him to serve the Turks."

"Did the knights trust him, uncle?" asked Claude, catching her breath.

"No. Every word, look, and movement of his were watched; and when they became sure that he was a traitor, they ordered him to be hung in the public square."

"Now we have done with all but Paleologus, the commander-in-chief," said Gerald.

"The Turks brought against the walls such enormous guns as had never before been seen; and soon a breach was made at the foot of the tower of St. Nicholas, which was close upon the harbor. In spite of every effort, it grew wider and wider, and Peter d'Aubusson, the then grand master, perceived that nothing

could prevent an attempt to storm it on the part of the Turks. He therefore made such preparations as he was able; and, wherever he could, he placed small batteries to fire across the assaulting column.

"At length, one beautiful June morning, a powerful squadron bore down upon the tower. Instantly the call to arms sounded through the city, the bells rang loudly, and the knights snatched their weapons and formed in close ranks on their shattered wall. As the ships approached, the infidels jumped overboard, and, with loud shouts and war-cries, swarmed up the pier, and dashed at the breach. 'St. John! St. John! God wills it! God wills it!' answered the 'Allah acbar!' of the infidel; and the roar of artillery, the rattle of the smaller ordnance, the hissing of the boiling pitch as it fell in a deadly shower on the Turks, and the Greek fire sending around a horrid glare while doing its work of death, made an appalling scene, even for the oldest warrior. Yet, all day long, the grand master was at his post, always in the thickest of the fray, always where his quick eye and practised judgment and heavy hand were most wanted. When a huge stone struck his helmet and destroyed it, he selected one from the head of a soldier near at hand, and put it on with as much coolness as if all had been quiet around him. Thousands of the Turks were cut down, but thousands followed; and it appeared as if the small band of knights must, at last, give way, worn out by fatigue, when d'Aubusson ordered some fire-ships to be sent against the galleys of the enemy. The attempt was successful.

Several of the galleys caught fire; and the crews of the remainder, eager only to escape, drew off from their position. Relieved from the fire in that direction, the garrison of St. Nicholas made a dash at the breach, overturned the ladders by which the enemy had mounted, and hurled down those who had gained a footing on the top. At the same moment, the small batteries poured their fire into the disordered mass and mowed the Turks down by hundreds. They paused a moment, then turned and fled to their camp.

"Paleologus had witnessed this defeat from a distance with rage and shame. He could not believe that his troops would be again repulsed, and he selected a new point of attack on the south of the city, while he kept up a terrific bombardment upon all sides, hurling over the walls gigantic rocks, and pouring in vast quantities of light balls and other combustibles for the purpose of setting it on fire. By and by, he attacked the Jews' quarter, and the wall was soon weakened; but d'Aubusson sank a new ditch behind it, and constructed a new wall. He himself took his turn at the pick and shovel as well as his knights, and they were joined by men, women, and children, even to the nuns in the convents; so that when a breach was finally made in the outer rampart, Paleologus saw, with dismay, a still stronger one frowning before him.

"Disappointed again, Paleologus resolved to get rid of d'Aubusson, to whose wonderful skill and courage he ascribed much of the success of the defence. So he hired two deserters to enter the city as escaped prisoners, and to assassinate the grand master."

"Oh, did they do it? Did they kill that noble man?" cried Claude.

"Do be quiet," said Gerald, impatiently. "You will find out in a few minutes, any way."

"No; a kind Providence watched over the great leader, and, the design being discovered, the garrison were so enraged, that they rushed upon the two wretches and tore them in pieces."

"I am so glad that they failed," said Claude, drawing a deep breath. "I was afraid those dreadful men would kill the grand master."

"What did Paleologus do next?"

"He returned to the tower of St. Nicholas, which was, as you will remember, his first point of attack. This fort stood on a rock which jutted out into the sea at the entrance of the harbor; and Paleologus, in order to assist his assaulting columns to reach it, built a floating bridge to go from the mainland to the foot of the tower. When this was done, a Turk, one dark night, sank an anchor at the end of the pier and tied a rope to it, meaning to fasten the other end to the bridge, and so draw it over the water. He was very sly about his work; but an English sailor, named Roger Gervase, saw what he was doing, and, as soon as the Turk was gone, he untied the rope which he left to float in the water, and, raising the anchor, carried it dripping wet as he was to the grand master. The latter was delighted with his watchfulness, and gave him two hundred golden crowns.

"Having failed in his daylight attacks, Paleologus resolved upon a night surprise; but d'Aubusson under-

stood the meaning of the rope and anchor, and when the Turks hurled themselves against the ruined fort, they met the same close, fearless body which had before opposed their march. The scene was awful, and no one can describe the shrieks and groans of the assailants burned to death by the seething pitch and the frightful Greek fire, or struck by the artillery which kept up its continued roll, mingled with the shouts and battle-cries and thundered commands of the various leaders. Then the fire-ships were cut from their moorings and drifted in columns of flame into the midst of the enemy's fleet. Several galleys caught fire, while the early daybreak enabled the gunners to point their pieces with greater accuracy, and they soon sank four ships. At this moment, the young and daring chief who led the infidels fell, mortally wounded. His troops lost heart, they ceased to struggle, and the whole force was driven into the sea, where they drowned by hundreds.

"Paleologus was not discouraged. He resolved upon another assault, and, to render his soldiers more eager and persevering, he offered them the entire booty of the city, and promised them full liberty to slay, burn, drown, hang, and carry into slavery all the people as they might choose. The men, assured of victory, prepared countless sacks in which to put the silver and gold which they expected to find, and tied about their waists bundles of cords wherewith to bind their captives; but, although the red flag, with its golden crescent and silver star, waved for a single moment on the shattered wall, and although they inflicted five

wounds on the gallant d'Aubusson, they were driven back with fearful slaughter, and were pursued by the victorious knights not only to, but through, their camp.

"This victory saved Rhodes. The Turks hastily embarked, leaving thousands dead behind them, and bearing away not less than thirty thousand wounded. Paleologus, instead of receiving the reward he had hoped for, was sentenced to death by his master; but the decree was changed and he was sent into exile. The Sultan himself died soon afterward; and, in his disappointment, he directed that his monument should not record any of his conquests, but should bear only this confession, 'My intention was to have captured Rhodes and to have subjugated Italy.'"

"Uncle, did the grand master die?" asked Claude.

"No; he recovered from his wounds, and lived till he was eighty years old. He was very greatly beloved, and the day of his funeral was a sad one for Rhodes. His body was laid in the council hall, dressed in the robes of his office, beneath a canopy of gold cloth. A gold crucifix lay upon his breast; and at his left hand were his armor, lance, and sword, just as he had used them against the Turks, and still covered with their blood. Around him stood seven knights in the deepest mourning. One of them bore his cardinal's hat, another his legate's cross, — for he had been appointed to high offices by the pope, — and the remainder bore each a banner exhibiting his family device and proclaiming his honors. The whole city followed their prince to his tomb, over which the staff of his office and the golden spurs of his knighthood were broken by the appointed officers."

"Did the Turks attack the knights again?" asked Claude.

"Yes; in the year 1522, the Sultan Solyman besieged Rhodes with two hundred thousand men."

"How many knights were there to fight them?" asked Gerald.

"There were six hundred knights and four thousand five hundred men at arms. Some of the citizens and the peasantry of the surrounding country assisted in the labor of the defence, and the mariners of St. John were formed into a naval brigade for service at the batteries."

"And what was the end?" asked Gerald.

"After a six months' siege, after sixty thousand Turks had fallen by the arms of the garrison, and from forty to fifty thousand more had died from disease, the knights surrendered their city, their islands, and the castle in Anatolia where those famous dogs were kept. They were then permitted to leave Rhodes in their own galleys, and such of the citizens as desired to leave with them were allowed to do so."

"Where did they go next, uncle?"

"They settled in Malta and Gozo, those islands being ceded to them by Charles V., Emperor of Germany."

"Did the Turks let them alone after they settled there, uncle?" asked Gerald.

"No; the Sultan Solyman sent Mustapha Pasha with forty thousand men against Malta, but it was defended with as much bravery and skill as Rhodes had previously been, and when thirty thousand Turks

had fallen, the remainder made their way back to Constantinople."

"Uncle, who was grand master then?"

"La Valette. He was less beloved than d'Aubusson, but he appears to have been equally skilful and equally fearless."

"Were there any boys in the order?" asked Gerald.

"Yes; the grand master had sixteen pages, who were received into the order when they were twelve years old. They remained pages three years, during which time they had masters of every description. Two of them were always in attendance. Whenever the grand master returned in the evening to his palace, six pages, each with a torch in his hand, stood on the grand staircase ready to light him to his apartments. They waited upon him, also, when he dined in public. At the feasts of Easter and Christmas, all the confectionery that was left on the tables was handed to them as soon as the guests had departed. The whole number, superbly dressed, made their appearance at the carnival on a splendid car drawn by richly decorated mules, and preceded by two trumpeters and a kettle-drum on horseback."

"Why, uncle, the grand master lived like a king!"

"Very much like a king during the last century of the prosperity of the order."

"What has become of the knights, uncle?"

"In 1778, the French, under Bonaparte, captured Malta, and the knights were hospitably received in Russia by the Emperor Paul; but the order has now scarcely any visible existence."

"I thought that the English owned Malta," said I.

"Yes; they drove out the French in the year 1800, and have held the island ever since."

"The Knights of St. John and the Knights of Malta were the same I suppose," said Claude.

"Yes; the Knights of St. John were called Knights of Malta after their removal to that island."

KNIGHT WITH HIS STANDARD.

CHAPTER IX.

THE THIEVISH MAGPIES AND THE MISCHIEF THAT THEY DID — THE IONIAN ISLANDS — CORFU — THE DOG-RACE — THE PAPER HUNT — THE BULL AND THE FISHES — DEATH OF THE GODS — THE CHILD AND THE PIRATE.

THIS morning, Claude, Gerald, and I put our heads together to answer Charlie Graham's letter. We could not, for a long time, think of anything to write about. As many as a dozen subjects were proposed, but, after talking them over, they appeared so stupid that we decided not to take any of them. At last, when we began to think of giving it up, I remembered something that happened at Gerald's school, and I said, "Tell Charlie about

"EUSTACE FITZROY AND THE MAGPIES."

"That will be just the thing," answered Gerald; and he wrote the following letter: —

"FONTHILL, June 10th.

"DEAR CHARLIE, — Kate, Claude, and I were delighted with your letter, and thank you for writing it. We were very much interested in the owls, and Kate drew a picture of the owl's nest for a book she is writing about our sayings and doings here at Font-

hill. I wish you were here to tell us if the picture is good.

"We have been trying a whole hour to think of something to write you in return for your account of the owls; and, I fancy, we should have tried an hour longer, only Kate happened to remember something that occurred a year ago at my school, which she thinks you will like to know.

THE THIEVISH MAGPIES.

"The school was out at Columban. It was a boys' school, and Mr. McKan was head master. He was a passionate man, and the boys were all afraid of him. One forenoon, he missed a silver paper-cutter from his desk. He thought a great deal of the paper-cutter, because it was given to him by a scholar who went to the East Indies and died there; so, as soon as he missed it, he asked us boys if we knew anything about it. We all said, 'No,' but he was not satisfied, and he called up all the scholars to be searched. We were all willing but one, and his name was Eustace Fitzroy. He was always as clean as clean could be, and neither his hair nor his collar ever got out of order; but his clothes were so old and thin that I do not see how they were kept together. He was at the head of all his classes, and some of the boys who were below him were more envious and jealous than you can think. Jim Turner and Conrad Herman

were both great boobies, but they led the school because their fathers were, each of them, worth half a million. So, when they called Eustace 'Prince Patch,' and 'King Darn,' and 'Duke Starvation of Blind Alley Castle,' there were enough boys to say the same. They used to write him impudent notes, and call after him in the streets, and they would not let him play with us, or, if they did, they would not play fair.

"When Eustace's turn came, he said he had seen nothing of the cutter, but he refused to let the master search him.

"'Then I shall flog you,' said Mr. McKan.

"Eustace turned as red as a coal, and then as white as a sheet of paper. 'I have never been flogged in my life, sir,' he answered; 'but you can flog me if you choose.'

"Mr. McKan's face was fairly black with rage. 'I do choose,' he said; and he made Eustace take off his coat, and he flogged him till his old shirt gave way in half a dozen places, and his back was all in purple ridges. Then he feruled him till both his hands were blistered; but Eustace did not flinch, and he would not be searched.

"Next, the master sent for a policeman. I think Eustace did not expect that. When the policeman came, Eustace's eyes flashed fire. 'I will empty my pockets myself,' he said, 'but nobody else shall touch them.' Then he pulled out two little hard crusts of bread, and a little faded calico handkerchief, as clean as could be, but with two or three holes in it, and held

them up for all the boys to see. 'Here,' he said, 'is my dinner. I dine on just such food every day. Here is my only handkerchief, and here are a bit of lead pencil, and a broken jack-knife which I treasure as carefully as you boys would treasure solid gold. I was ashamed of my crust and my old handkerchief and my broken jack-knife; but here they are. Mr. McKan, will you look at them carefully?'

"The policeman was turning away, but the master was not satisfied. 'Perhaps he has it somewhere about his clothes,' said he. 'It would be a temptation to a boy as poor as he is.'

"'I am ready to undress,' answered Eustace. 'I have had all the pain I can have. Shall I undress here?'

"But Mr. McKan and the policeman took him into the dressing-room, and presently came out again with him. Then Eustace told the policeman to stop a minute, and he gathered up his books and papers, and, without asking leave, he went out with him.

"Eustace was not at school in the afternoon, nor the next day, nor the next; and then we heard that the excitement and suffering had given him a fever. Some of the boys were sorry, then, that they had treated him so badly. I am sure I was; for, although I never laughed at him, or called him names, I did not take his part, as I ought to have done.

"When Eustace was well enough, he came back to school. He was obliged to bow to the master, but his bow was very cold and very proud; and as for the rest of us, he did not mind us any more than if we had

been stones. If he had been Jim Turner or Conrad Herman, he would have had his old place at the head of his classes; but the master seemed really to spite him, and he put him at the foot of every one. However, he made up all his lost time and soon worked to the head again; so that did not matter much.

"About two months after Eustace came back to school, the master had a little package brought him. I never saw anybody look as he did when he opened it. I do not wonder that he felt badly, for in it was the very cutter which had been taken from his desk. It turned out that the people who lived in a house near the school had two magpies. These magpies were great thieves, and they made a nest in the top of an elm-tree, where they carried the articles which they stole. The tree had just been cut down; and oh, what a quantity of things there were in it! Besides skeins of bright-colored silk and bits of gilt paper and the like, there were five thimbles, three pairs of scissors, two rings, a gold chain, and Mr. McKan's silver cutter. As soon as the recitations were over, the master called the pupils together and apologized to Eustace for the punishment he had given him. Eustace did not shed a tear when he was flogged and feruled, but he cried then, and it was as much as he could do to let the master shake hands with him.

"As soon as the school was dismissed, we all gathered round Eustace, and some of us asked his pardon for the way we had treated him, and some

congratulated him; and all together we were in a perfect whirl of excitement.

"The next morning the master gave Eustace a beautiful writing-desk; and then, somehow, it was all the fashion to make him presents. Jim Turner gave him a paint-box, and Conrad Herman gave him some drawing-tools, and Hart Young, whose father keeps stationery, gave him half a ream of paper, and Mat Loupe gave him a box of envelopes; and he had knives and pencils and books in quantities.

"But there was something better than all that. When the master went to the house where the magpies lived, to thank the people for returning his cutter, he found two old ladies who had never been married, and so they had neither husbands nor children. They were nice old ladies of that kind that go about doing good; and when they heard about Eustace being so smart and industrious and neat and learned, and that his mother was a poor washer-woman, they took the master into their carriage and drove right to Mrs. Fitzroy's. They liked her very much, and they liked Eustace, and they took Mrs. Fitzroy for a servant, and adopted Eustace for their own son. And now, Eustace dresses as well as any boy in school, and he has a beautiful flute, and he takes drawing-lessons and music-lessons, and he will go to college next autumn, and I do not believe that there will be a smarter or better boy at 'Brown' than he.

"Uncle and Aunt Heywood send you their kindest regards, and wish your mother and you to visit them

with your father, the first time he comes to Fonthill.

"Very truly your friends,

GERALD LYNWOOD.
CLAUDE LYNWOOD.
KATE CLIFTON.

"MR. CHARLIE GRAHAM."

I copied this letter into my book, and then came dinner, and after dinner a lesson on

THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

"There are," said uncle, "seven Ionian Islands large enough to be of importance. Their present names are Corfu, Cephalonia, Zante (pronounced Zăn'te), Santa Maura, Ithaca, Cerigo, and Paxo. Some of them bore far prettier names in old time; Corfu being Corcyra — Zante, Zacynthus — Santa Maura, Leucadia — Cerigo, Cythera — and Paxo, Paxos. Get the map, Kate, and you will see how they lie off the shore of Albania and Greece."

"To whom do the islands belong?" I asked.

"Anciently they formed a part of Greece. In the twelfth century, they were conquered by the kings of Sicily. In the fourteenth century, they fell into the hands of the Venetians. Next, they were held by the French. The Russians and Turks drove out the French, and made of them a republic, under the control of Turkey. They are now the United States of the Ionian Islands, under the control of England; but they will, doubtless, soon be joined to the kingdom of Greece."

"Uncle, do they have a president, as we have?"

"They have an officer answering to our president, — the Lord High Commissioner, — who is appointed by the British crown; and they have, also, a parliament answering to our congress, with a senate and house of representatives. Each island has a state government for its local affairs, like our own states; and, instead of a governor, each has a representative of the Lord High Commissioner, who is called the Resident."

"Do the islands have one national capital, like Washington?"

"Yes, Corfu, in the island of Corfu."

"Is Corfu a pleasant island?" asked Claude.

"The most beautiful, I think, of the seven. There are such fine woods to stroll in, such pretty knolls from which one can catch peeps of the brightest and bluest of sunny seas, such picture-like cliffs jutting out into lovely bays, such vast olive groves and majestic cypresses, such thickets of thorn and myrtle, such gardens of bloom and fragrance, that my stay there was one scene of pleasure. Scattered all over the island, in the very prettiest spots, are little churches, often surrounded by groups of the evergreen ilex, which looks cool in summer and cheerful in winter. A silver lamp is always kept burning before the altar in these cottage-like chapels, no matter how far they may be from any human habitation."

"Where did you land, please?"

"I landed at Corfu. First I passed through a market-place where everything appeared to be sold and everybody appeared to be buying. Narrow

streets followed, full of dark recesses called shops, Greek houses all splendor inside and all dirt at the entrance, tumble-down buildings, and dirty, uncouth churches. Then I reached the better part of the town, and found the streets wider and the houses further apart. Finally, I arrived at the terrace on which stands the palace of the Lord High Commissioner."

"Were the better streets very gay? Somehow, I always fancy the streets of southern towns very gay," said I.

"They were sufficiently lively to be amusing, at least to a stranger like myself. The Corfiote Jews act as porters. One sometimes meets a whole procession, in blue dresses, carrying household goods, bureaus, bedsteads, crockery, pots and kettles, any and everything that we pack into furniture-wagons. The Istrians, Albanians, and Dalmatians idle about clad in sheepskin cloaks. The woolly side of these cloaks is usually turned out, and they are so full of fleas that one must keep clear of them. The priests add another costume to the streets. It is a loose robe, of almost any colored material, with wide sleeves. The beard and hair are worn long, and one often sees their flowing curls hanging down behind. They cover their heads with upright hats without rims. The hat of the archbishop has a veil fastened to it. The archbishop wears the ordinary robe with a violet lining, and a large gold cross hanging against his breast."

"Was there any fun going on, uncle, when you were there?" asked Gerald.

"I hardly know what you would call fun," answered uncle. "There was a hurdle-race by dogs in a small, open space, close to the main street, which drew together a crowd of men and boys. A dog owner took his dog to one end of the square, and several men stationed themselves at short distances from each other all the way to the opposite end, and held up sticks and cloths in a straight line. When these were properly arranged, the dog was let loose, and was encouraged to leap over these sticks at a rapid pace, and reach the opposite end without omitting one of them."

"I think that could not have been very entertaining," said Gerald.

"A more English amusement was the paper-hunt, which was engaged in by the English officers of the garrison and their friends, both ladies and gentlemen. A leader was selected, who galloped across the country, dropping at intervals pieces of paper prepared for the occasion. The train followed, each person riding madly forward and striving to take the same ground and the same leaps taken by the leader."

"That is better," said Gerald. "I fancy I should like that."

"If you could ride well enough," answered Claude. "I should be afraid of accidents in such a pell-mell chase."

"Uncle, did you go into the country?" I asked.

"Yes; and found most of the villages very rude, and only a few women visible. These either busied themselves in winding flax, or in plaiting round, flat

baskets with a hole in one side. These baskets were made of rushes, and were used for expressing the oil of the olive.

"I hoped to pick up some old legends and to look on at some old ceremonies; but legends and old ceremonies are fast passing away. I heard of no ceremony at all interesting, except the divining of midsummer eve. At that time, the young girls used each to choose her favorite flower and put it into a wide-mouthed bottle. Then, selecting a well, conveniently situated, they walked around it in procession, singing an appropriate song. The song finished, they silently asked the aid of Flora, goddess of flowers, and, with thoughts of their favorite peasant lads, they lowered their bottles into the water. The next morning the girls met to learn the result of the experiment, and with much laughter but many fears they peeped into the well. If a flower floated with its face downward, the owner was unbeloved; but if it lay looking up to the bright sky, hope rose in the heart, for her favorite did then or would at last admire her.

"I do not wonder that the fanciful customs of old are dying out, for the lower class of Corfiote women appear to be hardly treated. If one sees a group of men and women, with a loaded donkey, although apparently of the same family, each woman will have a heavy load of wood on her head, while one man will ride the donkey, another man will lead the animal, and another will, perhaps, stroll lazily along with only his hoe on his shoulder."

"Are there beautiful flowers in Corfu?" asked Claude.

"Yes," answered uncle; "they are so abundant, so rich in color, so large and so sweet, that it is a luxury to look at them. Even in winter they are to be found; and in the spring the earth fairly clothes itself in many places with the bright carmine blossoms of the saponaria, the lilac anemone, the pink cyclamen, the hyacinth and coronella. White and purple irises group charmingly with the golden crocus; the butterfly flits above the violet, and the blue and white speedwell; and the exquisite white laurustinus is in full flower. Then come the Virginia stock, the daisy, the white asphodel, whole fields of lupins nodding to each other with their purple heads, and the scarlet-winged pea, with one clear yellow spot on its bright-red petals. Masses of roses, of various tints, delight the eye, with honeysuckles, larkspurs, and whole hedges of oleanders."

"Oh, what lovely nosegays I could gather there! How I wish I could go to Corfu!" exclaimed Claude.

"Then, the pretty grasshoppers," said uncle. "They have brown upper wings, and under them others of bright blue. You can't think how airy they look when flying. One finds, also, both the brown and green mantis. The latter is called the walking-leaf, its wings so exactly resemble slender, delicate green leaves. The mantis has two long feelers, which it waves about in an odd manner; and it is a pretty superstition that if a child, after losing its way, finds one of these insects, the little thing will point out the right road. A still more beautiful insect is a beetle, all green and gold, which loves to nestle in the snow-

white blossoms of the cistus. It looks like a magnificent jewel in a setting of purest ivory. In the early spring evenings, myriads of fire-flies light up the gardens and groves with their flying sparks, and even enter the house and alight upon the inmates and the furniture of the room. Later in the season, the cicadas fill the warm air with their shrill song."

"Did you go to any festival in Corfu, uncle?"

"I was present at the festival of the Ascension, and was much amused by the scene. One man drove a brisk trade in wine, at a few pence the bottle; others carried about trays of sweetmeats and biscuits; while others still cooked lambs whole, and then permitted each customer to slice for himself. The scrambling, chattering, laughing, and shrieking round these roasts was really wonderful; but there was no quarrelling, and if any failed to get his favorite morsel, he turned off the disappointment with a joke. Dancing went on with the singing, eating, and smoking; and, although it was not very graceful, and the fiddling was decidedly bad, it gave a great deal of pleasure."

"Were the peasants in their national costume?" asked Claude.

"Some of them were. A handsome peasant girl wore a scarlet petticoat, and a bodice of black velvet, with a row of small silver bells down one side of the front. This she left partly open, to show a plate of embossed silver beneath. On her neck she wore three gold chains, and her fingers were almost covered with rings, adorned with stones of great value, but not very neatly set."

"Can you tell us a story, uncle?" asked Gerald.

"Yes; a short one, and it shall be about

"THE BULL AND THE FISHES.

"An ancient historian says that, once upon a time, — observe, now, I do not vouch for the truth of the story, — some bulls were grazing on the sweet, thick grass which covers the summit of one of the Corfiote cliffs. They were very quiet and well-behaved, and gave no trouble, except that one of the animals, just as the sun was sinking, ran to the edge of the precipice and bellowed long and loudly. At first, the cow-herd thought nothing of this; but when the same thing had occurred several times his curiosity was excited. He accordingly followed the bull, and peeped over into the sea; when what was his surprise to see a vast number of tunnies, larger and fatter than tunnies ever were before. He immediately spread the good news; and the fishermen in that neighborhood quickly launched their vessels, and tried their best to catch the fish. But the fish refused to be caught; and, thinking that there must be some mysterious reason for their failure, the Corfiotes sent a messenger to Delphos to consult the oracle of Apollo. The oracle replied, that if they desired to secure the subjects of Poseidon, they must sacrifice the bellowing bull to that god. The fishermen obeyed the injunction, and succeeded in their fishery beyond their highest expectations. In gratitude for this assistance, they sent to Delphos a brazen bull with a gift of tunnies, and a brazen cow with additional fish to Jupiter, at Olym-

pus, in Elis. Both statues were much admired; but, at length, a child playing about the cow struck himself so violently that he died from the blow. The cow was then cited before the Elian magistrates, and was, for this offence, sentenced to banishment.

"What, try a brass cow!" exclaimed Gerald. "Dear me, what geese those old fellows were!"

"They thought and did a great deal that is entertaining to read and hear about, notwithstanding," said Claude; "but I acknowledge the trial of the cow was a piece of amazing stupidity."

"Ten miles south of Corfu is the little island of Paxo. It has one town which looks prettily at a distance, the houses being whitewashed and surrounded by gardens and olive orchards. Small as the island is, it has its legends. Shall I tell you one?"

"Oh, yes, yes indeed, dear uncle," cried we.

"Listen, then, to perhaps the most striking of them,

"THE DEATH OF THE GODS.

"The legend says that at the time of our Saviour's crucifixion, a ship was sailing past the island of Paxo. The pilot, whose name was Thamus, wondered greatly at the sudden darkness; and while he was striving amidst his terror to keep to the true course, he heard a voice call 'Thamus! Thamus!' which frightened him still more. 'Thamus! Thamus!' it repeated; but whether it came from the great waves which yawned around the vessel, or from the cold wind which made him shiver in every limb, or from the sky

whence the light had vanished, he did not know. His heart beat quickly, his knees knocked together, and he dropped to the deck, unable to move or speak. 'Thamus! Thamus!' again cried the voice, 'when you reach Butrinto, call aloud that the great god Pan is dead.'

"Then the voice died away, but the billows opened their hungry jaws as if they would swallow up the ship, and the breeze swept by sharp and keen as if it had frost on its wings, and the pitchy darkness continued. By and by Thamus struggled to his feet and thought of the words he had heard. 'Pan is dead! And if Pan is dead, then are all the gods dead, and the oracles will be forever silent. I do not believe it,' he said to himself; 'and I will not tell what I do not believe.' But the ship hurried on until it was opposite Butrinto, — a deep bay which runs up into the Albanian coast; the wind suddenly fell, the vessel stopped in its course, and an inward power, which he could neither understand nor resist, forced him to call aloud, 'The great god Pan is dead!' For an instant all was still. Then the air was filled with bitter wailings, with shrieks, and cries, and sobs, and Thamus thought that the whole world was crazed with grief, and that there would be no more light and joy forever. But, although the worship of Zeus and Pan ceased by degrees, and men learned that there was no truth in the oracles of Delphos and Delos, yet a new and better religion arose in place of the old, full of love, and goodness, and purity."

We were silent for a few minutes, trying to take in the full meaning of this legend.

"I suppose Pan stood for all the Greek gods in this legend," said Gerald.

"Yes; for the gods and the oracles, the priests, and temples, and ceremonies, — the whole of the old Greek faith. It died out gradually before the advance of the Christian religion.

"A few other small islands lie to the north of Corfu, and belong to it. One of these is called Fano. It contains a singular cavern, which opens on the western side. This cavern is large and difficult to enter, except from the sea, and in fine weather.

"Can you tell us a story about it, uncle?"

"Yes; if you wish, I will tell you about

"THE CHILD AND THE PIRATE.

"Many years ago, there dwelt in Fano a man named Petagone. He was idle and ignorant, and so ill-tempered that no one was willing to have any dealings with him. He had no children of his own, but he had an adopted child, the little Diamantina, the daughter of a deceased brother. Tina, as she was usually called, had but two things in the world. One was her little chemise tied round her throat with a string, and bound round her waist with a vine branch, and the other was a pet dove, which she loved dearly, and which loved her in return. Her bird was her only comfort, for she was often hungry, sometimes cold, and almost always tired, so that she had a hard, sorrowful life. Then, she was taught nothing good, and she was beaten and scolded for everything that she did amiss.

"I do not know how it happened, but one day the dove was missing. Possibly, Petagone had hidden it to tease Tina, for he would not let her go out to look for it; and his wife, who was as cross as himself, kept her the whole afternoon bringing water from the fountain, although she did not know what to do with it after it was brought. Tina did not dare to tell one of the neighbors why she was so sad, which would have relieved her heart a little, and until she lay down at night she did not even dare to cry, which would have eased it still more. Strange as it may seem, she had no bed but a few leaves, which she threw down beside the goats under the house; and, instead of her bird, which she usually folded close to her bosom, she put her arm round a little kid, and hugged it tightly, and sobbed over it till she dropped asleep. She did not forget her pet even in her slumber. She dreamed the whole sorrowful story of her loss; and gradually she let go the little kid, rose slowly, and went silently out of the yard. Although still asleep, she walked steadily forward, then ran, then climbed into an olive-tree, and stared about with her eyes wide open, but still seeing nothing. At daybreak, she awoke, and found herself on the sea-shore. She was cold, hungry, and tired, and, not knowing how she came there, she supposed that her uncle had carried her there in the night and left her to starve, as he had sometimes threatened to do. She cried bitterly for a while, then she looked about for something to eat. She was so busy that she did not see a man, who came out of a thicket of olive-trees, until he asked, 'Who are you, and where do you come from, my little maid?'"

"The voice was pleasant; and she turned round and stood looking at the speaker with surprise, rather than fear, for she had never seen anybody half as fine before. Instead of the coarse peasant dress to which she was accustomed, he wore the elegant costume of an Albanian chieftain. His jacket of crimson velvet, without sleeves, was covered with gold and silver embroidery, and beneath this fell the folds of a white linen tunic. Full white drawers covered his legs to the knees, from which crimson silk buskins extended to his feet, which were clad in bright slippers. A red sash was wound round his waist, in which were thrust a handsome pistol and a dagger with a silver hilt. A long crimson fez with a heavy blue tassel covered his head.

"'Who are you, my little maid, and where do you come from?" asked the stranger again; whereupon Tina began to cry.

"'Do not cry,' said the stranger, whose name was Tiryno. 'Are you hungry?'

"'Yes,' faintly whispered Tina.

"'Are you cold?'

"'Yes,' answered she, a little louder.

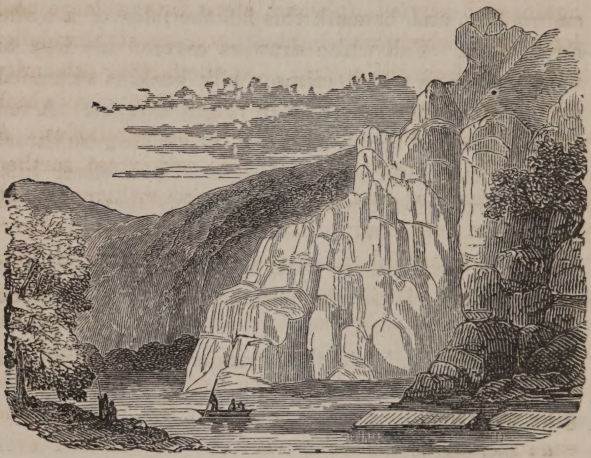
"'Are you lost?' asked Tiryno; and he went quite close to the child and smoothed out her tangled curls.

"Then Tina cried anew. But she managed, little by little, to tell how she had lost her bird, and how she went to sleep with a kid in her arms, and how she woke up on the sea-shore, and how she imagined her uncle had left her to starve, as he had often threatened to do.

"'Then you shall go home with me, and be my little girl, if you like,' said Tiryno. 'I have a little daughter, who is always teasing me to bring home a sister for her; and I will take you.'

"Tina looked up with a smile, and Tiryno smiled back again.

"'Is it a bargain, little maid?' he asked.



THE PIRATE CARRYING TINA TO HIS CAVERN.

"Tina nodded. Then Tiryno blew a sharp, clear blast on his horn; whereupon three or four stout men appeared, each one of whom looked fierce enough to kill little children, and eat them, too. Tina was frightened, and clung closely to her new protector, who smiled upon her again, which made her smile, also. She trembled when the stoutest of the men took her up. But Tiryno followed closely; and soon

they found a boat drawn up on the beach. The man put Tina down, while he helped haul the boat into the water. Then he placed her in it. The rest entered, and began to row.

"Tina had never been on the water before, and she was so terrified that she knew nothing until the boat glided into a great cavern. Then she was lifted again, and carried up some steps into a large and lofty room, which was lighted by a great chandelier suspended from the centre. At the further extremity two kids were roasting before the fire, over which hung a huge pot containing fowls and vegetables. A table was laid with silver dishes and great earthen bottles of wine; and all around were cushions, which served for both chairs and beds, covered with tiger-skins and beautiful silk and velvet cloths. But Tina did not stop here; for Tiryno led her into an inner room, and said, 'Mysia, I have brought you a sister.'

"Tina could scarcely believe her eyes when a little girl, of about her own age, bounded forward and eagerly caught her hand; for she was dressed even more richly than her father. Her little skull-cap was set with pearls, from beneath her embroidered jacket fell a velvet skirt almost covered with figures in gold and silver, and her sash glittered with gold and silver threads.

"'Mysia, haven't you something you can lend the little one until I can get an outfit from Constantinople?' asked Tiryno.

"'Yes, indeed, father,' answered Mysia. 'Why, I

have not worn one of those beautiful things you bought the last time you were there.'

"'Be quick, then,' said Tiryno; 'she is nearly starved.' And he went out and left the children together.

"'It is charming that you are to live here,' said Mysia, as she rang a silver bell. 'What is your name?'

"'Did you ring?' asked an old woman, looking in.

"'Yes. I have got a sister; and you must dress her quickly in one of my suits. 'Father says so,' added Mysia, seeing the woman hesitate. 'Her name is'—

"'Tina.'

"'Yes, Tina. That is pleasant. I like that.' And Mysia went to a heavy carved chest, and took out a suit of clothes, just like that which she wore.

"When Tina was thoroughly washed and carefully dressed, she was allowed to look in the mirror; and she really did not know herself. Her cheeks were crimson with excitement and pleasure, her dark eyes sparkled, and her long, thick curls hung black and glossy from under her jewelled cap.

"'Oh, how pretty! how pretty! how pretty!' exclaimed Mysia, dancing round and round her. 'Oh, my dear sister! my darling sister! how happy we shall be! Come and let my father see you. Besides, breakfast is nearly ready.'

"Tiryno appeared as much pleased with Tina as Mysia was; and when his men were assembled, he introduced her to them as his adopted daughter.

"Tiryno was the chief of a pirate band, and all the

beautiful things that he brought to the cavern were either stolen outright or bought with stolen money; but this Tina did not know. She wondered, indeed, where the men went, and what they did when they were away from home; and why, when there was an altar in the cavern, before which three elegant silver lamps were always kept burning, no priest ever came there, and she and Mysia never went to church. But once or twice, when she spoke of these things, the old servant stopped her so quickly that she dared not mention them again. One of the men taught her to play the guitar, and, as she had a fine voice and a genius for music, she soon delighted her father with her songs. She also learned to embroider, and to make ornamental baskets; and so she and Mysia were industrious and happy.

"As Tina grew up, however, she learned the character of her father and his men; and, unable to endure the thought that she was living on the proceeds of robbery, and perhaps of murder, she resolved to leave the cavern. She knew that if she were discovered, the effort might cost her her life, so she kept her purpose a secret, and, one spring night, made her way through the difficult land-entrance, and escaped in the darkness. The next day, she fortunately fell in with an English party who had come to the island for quail-shooting. She offered herself for a children's maid, and was accepted and taken to Ithaca, from whence she was sent to Corfu, to the family of the Lord High Commissioner.

"Tina's fidelity and gentleness, together with her

charming music, made her a favorite, and she was treated more like a child than a servant. Some years after her escape, Tiryno was seized, carried in irons to Corfu, and sentenced to death. When Tina was told of this, all her early love and gratitude awakened. She had never asked any favors for herself of the family in which she lived, but she begged with tears the pardon of her adopted father. The Lord High Commissioner declared it impossible to grant it, and finally forbade her speaking again on the subject. But Tina was not to be silenced. She remembered an Englishman, whom Tiryno had rescued from another band of pirates at the risk of his life, and resolved to obtain his intercession. She persuaded her master to delay the execution of Tiryno's sentence for a short time, during which she went to Santa Maura, where the Englishman was then living, and urged him to return with her, and at least tell the story of his danger and rescue. This he did, and their united pleas — his and Tina's — were so effectual, that after many delays and a long imprisonment, Tiryno's sentence was changed to banishment to Australia.

"The pirate was then growing old; he had been ill, and defeat and imprisonment had tamed his energy and depressed his spirits. Mysia was dead, and of all the property which he had so wickedly obtained not a dollar was left him. Then Tina insisted upon taking her old place and sharing his exile. She collected her small savings, purchased a comfortable outfit for them both, and went cheerfully into exile. Tiryno shed no tear when his daughter died, although he loved her

better than any earthly thing; but when standing on the vessel's deck, he looked his last on the waters of the Ionian Sea, he drew Tina to his heart and wept bitterly."

"How charming!" I exclaimed. "Thank you, uncle, for the story, a thousand times."

"So do I," said Claude.

"And so do I," said Gerald; "but, uncle, was it — all — true?"

"How can I know?" asked uncle in reply. "I was not there to see."

CHAPTER X.

THE STRANGE HORSEMAN AND HIS SHOWER OF FIRE — THE IONIAN ISLANDS — SANTA MAURA — ITHACA — HOMER — THE ILIAD — BACCHUS AND THE PIRATES — THE ODYSSEY — THE DOG ARGUS — CEPHALONIA — THE DRAGON OUTWITTED.

THIS morning, uncle told me that I might ride Cherry, the saddle-horse; so Joseph saddled him and took him to the door. There was nobody to ride with me, but Cherry and I are good friends, and we set off merrily in the dewy, sparkling morning. The wind frolicked in the elms, and rustled the soft leaves of the locust-trees, and shook out fragrance from the clover-blossoms and roses. Oh, how I did enjoy it! But, while I was thinking how lovely everything was, and how kind uncle was to let me have Cherry, and how gentle Cherry was, I heard the faint sound of a horse's hoofs behind me. It grew louder, and Cherry began to go a little faster, and a little faster still; and, although I patted and coaxed him, and drew the rein very tightly, he kept on until he went like the wind.

Then I began to be afraid, and the terror grew with every fall of the strange hoofs. A cold perspiration stood on my forehead. I trembled in every limb. I

pressed my foot more firmly in the slipper, and twisted my left hand in Cherry's mane. At length the strange horse and his rider were abreast of me, and both were coal-black. From the tip of the horseman's plume, which went streaming out on the wind, to the animal's very hoofs, all was a deep black, also. I tried not to see them; but, little by little, my gaze was fastened upon them; and in a few minutes the man and I were looking steadily into each other's faces. I could not move any more than if I had been made of marble. My eyes grew hot and strained, my head felt like a ball of iron, my fingers stiffened on the reins and in Cherry's hair. Cherry himself felt cold, but he did not slacken his speed.

Presently a point of glowing red appeared in the horseman's eyes. It grew larger and larger until it swelled into great flames. Next, the flames shot out fiery sparkles, which swept along the road, making it hot like a desert. These sparks scorched the grass, and shrivelled the leaves of the trees till they fell from the withered boughs. They lay like powder all over Cherry, burning his back and limbs till he reared and snorted with the pain. They fell in a shower round me, also. They glittered on my hat, they gathered on my gloves, they filled the folds of my habit, and then — oh, horrible! — they burst into hissing, roaring flames, and shut me within a wall of fire.

"Kate! Kate! My dear child, what is the matter? Are you ill? Are you in pain?" cried Aunt Mary.

I opened my eyes. Claude was standing on one side of my bed in her night-gown, and aunt was bend-

ing over me on the other, rubbing my forehead and hands. Uncle was just entering the doorway in dressing-gown and slippers; and a voice from the hall, which I knew to be that of Joseph, exclaimed, —

"Goodness, gracious, how de young missus did scream! 'Pears to me she must be gwine inter a fit."

I laughed at that; and, with the laugh, the horseman and his horse, Cherry and the red hissing flames, vanished, and I knew it was a dream.

"You have had the nightmare," said aunt; "and I do not wonder, my dear, you are lying so curled up. Always lie straight in bed. Lie upon one side, and be careful not to throw your arms over your head. But come, now, jump up and dress, or you will dream again."

I did jump up quickly; and, at this moment, I am as sure as I can be of anything, that I shall never again curl myself up like a cat when I go to sleep.

After dinner, uncle gave us another lesson on the Ionian Islands, beginning with

"SANTA MAURA.

"I left Corfu on Saturday evening" said uncle, "and reached Santa Maura early on Sunday morning. The capital — which is also called Santa Maura — did not contain an inn of any kind, good or bad; and I was obliged to apply to the Resident. He received me so cordially as to put me at ease at once.

"Santa Maura is not a handsome place. Many of the streets are narrow, ill-paved, and dirty. The

principal street is called the 'Bazaar,' and is full of open sheds, which are used as shops. There is not a single nice shop in it, not one with a pane of glass in its front, or one containing a tolerable stock of goods. When the ladies want anything pretty and tasteful, they send to Corfu for it; or, at least, they did when I was there. The town was destroyed by an earthquake in 1825; and, for fear it may be destroyed again, in the same way, all the houses are low, with strong foundations, and nothing ornamental about them. The churches are not large. They look somewhat like barns, with a small bell-tower, detached from the main building, holding two bells."

"Is the country pretty around Santa Maura?"

"Very pretty. Much of it is occupied by gardens and olive-groves. The gardens reach quite to the water's edge, and bear fruit from May until late in the autumn. Figs, currant-grapes, grapes, pears, apricots, pomegranates, plums, apples, quinces, and oranges are among the perfect kinds. Dates ripen, but not perfectly."

"What did you see, uncle, when you walked abroad, beside olives and gardens?"

"Ruins, in which you would not be at all interested, for one class of objects; and, for another, droll little wind and water mills for grinding Indian corn. I went into several of those worked by water, and found only a pair of small stones for grinding, a hopper for feeding the stones with corn, and a box for the flour to fall into. Each man brings his little bundle of corn, waits for his grist, and carries it away on his back."

"And what did you see beside ruins and mills?"

"Bees. Greece is, and always has been, celebrated for bees. A bee-garden on the site of the ancient city of Leucas interested me extremely. It is strown with fragments of limestone, and every little crevice between these fragments, and even cracks into which a little earth had washed, contained a bee-plant. Among these plants were sage, and a kind of rosemary with such great spikes of bloom as nearly to conceal the leaves. The hives, set about on the stones, were merely coarse, oblong boxes, standing on end, with two round holes for the bees to go in and out."

"I like honey," said Claude. "I should have enjoyed watching the bees."

"What else was there near the town, uncle?" I asked. "I am thinking whether I should like to live there."

"There was a well of clear, cold water near the city; and after the early dinner, I went thither several times. There are, perhaps, half a dozen rude sheds about it, where one can get little cups of excellent coffee for a penny a cup. The real Mocha bean is nicely roasted and broken between two stones. Then it is heated, but not boiled, in an old tin pot, over a few embers, and cleared with a few drops of cold water. One drinks it under a great tree, with the soft shadows falling over him, and with groups of happy towns-people making a bright picture in front.

"Did you visit at all in Santa Maura?"

"Yes; I visited, or perhaps I should say I made a morning call on, a farmer. The lower part or basement of the house was used for stables, goats, and poultry. The staircase was on the outside, and was made of limestone slabs. Ascending the steps, I came to a sort of ante-room, which appeared to be used as a kitchen. A chamber opened out of this. It was very large, and had for furniture several beds, some chests of cypress-wood much carved, some chairs, a table, and some crockery. There were, also, sacks of flour, and the children were at play on the floor with a dozen hens and a brood of chickens. Beyond this was still another room. It was small, and contained the oven and various utensils."

"But had the people no dining-room, or sitting-room, or guest-chamber?"

"No; these three rooms were all."

"Did the family give you anything to eat or drink?"

"Yes. First, I had *raki*, or the native spirits of the country, which I tasted, mixed with water, and thought not unpleasant. Next, excellent coffee was served, with slices of bread dried in the sun until it was hard and crisp. This I soaked in the coffee, and found very good."

"Were the people very poor?"

"Oh, no; the same family living in New England would have had a large, convenient cottage, with a well-furnished parlor. The boys would have been clerks in stores, and the girls pupils at an academy.

"The villages of Santa Maura are built, for the most part, on the slopes of the hills, and they look charmingly at a distance; but their beauty vanishes when they are seen near at hand. The dark and not over cleanly houses form a shelter against the weather and the wild beasts, and they answer for storing wine, grain and oil, but you would think them forlorn places. Dogs abound in these villages — a noisy, troublesome race, which must be kept off with stones unless their masters call them away. If one requires a night's lodging in any of those places, he must ask it of the great man, the manager and perhaps part-owner of the principal property."

"How unpleasant that must be!" I exclaimed.

"On the contrary, I found it rather agreeable when there happened to be a proprietor to visit, which was not always the case. I once visited, by invitation, a wealthy person at his country-house, — a large, low building, surrounded by gardens, — and enjoyed my visit much."

"What did they give you to eat?" asked Gerald, who was fond of dainties.

"First, a lunch, consisting of coffee, a plate of walnuts, and a kind of sweetmeat made of grape-juice and walnut-kernels put into skins like sausages."

"Was it good?" asked Gerald.

"It was eatable, but I did not find it particularly attractive; and I reserved most of my appetite for the turkey and pigeon-pie which graced the dinner-table."

"What did the people wear?" asked Claude.

"The host wore a dark-blue jacket, short, full

trousers, a red sash round his waist, white stockings which showed from the knee to the ankle, with oddly shaped shoes. As the day was cold, he added a sort of pelisse or coat with long sleeves."

"And the ladies?"

"They wore snow-white chemises and richly-embroidered jackets, with deeply-frilled skirts without crinoline. This costume, although not really pretty, was a vast improvement upon the attire of the lower classes, who, in the towns, wear a narrow blue skirt over a coarse chemise, which makes the waist. The peasant women sometimes add to this scanty and most unbecoming dress a bright-colored kerchief round the neck, and a piece of cloth twisted into a sort of turban for the head.

"My host took me to the promontory of Leucate, from which you will remember I told you Sappho is thought to have leaped. This cliff is famous not only on that account, but also because it was, in the old, old time, the scene of a yearly expiatory rite. At the annual festival of Apollo, a man was compelled to jump into the sea, that he might bear in his own person the suffering due to the guilt of the whole people."

"Oh, how dreadful!" exclaimed Claude.

"It does appear so," said uncle, "but the horror of the sacrifice was lessened by the priests as much as possible. The victim was always a criminal already condemned to death. Feathers and small birds were fastened upon his clothing, that the wind lifting the feathers, and the birds spreading their wings as they

would naturally do, might break his fall and give him a chance for life. Boats were also stationed near the foot of the cliff, and the boatmen hastened to his assistance if he rose after the plunge. If he were saved, as was sometimes the case, he was banished from the island. Probably any criminal under sentence of death would have been glad to take this leap."

"It makes me shiver to think of it, though," said Claude.

"I embarked at Basilike, in Santa Maura, for

"ITHACA,

in a boat with four rowers; and, as I moved rapidly over the water, I thought of the fine poetry which has been written about one of the Ithacan kings. The poet who wrote it was called Homer, and he is one of the most celebrated of poets. I hope Gerald will one day read his productions in Greek."

"Where did he live, uncle?"

"No one knows. Seven cities claimed to be his birthplace, and each claim is as good as the rest."

"He was a very ancient poet; — was he not?"

"Very ancient. He probably lived about eight hundred years before Christ."

"Uncle, do you suppose he was ever in Ithaca?"

"Yes; it is certain he must have been there, and it was delightful to wander about the island and recall his fine lines. He wrote two poems, the Iliad and Odyssey. The Iliad is a war poem, full of energy and fire. It gives an account of a quarrel between two

brilliant Greek chiefs during the Trojan war, and the consequences which followed."

"Please tell us about it, uncle."

"The Trojan war is the most famous of all wars. It arose thus: — Helen, the most beautiful woman in the world, was the wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta. She was living there happily with her husband, when Paris, son of Priam, king of Troy, a city of Asia Minor, heard of her great loveliness, and resolved to steal her away and marry her himself. So he sailed with a fleet to Greece; and, aided by Aphrodite or Venus, carried her off.

"The noblest of the Grecian chiefs joined together to revenge Menelaus, and restore Helen to him. They spent ten years in collecting a great fleet, which was put under the command of Agamemnon. They drove the Trojans and their allies within the walls of their city, and spent nine years more in conquering the neighboring towns. Then the gods brought about a quarrel between Agamemnon and the renowned Achilles, — the real hero of the Iliad, — as the poet pretends.

"The Iliad opens at this point. The poet describes the quarrel, and relates how Achilles, being insulted by Agamemnon, withdraws from the camp. The Trojans, growing courageous in the absence of the great warrior, repeatedly attack the Greeks, and are each time victorious. They are already burning the Grecian ships, when Patroclus, the bosom friend of Achilles, puts on the armor of the hero, and rushes out to engage them. The Trojans believe that he is

Achilles, and fly before him ; but he presses forward, and is slain by Hector, the bravest and noblest of the Trojan princes. The death of Patroclus rouses the anger of Achilles, who forgives Agamemnon, clothes himself in a new suit of armor, made by Hephæstus under Mount Etna, and slays the generous and true-hearted Hector. He drags the body three times round the walls of Troy, and then returns to the camp, where he honors Patroclus with a splendid funeral. The unhappy king Priam begs of Achilles the body of his valiant son ; and Achilles grants not only the body, but a truce of twelve days for his mourning and burial. In this poem all is life and animation, and the story is very interesting. Various small poems are scattered through it, one or two of which you may perhaps like to hear."

"We should; we should very much," said we.

"One of them about Bacchus, a son of Zeus, and once worshipped as the god of the vintage, has been translated as follows: —

"'BACCHUS, OR THE PIRATES.

"'I shall now a tale relate
Of Bacchus, son of Semele ;
How upon a cliff he sate,
Washed by the ever-barren sea.
A youth, scarce passing from the years
Of boyhood, the gay god appears ;
Dark waved the tresses of his head,
And round his beauteous form was spread
A mantle dipped in Tyrian dye :
When swift across the azure deep

A crew of Tuscan pirates sweep,
Driven on by evil destiny;
Who, when they see the youth divine,
With many a secret nod and sign,
To seize him as a prey combine.
Instant, they spring upon the land,
And grasp the god with felon hand;
Then, with their captive, glad at heart,
Quick to their galley they depart.
The crew were joyous, for they thought
That they a gallant prize had brought, —
Deeming him, from his regal air,
The offspring of a high-born king;
And soon, with cruel hands, they dare
Round him the rigorous bands to fling.

" ' They bound him, but the hope was vain
To hold the god in servile chain;
The flexile withes, which they had twined
Round hand and foot, self-loosed unbind.
Unshackled sat the youth — a smile
Played in his dark-blue eye the while.
The pilot marked it; at the view
Awe-struck, he thus addressed the crew:
" O friends, unhappy friends, I fear
That you have seized a powerful god;
Woe to our vessel, if it bear
Such captive o'er the watery road.
King Jupiter he seems to be,
Or Phœbus of the silver bow,
Or Neptune, monarch of the sea,
And not a son of earth below.
Even from his form 'tis plain he comes
From high Olympus' heavenly domes.

Haste then, companions, and restore
The immortal stranger to the shore,
Nor further efforts make
To hold him prisoner, lest his wrath
Should with fierce storms pursue our path,
Or bid the whirlwind wake."
"Fool!" the indignant captain cried,
"Fair blows the wind along the tide;
Then spread the sail, arrange the yard:
That is *thy* duty, *ours* to guard
The captive we have ta'en.
He goes with us; whether we wend
To Egypt, or to Cyprus bend,
Or, further o'er the main,
Reach the cold regions of the North.
At last he will disclose his kin
And rank and riches; by his worth
We then shall know what price he'll win.
Steer onward fearlessly; for heaven
His fate into our hands has given."

"'He spoke, the mast was raised, the sail
Spread bellying to the prosperous gale.
They went; but wonders strange and new
Ere long arose before their view.
First round the sable vessel's side
Gushed bubbling forth a flood of wine,
Exhaling from its balmy tide
Ambrosial perfume, scent divine.
With awe th' affrighted rowers stood,
Gazing upon the magic flood.
Then round the sail, high overhead,
A vine, its wandering tendrils spread,
Deep hung with clustering fruit;

Its clasping arms about the mast
An ivy gemmed with berries cast
With many a flowery shoot;
And every rower's bench around
Was with a festal chaplet crowned.
"Haste, haste, Mededes, gain the shore!"
Loud on the pilot was their cry.
Vain prayer! — that refuge they no more
Are destined to espy.

"'Changed was his form, — and lo! the god
In lion shape the deck bestrode,
With hideous roaring; and a bear
Furred in a rugged coat of hair
He raised by wondrous sorcery
In the mid vessel: where, oh! where
Shall the sad pirates flee?
The bear sprung up; the lion dread
Glared awful from the vessel's head;
They, terror-smitten, turned and fled,
And round the unfearing pilot throng,
Unfearing, for he did no wrong.
On rushed the god in furious mood,
And seized the chieftain of the band;
The rest, when his dire fate they viewed,
Plunged, headlong plunged, into the flood,
And swam to gain the land.
In vain; the god's resistless force
Changed them to dolphins in their course;
But the just pilot he did bless
With life and flowing happiness.'"

"They did not make much by that theft. It was not profitable," said Gerald.

"It appears to me that the Greeks talked a great deal about dolphins," said Claude. "It was a dolphin that gave Arion a ride on his back, when the sailors made him jump overboard; and dolphins carried the nereids in Europa's wedding procession, when Zeus ran away with her; and now Bacchus changes the pirates to dolphins."

"What is the Odyssey about?" asked Gerald.

"The Odyssey describes the adventures of Odysseus after the close of the war. Troy was taken at last, and the chiefs dispersed. Odysseus was king of Ithaca, where he had left his queen, Penelope, and his son, Telemachus. In those early days, when there were no mails and no commerce, news travelled slowly, and reached one country from another only by accident. Nothing had been heard of Odysseus by his family for many years, and the more wealthy and powerful of his chiefs had collected in his palace, where they wasted his property, and endeavored to force the queen into a marriage with one of their number. Penelope loved her husband and believed he was still alive; but, in order not to offend the chiefs who had the control of the palace, she said that she could not decide in favor of either of them until she should finish a robe which she was weaving. She made but little progress on this robe, for she unravelled at night nearly all that she had woven during the day.

"At this moment the Odyssey begins. Telemachus goes to Greece to learn the fate of his father, and while he is at Lacedæmon, Odysseus leaves the

island of Calypso, and, after a dangerous voyage, is cast away on the island of Scheria, near Ithaca. The inhabitants press eagerly round Odysseus, and beg him to relate his adventures, when he tells the most wonderful stories. He at last reaches Ithaca, after an absence of twenty years. He disguises himself as a swine-herd, but he is recognized by his faithful herdsman, named Eumeus, and he then makes himself known to his son, Telemachus. He is a favorite of Artemis; and, assisted by her, he kills the chiefs who would otherwise kill both him and Telemachus, and seize upon the kingdom. Then the faithful Penelope is rewarded for her love, her patience, and her prudence, and Odysseus stays at home, and devotes himself to the government of his people."

"So it all comes out right at last," said Claude. "I am glad of that. I like stories that end well."

"Before he left Ithaca, Odysseus had a dog, named Argus. This dog was a noble fellow, and while he was young and strong, he was a great favorite at the palace, but when he grew old he was neglected by the servants, and was often cold and hungry. Still, weak and almost blind as Argus is, he recognizes his master sooner than Eumeus does. He attempts to caress him, but he is so weak that he falls back and dies of joy."

"Dear old dog! I wish you would translate the part that describes the meeting, uncle."

"I will read aloud a translation written by an English scholar, which is a much better one than I can make: —

"THE DOG ARGUS.

"Then, as they spake, upraised his head,
Pricked up his listening ear,
The dog, whom erst Odysseus bred,
Old Argus lying near.

"To hunt the wild-goat, hart, and hare,
Him once young huntsmen sped;
But now he lay an outcast there,
Absent his lord, to none a care,
Upon his coarse hard bed.

"But when by the hound his king was known,
Wagged was the fawning tail,
Backward his close-clapped ears were thrown,
And up to his master's side had he flown;
But his limbs he felt to fail.

"Odysseus saw, and turned aside
To wipe away the tear;
From Eumeus he chose his grief to hide,
And 'Strange, passing strange is the sight,' he cried,
'Of such a dog laid here.

"'Noble his shape, but I cannot tell
If his worth with that shape may suit;
If a hound he be in the chase to excel,
For fleetness of his foot;

"'Or worthless as a household hound,
Whom men by their boards will place,
For no merit of strength or speed renowned,
But admired for shapely grace.'

"'He is the dog of one now dead
In a far land away;

"'But if you had seen,' the swine-herd said,
'This dog in his better day,
When Odysseus hence his warriors led
To join in the Trojan fray,

"'His strength, his plight, his speed so light,
You had with wonder viewed;
No beast that once had crossed his sight,
In the depths of the darkest wood,
'Scaped him, as, tracking sure and right,
He on its trace pursued.

"'But now all o'er in sorrows sore
He pines in piteous wise;
The king upon a distant shore
In death has closed his eyes;
And the careless women here no more
Tend Argus as he lies.'

"This said, the swine-herd passed the gate,
And entered the dwelling tall,
Where proud in state the suitors sate
Within the palace hall.

"And darksome death checked Argus' breath
When he saw his master dear;
For he died his master's eye beneath,
Coming back in the twentieth year."

"I thought you said, uncle, that Eumeus knew Odysseus when he came back."

"He did recognize him, but not as soon as Argus did."

"Poor, dear fellow, it was hard for him to die as soon as his master got home! If he had lived, he

would have had nice care, I am sure, for his earnest, loving gaze brought tears to Odysseus' eyes. I wonder the queen did not look after him, since she was so fond of her husband."

"She doubtless gave orders which were not obeyed."

"That is, if there were such a person as Mrs. Penelope," said Gerald, archly.

"Oh, stop," answered Claude. "Don't be forever coming in with your 'ifs' and 'buts.'"

"Is Ithaca a pleasant island?" I asked, for I was afraid Claude and Gerald would really quarrel.

"Very pleasant, I think," answered uncle. "Charming ravines open seaward, lovely with orange, olive, and almond trees, and there are sunny slopes covered with vineyards, and copses of myrtle, mastic, arbutus, and gorgeously blossoming oleanders. Among the cliffs are red-legged partridges and hares. Flocks of quails and turtle-doves stop there on their way to and from Africa, and are eagerly hunted by sportsmen. Nice sponges and fine red coral are found along the seashore. People dive for the coral, and send it to Corfu to be made into ornaments."

"Perhaps my necklace and bracelets came from Ithaca!" exclaimed Claude. "I wish I were sure that they did. The jeweller said that they came from Europe."

"I went from Ithaca to

"CEPHALONIA

in a ferry-boat. It is nine miles from port to port, and I thought all the way about the loving, patient

Penelope, the faithful Eumeus, and the dog Argus, who died of joy."

"The capital of Cephalonia is Argostoli, and I supposed I should find a hotel there. I was, indeed, directed to one; but when I arrived, I found the only entrance blocked up by a cobbler's stall, in which the owner of the establishment was merrily working. For rooms, I was offered a dirty little place in the fourth story, and was told I must get my meals out of the house. I was tired and hungry, so I applied to the Resident for aid, who kindly invited me to his house, gave me a handsome room and excellent meals, and the next day accompanied me to Black Mountain."

"Not a pretty name."

"No; but that does not injure the mountain, which is clothed with a noble forest of gigantic pines, and affords a fine view from its top. All around lie islands in the lovely sea. Zante is at one's feet, and Ithaca to the east looks as if set in a band of silver. Of course, the deep shadows of the mountain, the strange sounds of the wind in the huge trees, and the terrors of the caverns once haunted by wild beasts, have given rise to many legends. I will tell you a comical one called

"THE DRAGON OUTWITTED.

"Once upon a time, a fierce dragon lived in a horrid den upon the mountain-side. He was very particular about his table, and nothing would satisfy him except a human being once in the twenty-four hours. He preferred a little boy or girl, round-limbed and tender,

but he could content himself with a man or woman, provided nothing nicer came in his way. He would have had the island to himself if the people could have fled from it, but they were too poor for that, and so they remained trembling and sad, and expecting every hour to fall into the clutches of the monster.

"This state of things had continued for some years, when two brothers, named Lucchesi, resolved to put an end to it. They were charcoal-burners on the mountain, and they were so brave and ingenious that they had learned all about the dragon, while he knew nothing about them. They had observed that he went out at twilight for food, and that if he did not eat at the accustomed season, he grew comparatively weak and cowardly. So, after much thought, they promised to kill him, provided the Cephalonians would give them one side of the mountain, with its mighty trees, its frightful caves, its wild beasts, and its singing-birds. The poor, frightened people were glad enough to accept these conditions, and their hearts were eased of half their burden by the knowledge that somebody even hoped to kill the animal.

"As soon as they were sure of their reward, the brothers — who knew the direct path to the den — prepared two pits at a distance from each other. These pits were deep enough to hold the men and allow of a thick covering of boughs and twigs. When all was ready, the men armed themselves with axes and long sharp knives, entered the holes, covered themselves carefully, and waited for the dragon. As soon as the sunlight had fairly faded away, he marched out with

his head and tail erect, and licking his lips in anticipation of a dainty morsel. At the right moment, the man in pit number one made a noise. The dragon heard and said aloud, 'Oho! I'm in luck to-night. Titbits have been getting so scarce of late that I thought I might even have to go to Argostoli;' and he walked in the direction of the noise.

"As soon as he was near the place, the man in pit number two made the same kind of noise that the first had made.

"The dragon pricked up his ears. 'H'm,' said he, 'my dinner lies the other way, — does it?' and he trotted toward pit number two.

"Before he was quite there, pit number one spoke again.

"'H'm,' said the dragon, 'I must have a cold in my head. I don't hear well to-night.'

"He fairly ran this time, he was so outrageously hungry, but pit number two quickly called him back again. The brothers kept him moving to and fro until daylight, when he was so completely worn out that he lay down with his tail between his legs, and his right fore paw over his cruel mouth. Then they rushed out both together, and pierced him with their long knives and struck him with their sharp axes, and as he was tired and faint and very much astonished, — nothing of the kind having ever happened to him before, — they succeeded in destroying him. This was a glorious victory, for he had no sons or daughters, and the island was at rest forever after."

"He was a simple creature for one so large and strong," said Gerald.

"It was necessary to represent him so," answered uncle, "for had he been described as witty as he was powerful, nobody could have contended with him, and there would have been no story to tell. As it is, we find it an amusing close for our lesson, which is long enough for to-day."

CHAPTER XI.

MISS CRASHUM'S STORIES ABOUT HER ANCIENT FOREFATHERS AND THE NEW NEIGHBOR — SARDINIA — CORSICA — THE CHILDREN'S BONFIRE — THE GARRISON OF ONE — CASABLANCA.

ISS CRASHUM dined at Fonthill yesterday, and after dinner she told stories. They were all so good that I hardly know which of them to write down. I think, though, that I had better select one or two about Rose Cottage, because she promised to tell us another about her life there. She called one

"MY ANCIENT FOREFATHERS AND THE TROUBLE THEY GAVE ME.

"My grandmother Hamilton," said she, "my father's mother, was one of the brightest, prettiest, and dearest of old ladies. I never saw my grandfather. He died before I was born. Grandmother lived in a nice little cottage, which in summer was almost covered with climbing-roses, honeysuckles, and woodbine. She had a maid called Susan, who was as neat and trim as she was herself, and who took as good care of the house and its inmates as if each and

all belonged to her, which, indeed, she appeared to think the case.

"When I was a child I made long visits at Rose Cottage, and nothing ever came between grandmother and me except our ancient forefathers. Having a long line of ancestors, she was of this as proud as a really generous woman could be. It was very splendid, also, dating from the old Norman knights who accompanied William the Conqueror to England, and she thought it decidedly improper that she or anybody connected with her should think, do, or say many things which were well enough for people who had no grandfather, or at most no great-grandfather, to boast of. But I was a healthy, romping child, and held opinions directly opposite to hers. I could not understand the connection between a host of dead persons buried over the sea, and my swinging on the gate, climbing the cherry-trees, and coasting on the hill-side, which delightful amusements were strictly forbidden me on their account.

"Those famous old fellows interfered with me in another way. I had to read their history aloud; and, as children were not then permitted to lecture their elders in the way in which they often do now, I couldn't express my views of their conduct in as spicy a manner as I desired. I did, to be sure, toss my head contemptuously now and then, and put a little, scornful curl in my lip, but my great resource was the treasuring in memory all the wicked portions, with the resolution that, when I should reach the great age of sixteen, I would twit my grandmother of them to her very face.

"One day, however, I had an unusually naughty fit, and, to relieve myself, I wrote the following rhymes: —

"MY NICE OLD FOREFATHERS OF NORMANDIE.

A KNIGHT ON HORSEBACK.

"Oh, the jolly knights of Normandie!
They had no manners that I can see,
They travelled about, and a great pow-wow
They raised at each castle gate, I trow.

"They wound their horns both loud and long,
With much strength of will, with lungs as strong,
Waking the echoes of wood and glen,
Sharp as the cry of a dozen men.

"Oh, the ignorant knights of Normandie!
They had no learning that I can see;
Scarce one among them could write or read, —
The most they could do was to tell their beads.

"Oh, the gallant knights of Normandie!
They had no morals that I can see;
Whate'er they sought, they preferred to steal,
Pretending 'twas for the common weal.

"Murder they called by a fancy name, —
'Twas one of the regular steps to fame;
The strong they crushed, made the weak to feel
The fearful force of their iron heel.

"Oh, the showy knights of Normandie!
They had no religion that I can see;
Like the monk in Scott, of whom I've read,
(The one who gave Cœur de Lion a bed),
The doublet green to the frock of gray
Confessed its sins in an off-hand way,
Forgot to repent, forgot to pray,
Forgot the terrible judgment day,
Forgot whatever the priest might say
Except his demand for ready pay,
And to keep an outraged conscience at bay,
Gave him half the spoils of each foray.

"Oh, the noble knights of Normandie!
I'm truly as glad as glad can be
To think they begin my pedigree.
Did they live in these quiet, hum-drum times,
I should not need to be stringing rhymes,
For they'd be hung on a gallows high,
And not a soul would be found to spy
The kinship that now so fills our eye.

"I thought these lines immensely cutting, and after reading them twice over, with sundry admiring nods, I put the paper under my mattress for safe-keeping. Now, it happened that that was the very worst place I could have chosen, for I was hardly out of the room before grandmother went to inspect it; and, seeing my quilt awry, she pulled the bed about until she caught sight of the folded sheet; when, imagining from its being hidden that it must be something naughty, she carried it off and locked it in her desk.

"I was not aware of my loss until the next morning. I had slept off my pettishness and was as sunny as the day. Oh, how sorry I was for what I had done! for, had I not been bitter and unkind to the good relative who was all kindness to me? I longed to ask her pardon, but if I did that, I must confess my impatience and revengefulness; while, if I said nothing, she might possibly regard my little poem as a joke. I was very uncomfortable until evening, when, hearing my name spoken loudly by the clergyman who was making grandmother a call, I crept softly beneath the open window, and found that both were laughing heartily over the lines."

"I do not wonder you felt badly," said Claude. "I should. How much relieved you must have been when you heard her laughing! But can't you tell us another story about Rose Cottage, Miss Crashum?"

"I think we had better thank her for the one she has told us, before we ask for another," said Gerald.

"But that is one way of thanking her," said Claude; "because if we did not like it we should not want another. Is it not complimentary, Miss Crashum, to ask you for a second story as soon as you finish the first?"

"I think so," answered Miss Crashum; "and I will tell you about

"THE NEW NEIGHBOR.

"Grandmother and I both desired to make acquaintance with the Quitmans, who lived in an ad-

joining town, — grandmother, because Mrs. Quitman had a pedigree as long as our own, and I, because I expected to find some tip-top fairy stories in their large library."

"Please, Miss Crashum, what is a pedigree?" asked Claude.

"A long line of ancestors," answered Miss Crashum. "A father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and so on, traced back through a succession of generations.

"There was a flying rumor that the Quitmans were to remove to Brookdale, — the village in which we lived, — and grandmother, not wishing to be outdone by them in attire, bought a silk dress and bonnet, and retrimmed her caps with her richest lace. I was also indulged with several articles of apparel, for my best frock had been torn while I was chasing the pea-hen, my slippers had been ruined by a fall from the wood-pile, and my only decent pair of gloves had been severely bitten by Bose, the great house-dog, in a frolic which ended in his being shut up in the barn, and in my being sent to my chamber.

"Some days after making these arrangements, grandmother, who was sitting by the parlor window, said, 'Frisk,' — this was a nickname which she had given me on account of my restlessness, — 'Frisk, somebody is moving into the cottage opposite.'

"'I'm glad of it, grandmother; I hate to see a house shut up,' I answered, without looking up from my book, for I was deep in a fairy story.

"'Frisk, you owe it to your family to be more choice

in your language,' returned grandmother. 'But I doubt if the new-comers will be agreeable. I am afraid they are a little coarse. That is the mistress, I think; but she wears a sun-bonnet, and she has driven herself in a wagon filled with flower-pots. Look, Frisk, she is helping John, as she calls him, carry in the various articles. She works like a servant.'

"'She is used to it, I suppose,' I answered; for just then my prince had determined to make love to my princess, at the risk of his life, and all other interests were swallowed up in that.

"'Think of it, Frisk,' said grandmother, after a pause; 'she has told John to say to Mr.—— (I didn't catch the name), that if he will look after the children, and not let Minnie take cold, she will stay all night, — that she is not in the least afraid, and that the sofa will answer nicely for a bed.'

"By that time my prince and princess were happily married, and an agreeable odor reaching me from the kitchen, I went out to take a survey of the preparations for supper. Rushing back again in a few minutes, I exclaimed, 'O grandmother! Susan has shaved the beef to a nicety, and she has some stewed currants, and some of her brownest cream-cakes. May I go over and ask the new neighbor to take tea with us? Please say "Yes," grandmother.'

"'How absurd, Frisk! We know nothing about the woman, and I am not inclined to commence an acquaintance. If she were poor, you should carry her the best in the house; but she appears to be rich, and

she can go to the hotel for her tea, if she does not choose to make it herself.'

"'But, grandmother, mayn't I carry her some cakes and currants? You needn't call unless you please, you know.'

"'No, you may not. She would then come to thank me for the articles; so, say no more about it.'

"The next morning, my first thought was of the new neighbor; and while I watched Susan strain the milk, I said, 'Oh, how I should like to fill the pretty glass pitcher full of milk and carry it across the way! Do you suppose that grandmother would let me, Susan?'

"Before Susan could reply, grandmother, who was in the hall, answered, 'My dear, such teasing is very unlady-like. I have already told you that, if the woman were poor, I would gladly assist her; as it is, I shall do nothing for her at present.'

"Now, when grandmother said, 'My dear,' in that firm way, I knew that there was an end of my little plans; so I ate my breakfast in silence, and then went to feed my chickens and have a run with Bose.

"Ten o'clock brought a gentleman to the cottage, in a handsome carriage, with two lovely children and a nice servant-girl. A boy, of about my own age, rode a well-trained pony, one of the prettiest creatures I ever saw, — the pony, I mean, not the boy, — and John followed with a mocking-bird, a parrot, two linnets, some pigeons, and I know not what beside. Almost at the same moment my grandmother returned from a walk, looking more disturbed than I had ever known

her. 'Frisk,' said she, 'the new neighbors are the Quitmans. They have rented the cottage for three years. Put on your bonnet and gloves, take your parasol, and invite them to a family dinner.'

"I did my errand as well as I could, though I felt ashamed of our tardy hospitality. Mrs. Quitman was greatly obliged to grandmother, but her dinner was already cooked. All that remained to be done was to make coffee.

"'May I bring you some cream?' I modestly inquired.

"Again Mrs. Quitman thanked me cordially; but Mr. Quitman had brought some in the carriage, and, as it was packed in ice, it would be fresh and good.

"Grandmother was really mortified because she had not been more prompt in her courtesy; and, although she and Mrs. Quitman became fast friends, I do not think she ever enjoyed comparing pedigrees with her quite as well as she would have done if she had opened her house to her without waiting to learn if she were a lady."

We talked over this story, which we liked very much, although we did not think it as pretty as the first one. Miss Crashum was going to tell us another, but uncle called us to take a lesson, so we are to wait for that till she comes again. Our lesson began with

SARDINIA.

"I enjoyed my stay in Sardinia extremely," said uncle, "because of the cordial hospitality of the inhabitants. There are but few inns in the island, but

the traveller is made welcome everywhere. The rich proprietor says to the stranger, 'My house is small, but accept my good-will;' and he carries the spirit of this greeting into everything that he says and does during the visit. One may sleep securely even in the cabin of a bandit who has killed his rival, for murder is rarely committed there for the purpose of robbery.

"The peasant-houses in the southern part of Sardinia have, usually, neither doors nor windows upon the street, but are entered through a court. They are but one story high, and each room opens upon an outside balcony. The peasants love to adorn their dwellings with china plates (which they keep on open shelves), chairs of an ancient pattern, a little round table, a great walnut chest rudely carved, and a little mirror, which they hang so high upon the wall that one can hardly see his eyes in it. The beds are usually furnished with curtains. Bedsteads with mattresses are used only by married people. Boys, girls, and servants sleep on osier mats."

"What did the Sardinians give you to eat, uncle?" asked Gerald.

"Roast pig, which is so much in use that it may, I fancy, be called a national dish. I had, also, fish, game, and delicious fruits. The herdsmen, and indeed the country people in general, excel in the art of roasting meat. They often roast it in the ground. They dig a hole, put in the animal, sometimes without removing the skin, cover him with a layer of earth, and build a fire above him, which they keep burning for some hours. Cattle-thieves usually cook thus in

order to conceal their thefts, and the unlucky owner of the stolen animal, when trying to find him, is often invited to warm himself by the fire under which his property is roasting."

"What do the people wear?" asked Claude.

"The costume varies much," answered uncle. "Many countrymen wear a white capote, or cloak, and above it a very long shawl, which covers the shoulders, and is fastened in front with a clasp. Another dress is a long cloak, with a pointed hood of chocolate-colored cloth, often handsomely trimmed. Still another attire consists of pantaloons, a handsome vest, and shoes with great silver buckles. In the plains, exposed to the sun, wide-brimmed felt or straw hats are worn, while in some other places the Phrygian bonnet is used. This is a cap, passing smoothly round the head, and coming to a point above it. Sometimes this point falls loosely upon one side, and sometimes it bends over and is twisted into the band.

"The Sardinian women dress more showily than the men, and their dress varies in each province. The belles of the south wear a skirt and apron of crimson, green, or blue velvet, or of fine scarlet cloth, which, with the bodice, are embroidered with gold and silver thread. A handsome gold chain is put about the neck, and their fingers are loaded with rings. The women of the north are distinguished by their white linen head-dresses, and the red veil which they wear on *fête*-days and at weddings."

"How odd!" exclaimed Claude. "A red veil for a wedding! Did you go to a wedding?"

"No, I was not so lucky as that; but I saw a wedding procession. The bride, in that instance, wore a scarlet dress with a white apron, velvet shoes with silver buckles, a black hat trimmed with ribbons and flowers, a necklace of pearls and coral, from which hung a heavy gold cross, and a white veil."

"I am glad that her veil was not red," said Claude. "How it would have looked with her scarlet dress!"

"I think you will always choose pleasing colors for your dress," replied uncle, "and those that go well together."

"I hope so," returned Claude. "I don't care how coarse my things are; but I am positively uncomfortable if I have ugly ones. Where did you go next, uncle?"

"I went to

"CORSICA.

"I landed at Bastia. The city is built around its harbor, and the houses rise in rows, one above another. They look like towers they are so tall, and only a balcony here and there helps to take off a little of their stiffness. Beyond the town are green mountains, covered with orange, lemon, olive, and almond trees, out of which peep the ruins of some abandoned monasteries."

"I should think that there must be some charming views in Corsica," I said.

"Yes," answered uncle, "there are some of the most delightful landscapes in the world. The island lies about half way between the hot shores of Africa and the snowy Alps, and it appears to have clothed it-

self in the most beautiful productions of both climates. There are such wildernesses of flowers, lovely in color and wonderful for size and fragrance; such great fields of spicy herbs, such as lavender and mint; such noble vineyards and fruit-orchards; such excellent wheat and rye; such forests of chestnut, oak, beech, and fir-trees, as are both delightful to see and charming to remember."

"What did you do in Bastia?"

"Much of the time I merely lounged about to observe the customs of the people. Armed policemen paraded the streets, in blue frock-coats with white epaulets, which made their swarthy complexions look still darker wherever it could be seen from behind their black beard. Groups of laughing maidens gathered about the fountains, with two-handled, brazen water-vessels on their heads; while, here and there, a portress carried in the same way a heavy burden up and down the steep streets with singular ease and grace.

"I used to watch the women and girls come in from the country with clean baskets of fruit on their heads. Their dresses were usually of blue or brown, and, instead of a bonnet, they wore the *mandile*, — a bright-colored cotton kerchief wound smoothly round the head. They were good-humored and gay, and greeted everybody with the pretty word, '*Evviva*,' which means, may you live.

"Then the market itself was a pleasant scene. Apples, pears, apricots, and peaches lay about in great piles, with plums of delicious flavor. There were, too, golden oranges and lemons, cool, juicy pomegranates,

green almonds, grapes, fine melons for a penny each, figs, tomatoes, and potatoes in profusion, with lovely decorations of flowers and garlands."

"Did you make any acquaintances in Bastia, uncle?"

"None that you would care to know about, except among the children. One evening, I saw a bright light at a distance. I went toward it, and found that it was a bonfire, kindled by the boys and girls. They were dancing round it, hand-in-hand, and singing little couplets of their own composing. Now and then the singing was interrupted by shouts and laughter. The tune was sweet and simple; and when the dancers smiled at me, and nodded their tangled little heads, I joined them and made rhymes also."

"O uncle, can you remember some of them?" said Claude.

"I can remember some of my own, but they are not worth repeating."

"We should like to hear them, uncle."

"Let me think a minute. Some of them ran thus:—

"Without a thought and without a care,
The children dance in the open air.

"Dance, little children, dance and be gay;
The spring-time of life glides quickly away.

"Thanks, little children; this welcome will be
Remembered with pleasure beyond the wide sea.

"A traveller? Yes; but a *stranger* no more,
So cordial my welcome to Corsica's shore."

"The children were half crazy with pleasure. They applauded my rhymes, my dancing, my person, and my dress; and finally accompanied me to the door of my lodgings."

"That was pleasant, truly," said Claude. "I fancy you enjoyed it as much as the children."

"I did enjoy it quite as much. The bright little faces, lighted up with joy; the bounding figures, the sweet voices, the laughter, the warm-heartedness, were all charming. I half imagined myself a boy again."

"Did you go about much when you were in Bastia, uncle?"

"Not very much; but I climbed a mountain near Bastia, making my way among ivy-thickets and great thistles much larger than any you ever saw, with blossoms of purple, yellow, red, and blue. I had a lovely view of great, waving palms, little chapels under majestic cypresses, curious country-houses, ruins overgrown with glossy ivy, vineyards and fruit-orchards and convents, and, beyond all, the sea, bathed in crimson and gold, with a few sails glittering on its bosom. I descended, in a different direction, along paths and through dells overshadowed by the lovely laurel-rose, entwined with branches of the tamarind. I saw many men in pointed Phrygian caps and coats of sheepskin, with the wool on the outside, mounted on little red horses, and with the never-failing double-barrelled gun over their shoulders. Sometimes, in Corsica, two men sit upon the same horse, and sometimes a man and his wife ride double. The men have a round flask hanging at their backs, and a leather belt, for cartouches,

buckled around the waist. In the sunshine they spread great umbrellas, which are much needed in the hot days."

"What is a cartouch, uncle?"

"It is a charge of powder put up in paper.

"I crossed the mountain-ridge which divides Bastia from the western coast, to visit Nonza. I wished to see the tower, which is famous in history. I will tell you a brilliant story about it, under the title of

"THE GARRISON OF ONE.

"In the year 1768, the French subdued all the Corsican territory north of Nonza. Captain Casella, a very brave man, commanded at the tower, and he had a small force of militia and one cannon. The men, who were not trained to arms, and who had been much discouraged by the success of the French, desired to capitulate. But Casella said, 'Never! You have your guns, we have one cannon, and abundance of ammunition. Paoli has put us here to hold the French in check until he can organize his army and get it in working order; and before I will surrender I will blow up the fort and myself in it. Soldiers, to your duty!'"

"He was a grand old fellow, I think, uncle; as grand as some of those splendid old Romans I have read about. Don't you think so, uncle?"

"I think he was. But to return to our story.

"The garrison knew that Casella would do just as he had said; and, not being willing either to fall into the hands of the French, or to be blown into pieces by

their own powder, they deserted in the night, leaving their arms behind them. Still Casella was none the less determined to resist to the last. He loaded the cannon, and pointed it in the direction in which the French would approach. He loaded the muskets which his men had left, and placed them in the holes of the wall which had been made for this purpose. Then he sat down to rest, that he might be fresh and strong for the assault. Pretty soon the first division of General Grandmaison's army appeared. Pop, pop, pop, went the muskets; roar went the cannon; then, pop, pop, pop, went the muskets again; then, again, roar went the cannon, — for Casella loaded and fired with such wonderful rapidity, that anybody would have said there was a brisk garrison within the walls. To be sure, he could not stop to aim very carefully, so that no great mischief was done; but it was almost certain that the gunners would fire better when they came to close quarters; and so the French officer in command sent a flag of truce to the walls, the bearer of which informed Casella that all Corsica north of Nonza had surrendered, and summoned him to surrender likewise. Casella looked very grave at this news, and as if it were wholly unexpected. He answered slowly and thoughtfully that he could not reply to the summons at once, but that he would call a council of war, and abide by the decision of his officers. So he went back into the castle, and stayed as long as a council of war would be expected to sit, when he made his appearance again, and said that the fortress would capitulate with the honors of war; that the garrison must be permitted to

march out with its baggage and artillery, and that the French must furnish vehicles for carrying the soldiers to the next fort.

"The bearer of the flag of truce reported Casella's answer at head-quarters, and the French commander granted the conditions which he demanded. The French troops drew up before the tower in military order to receive the garrison; and as soon as all was ready, Casella marched out with his sword and pistols. As nobody followed him, the commander inquired why the garrison did not evacuate the tower as they had promised to do. 'They have already done so,' answered Casella; 'for I alone compose the garrison of Nonza.'

"The French officer was so ashamed and angry that he drew his sword and attacked Casella furiously. Casella, nothing daunted, also drew his sword. Both would doubtless have been killed, but that, just then, General Grandmaison came up with the main body of his army, and learned with amazement the whole affair. He behaved like an honorable man. He put the officer under strict arrest for his violation of the terms of capitulation, saying that, 'a promise made to one man should be as faithfully kept as a promise made to five thousand.' So greatly, also, did he admire Casella's courage, fidelity, and tact, that he not only sent him with a guard of honor to Paoli, but wrote a letter commending his gallantry and skill, and congratulating Paoli upon the possession of such an officer."

"Glorious! glorious!" shouted Gerald. "Casella forever! hurrah! O uncle, that is a war story worth having."

"So it is," said Claude; "but who was Paoli, uncle?"

"He was a Corsican hero, a pure patriot, a daring soldier, and a judicious statesman."

"Was he born in Corsica?"

"Yes; he was born in the little village of Stretta. His home was a mere hut, roughly built of stone, on a granite rock, with a clear spring in front of the door. When he was chosen general by the Corsicans, his brother put glass in the windows of his sitting-room, thinking to make it more cheerful and comfortable; but he was displeased with this luxury. He knocked all the glass out with his cane, saying, 'that he wished to live like the common people.' At Corte, when he governed Corsica, he worked in a poor little chamber, with the window-shutters closed and plugged with cork as a protection from the balls of assassins. His only body-guard was composed of six Corsican dogs. Perhaps he sometimes took his dogs to Stretta.

"The memory of Paoli is sacredly kept in Corsica. Even the children speak of him with an almost worshipping reverence. Paoli gave to Corsica its first university, and its first printing-press and newspaper. He also established schools. I visited one of the boys' schools. The pupils were as brown as a roasted coffee-berry, unwashed, and decidedly ragged; but they were bright, fearless-looking little fellows. The more meritorious among them wore order crosses upon red ribbons. These crosses were distributed every Saturday, and were worn for a week."

"I should like to see those boys and their order crosses," said Gerald.

"I walked," said uncle, "from Vescovato to Venzolasco, in the fresh summer morning, through beautiful chestnut forests. By the roadside, near Venzolasco, is the tomb of the Casabianca family."

"The Casabiancas whom Mrs. Hemans wrote about, uncle?" asked Claude.

"The very same. Would you like to repeat the verses, Claude?"

"Yes, sir. I learned them last summer."

"CASABIANCA."

"The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

"Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

"The flames rolled on — he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

"He called aloud: 'Say, father, say
If yet my task is done?'
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"'Speak, father!' once again he cried,
'If I may yet be gone!'
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

"Upon his brow, he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair;
And looked from that lone post of death
In still, yet brave, despair.

"And shouted, but once more aloud,
'My father! must I stay?'
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

"They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,—
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

"Then came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strewed the sea,—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young, faithful heart."

"The poem is very beautiful," said uncle, when Claude had finished; "but Mrs. Hemans is not quite correct, I think, in her account. Lucius Casabianca, the father, was captain of Admiral Bruey's ship at the battle of Aboukir. The admiral was killed by a cannon ball, and Casabianca was thus left chief in command. The ship took fire, and, although he saved the greater part of his men, he refused to leave his post. Giocante, his son, then only thirteen years old, could

not be persuaded to move from his father's side. He remained quietly watching the progress of the flames as they ate their way to the magazine, and, when the powder exploded with a terrific report, the two were blown up together."

"He was a grand boy!" exclaimed Gerald, with sparkling eyes. "He was a hero!"

"So he was," said Claude. "I think such stories are splendid. Please, uncle, match it with another?"

"Not now. I will do my best for you at our next lesson."

CHAPTER XII.

ROSE TRASKER — THE LOVERS OF OLETTA — THE LITTLE BOY WHO WAS BOUND TO A FORTRESS TO STOP AN ASSAULT — ORSO PAOLO AND THE LITTLE FRANCESCO GRIMALDI — AJACCIO.

I THINK everybody must like Rose Trasker, because she is so gentle and kind, so neat in her dress, and so nice in her habits. She came to Fonthill to-day to dine with Claude.

At dessert, Rose whispered to Claude, who nodded her head. Rose looked at uncle and blushed, and appeared just ready to speak. Then she whispered to Claude again, who smiled and looked at uncle in her turn. Rose still hesitated, so Claude said, "Uncle, Rose has heard about our lessons, and she wishes you to give us one after dessert instead of the drive which you promised."

"Willingly, most willingly," replied uncle; and when we were comfortably seated in the library he told us about

"THE LOVERS OF OLETTA.

"In the year 1768, the town of Oletta in Corsica was garrisoned by the French, who were then trying to conquer the whole island. The inhabitants were

unable to rise in arms without assistance, but they invited Paoli, who then governed Corsica, to attack the town from without, and offered to aid the assault with their entire force within. Thus supported, they would doubtless have driven out the French, but before the plan could be executed, the Marquis of Arcambal, commandant of the place, proclaimed martial law, and began such a strict watch over the inhabitants, that nobody could stir without being observed. The proud and warlike Corsicans, who inherited the fiery energy for which their ancestors had been famous, grew more and more impatient, and more and more enraged at the foreigners who were making upon them an unjust and cruel war. At length some of them laid a plan to blow up one of the churches of Oletta, which the French used for barracks. One of the conspirators was named Bernardo Leccia. He had entered into the plot very unwillingly, for its atrocity shocked him, and he thought that success would not really aid in the campaign against the invaders, while failure would bring upon the town a terrible punishment for the sins of a few. He yielded, however, to the arguments of his friends, and took turns with them in digging an underground passage to the church, and in placing there the powder which the inhabitants had concealed before the French searched the place.

"Everything was at last ready. The inhabitants of Oletta had been warned to collect quietly at the opposite end of the town, so that they might not be injured by the explosion, and nothing remained but to spring the mine. Bernardo was restless and anxious,

and he paced the streets with rapid steps, vainly trying to prepare himself for the horrors which were to come. As he did so, he saw Maria Gentili Montalti enter the church of St. Francis. Bernardo was engaged to Maria, and he loved her with all his heart. They were to be married in a month, and he could hardly wait for the time to pass, so impatient was he to commence house-keeping with her in the dim old palace which he knew she would fill with light and beauty. Until this dreadful plot, he had not for years had a thought or hope which he had not told her; and what would be the end of this? He longed to be near her, and he followed her into the church and knelt down beside her. The short January day was drawing to a close, and the dim light which struggled through the small windows faded slowly from the low arches and quaint mouldings, leaving point after point in gloom, until not even the outlines of the pictured Christ could be seen in the gathering shadows. Bernardo clasped Maria's arm with a shudder. She wondered at his agitation, but she turned and kissed his heated brow with her cool lips.

"'One month,' she whispered, 'one little month, and then what a gay bridal we will have! Paoli will have driven out the French by that time, and we will drink to their defeat and our own happiness in the same cup.'

"Again Bernardo shuddered, but he returned her kiss, and then they walked slowly down the aisle. When they reached the slab which closed the tomb of the Leccias, he paused and said, 'I wish we were

sleeping here together, Maria, — it would be so sweet to be at rest.'

"'Yes, after we shall have grown old,' replied Maria; 'but the coming years look bright to me, Bernardo, for they will be spent with you, — always with you.'

"At that moment there was a tumult in the streets, the drums beat to arms, and the word of command cut sharply through all other sounds. Bernardo rushed to the door, and was seized by a dozen soldiers, who hurried him away to their chief.

"Wild with fear, Maria followed the guard a few steps, but she found the streets full of troops, and she heard the rattle of musketry, the clash of swords, the trampling of armed men, and the confused cries of a fierce combat. Knowing nothing of the cause of the uproar, she began to fear for the safety of her aged parents, and she hurried home as fast as the crowd would permit. Ill news flies quickly, and she soon learned the existence and discovery of the plot. A messenger from General Grandmaison had arrived with the intelligence only a few minutes before the church was to have been blown up.

"Some of the conspirators fought their way out of the town and sought refuge in the mountains; but fourteen of them were taken, and seven, including Bernardo, were executed with dreadful suffering. The corpses were then exposed to public view on a scaffold, and a decree was issued threatening with death whoever should bury one of them.

"This decree did not frighten Maria, who resolved

to bury her lover with her own hands. 'He shall lie with his ancestors,' she said to herself. 'After so much pain, he shall enjoy the rest which appeared to him so sweet.'

"The night was dark, the wind sighed and sobbed in the olive-trees, and went moaning and wailing out to sea. No lamps burned in the streets, and only one shuddering sentinel kept guard over the dripping scaffold. Maria put on a long, black cloak, which completely covered her, and glided noiselessly through the square, and up the slippery steps, down which blood was still trickling. Guided by her unselfish love, she recognized the body of Bernardo without difficulty; and, lifting it tenderly, she bore it away to the church of St. Francis.

"The lamps were burning before the pictured Christ, and, after satisfying herself that she was alone, she sat down on the steps of the altar to take one more look at her betrothed. She smoothed back his tangled hair, kissed his bruised forehead, softly closed the eyes which stared coldly at her, and then let the body gently down into the family tomb. She paused a single minute after her work was done, and then walked slowly homeward.

"As soon as Bernardo's body was missed from the scaffold, his kinsmen were seized and put in prison on suspicion of having buried him. It was in vain that they denied the deed. The officers said that nobody else would have done it, and they must be guilty, whatever they might say to the contrary. This report soon reached Maria, who went immediately to the

French quarters and demanded an interview with the marquis. 'She has come to beg the pardon of the Leccias,' he said, 'but it cannot be granted.'

"'No, monsieur,' returned Maria, who had overheard his words, 'no, monsieur, I have not come to beg their pardon, but to yield myself. The Leccias are innocent. Release them and put me in their place. Bernardo was to have been my husband, and I buried him. No one aided me, no one knew of the deed. Send me, therefore, to the prison and the scaffold, for I alone have disobeyed your decree.'

"The marquis looked fully at Maria, who, as she stood before him, was the very picture of love and courage, and he was half inclined to believe her. Then an expression of doubt crept into his face as he replied, 'Pardon me, mademoiselle, but you do not appear strong enough for such an effort, — strong enough in person, I mean,' he continued, 'for every one can see the heroism of your soul.'

"'Not strong enough!' repeated Maria, scornfully. 'Look at me,' and she took off her cloak and showed him her fine form. 'Not strong enough!' she exclaimed again, and threw her sleeves back to her shoulder. 'Watch for a moment these muscles in their easy play! Look at this hand! It is slighter than yours, but for a single effort it is scarcely less powerful. Beside, think of the motive, M. le Commandant, and you cannot, dare not, will not say I was unequal to the task.'

"The marquis had been carefully examining Maria's face, and he was convinced from her manner that

she told the truth. Tears filled his eyes at the thought of her love and heroism, and he said, very gently, 'Mademoiselle, I am sure that the act was indeed yours; but so greatly do I admire it, that I not only freely forgive you, but I grant you permission to unlock with your own hand the dungeon in which the Leccias are now lying.'

"'M. le Commandant,' replied Maria, 'your belief in my word is but simple justice; but your pardon is given me through your own humanity and mercy. I thank you. I am very grateful.'"

"She was a splendid woman!" exclaimed Gerald.

"Did she let Bernardo's kinsmen out of prison?" asked Claude.

"Yes; and, beside that, the bodies of the criminals were all buried on the afternoon of the same day."

"She did more good than she proposed. Do you think that she imagined the commandant would allow all the bodies to be buried so soon?"

"Probably not; but it often happens that one noble deed is the occasion of many others."

"I think Corsica must have had a great many heroes," said Gerald.

"You are right," replied uncle. "Her history is full of brilliant stories, about fearless, patriotic men and women. I will tell one about

"THE ASSAULT OF CORTE, AND THE LITTLE GAFFORI.

"The Genoese tried for a great many years to conquer Corsica, without being able to do so. Giampietro

Gaffori fought them with great skill, and made himself a terror to their best generals. In the year 1748, he assaulted the citadel of Corte, which was then held by the Genoese. Although it stood high upon steep, jagged rocks, which made the assault extremely difficult, he was so daring that it soon became unsafe for the garrison within. The Genoese commander saw that it must be taken unless he could prevent Gaffori from continuing the attack, and he tried a way that was as dishonorable as it was cruel. He had Gaffori's young son in his power, and he bound him to the outer wall, thinking that the father would not fire upon his child.

"The Corsicans were horror-stricken when they saw the little fellow in the very line of their balls, and they immediately ceased their cannonade. Gaffori turned deadly pale, and trembled all over. He knelt on the ground and dropped his head between his hands. His officers stood round him in respectful silence. They saw him shudder, and they heard a low murmur as if of prayer. Doubtless, the hero did pray that he might be true to his country; and God gave him the strength he asked for. He rose calmly, and gave orders to renew the assault. Again, the great balls flew fast against the thick, firm walls, and the soldiers grew more and more furious as the smoke cleared away at intervals, and they could see the young Gaffori still bound to the fortress. They minded the fire of the garrison as little as if their balls had been hailstones. They animated each other with shouts and cries, and when a man fell, another sprang eagerly into his place. The fort was taken, and"—

"And what, uncle? Please tell us quickly. Was the boy alive?"

"Yes, alive and unhurt. The grand old warrior embraced him in silence, for his heart was too full for words. In a few hours he appeared to have grown ten years older. The hard, stern lines had deepened around his eyes and mouth, and a rigid look had come into his face, which no one had ever seen there before; but he had shown himself a skilful officer, a true soldier, a thorough patriot, and a noble, self-sacrificing man."

"I wonder if there are many men as heroic as Gaffori?" said Gerald.

"I think that there are," returned uncle; "for though — thanks to the good Father — the same kind of sacrifice is seldom demanded of us, yet others are often made which occasion as sharp struggles and as much suffering as this which I have described.

"The Corsicans are a fierce, unforgiving people, and full of fiery courage. Family love is very strong among them; and when a murder is committed, the relatives of the victim often avenge him without waiting for the action of the law. The custom of blood revenge is carried to its utmost extent in the mountain region about Corte. Some of the stories told of it are truly horrible; but a few end more happily, such as that of

"ORSO PAOLO AND THE LITTLE FRANCESCO GRIMALDI.

"One day, there was a church festival in the little town of Monte d'Olmo. The priests were at the altar, and the more devout were assembled in the church;

but the Vincentis and Grimaldis, who had hated each other for centuries, still lingered in the square, disputing whether priests ought or ought not to wear their cowls in procession. Others took part in the discussion; and in the excitement somebody was wounded. The Grimaldis thereupon, without stopping to learn who was to blame, rushed on Orso Paolo, a Vincenti. Orso fired at them, and Antonio Ruggero fell fearfully wounded.

"Nobody attended to the services after that. The women and children ran home as fast as they could. The Grimaldis and Vincentis all seized their weapons, and the rest of the men stood aloof without interfering in the quarrel. The Grimaldis threatened Paolo with death, and as very few of the Vincentis were present, most of them living in a neighboring village, resistance appeared hopeless. Paolo, however, resolved to make one effort for life, and he bounded like a deer in the direction of the mountains. The Grimaldis rushed after him, firing their muskets as they ran, and one ball pierced Paolo's cap and another grazed his arm. Only one house was at hand, the house of his deadly enemy, Ruggero, the father of the wounded Antonio. Paolo rushed into it and bolted the door, just as the whole body of the Grimaldis came up. Then he thrust his gun-barrel out of a window, and threatened to shoot the first man who should advance a single step.

"There was no one to open the door to the pursuers, for the whole family had gone to the festival, except Ruggero's little son, Francesco, who had been left

asleep in his chamber, and who, awakened by the shouts and shrieks, was crying in his little bed. Ruggero was wild with rage, and his fury was, if possible, redoubled when he heard the wailing which was made over his wounded son, as he was borne to the house of a kinsman. He no longer cared for the safety of his little Francesco, his pretty prattler; his whole desire was for revenge, no matter how attained, or how much suffering and sorrow it might bring after it. He seized a firebrand and swore to burn Paolo, even though Francesco should perish with him. In vain his wife shrieked with agony. She clung to his knees, and strove to hold his murderous arm. Ruggero pushed her away, and hurled the brand upon the roof, which was as dry as tinder, and ready to catch from the least spark.

"In a few minutes the flames shot up, and the wind swept them round and round and through and through the building, roaring and hissing and devouring everything before them. Still Ruggero did not relent. He stationed his kinsmen about the house, with orders to shoot Paolo should he attempt to escape. His wife had fainted, but he stood eagerly watching the fire, and longing to hear the death-shriek of his victim. Instead of that, he heard a cry, — the cry of a little child, — of his own Francesco. Just as he heard it, the roof fell in with a dull, heavy sound, and he fainted as his wife had done. His friends raised him from the ground, and, restored by the keen wind, he remembered with horror his dreadful deed. He snatched his dagger, and would have stabbed him-

self to the heart, but Serra Grimaldi seized the weapon.

"Meantime, a swift-footed messenger had been dispatched to Castel d'Acqua, and the kinsmen and friends of Paolo rushed to Monte d'Olmo, sounding their muscle-horns and threatening vengeance. The Grimaldis were driven back, and the Vincentis took their place around the burning building. Nothing could be done. The minutes seemed hours, when, at last, lo! Paolo came forward with the little child in his arms. He was nearly naked and sadly burned, and it appeared almost a miracle that he was alive.

"He said that when the house took fire, he looked about hoping to find a place of refuge, and in his search he saw Francesco. He thought at first that he would kill him, and he felt a savage joy in the knowledge that he could thus revenge his own cruel death. But the frightened child looked beseechingly at him, and stretched out his arms, and his heart failed him. 'For life or death!' he exclaimed; and he took him up and darted under a stone staircase. The longer he felt the soft touch of Francesco's little fingers and the clasp of his arms, the more earnestly he strove to save him. He placed him behind him, and himself faced the flames, which set fire to his clothes and hair, and barely failed to destroy him. But Francesco was unharmed; and when the crowd saw him in Paolo's arms, the cry, '*Evviva! Evviva!* Orso Paolo!' burst from every lip. The wife of Ruggero flew to Paolo and embraced him with joy; and her husband, Corsican though he was, knelt before his enemy and asked

pardon of God and him. Paolo had already forgiven him when he snatched his baby-boy from the flames, and he cordially embraced Ruggero, while the air resounded with the united names of Vincenti and Grimaldi, mingled with the heartiest of *Evvivas*.

"Contrary to all expectation, Antonio recovered; and the reconciliation of the two hostile houses was celebrated by a grand banquet, to which all the kinsmen of both parties were bidden."

"I am so glad that Paolo and Francesco were saved!" exclaimed Claude. "It really made me shudder to think of them in the burning house. What an awful passion Ruggero must have been in!"

"Uncontrolled passion is always fearful," replied uncle. "One never knows what dreadful thing he may do when he gives way to it.

"The last place which I visited in Corsica was Ajaccio, the birthplace of Napoleon Bonaparte. It is built on a promontory stretching into the sea, and one enters through an alley of elms and plane-trees. The houses are high, with gray Venetian shutters, and there is scarcely a street from which one cannot see the blue, quiet gulf on one side, and the cloud-capped mountains on the other.

"The largest fountain in the city is at the entr
of the market-square; and all day it is surrounde
women and children, filling little jars of *terra cotta*, o
stone vessels with long, narrow necks."

"Did you see the house in which Napoleon was born?"

"Yes. It is a yellowish, plastered house, with a

flat roof and a balcony, and is shaded by a single elm-tree. It is three stories high, and has six front windows. A little chamber with two windows, one opening upon the street and the other upon the court, is said to be the one in which the great soldier first saw the light. It had carpet-hangings and a chimney-place adorned with yellow marble. There are two closets in which Napoleon kept his books, a little chamber in which he slept, and another in which he studied."

"Did you lounge about the streets as much as you did at Bastia, uncle?"

"Quite as much, and saw a great many pretty women. The peasant women and girls wear large straw hats with low crowns, and upon them small cushions to support the burdens which they carry on their heads. The wife often passes with a load of brushwood or fodder, while her lazy husband, dressed in brown jacket and pantaloons, who has, perhaps, been lying all day watching her at her work, rides a shaggy little horse. A yellow gourd, filled usually with water, hangs at his back, a fox or goat skin pouch containing bread and cheese hangs at his side, and to a cartouch-belt buckled round his waist is attached a bag of tobacco."

While uncle was speaking, I took down the atlas and looked at the islands in the Mediterranean. "There is but one more island, uncle, that I care to hear about," I said; "and that is Cyprus."

"Ah, yes," replied uncle. "It was at Famogasta, in Cyprus, that the great Venetian commander held

out eleven whole months, almost a year, against the Sultan Amurath III."

"Did the sultan get the city at last?"

"He did; but here is Mr. Trasker's carriage, so I will tell you about it at another time."

CONCLUSION.

THIS morning I wrote about yesterday's amusements and lesson, and while I was writing the very last word, Gerald came tearing into the library with letters for himself and me. His father and mother and my father and mother are at the White Mountains, and wish us to join them immediately. We are to start at four o'clock to-morrow morning; and so we have been all through the garden and barn and orchard, and have crossed the Dimple in the Lady Mary, and had a parting frolic with Prince and Spot. I am sorry to go away, but I shall be so, *so* glad to see father and mother and uncle and aunt Lynwood. I have never been away from them as long before. I wish they could come here, and that we might all live together at dear, beautiful Fonthill. But it is of no use to wish, and I am too tired and sleepy to think about it to-night. So adieu!

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